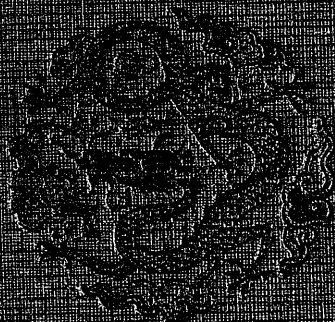


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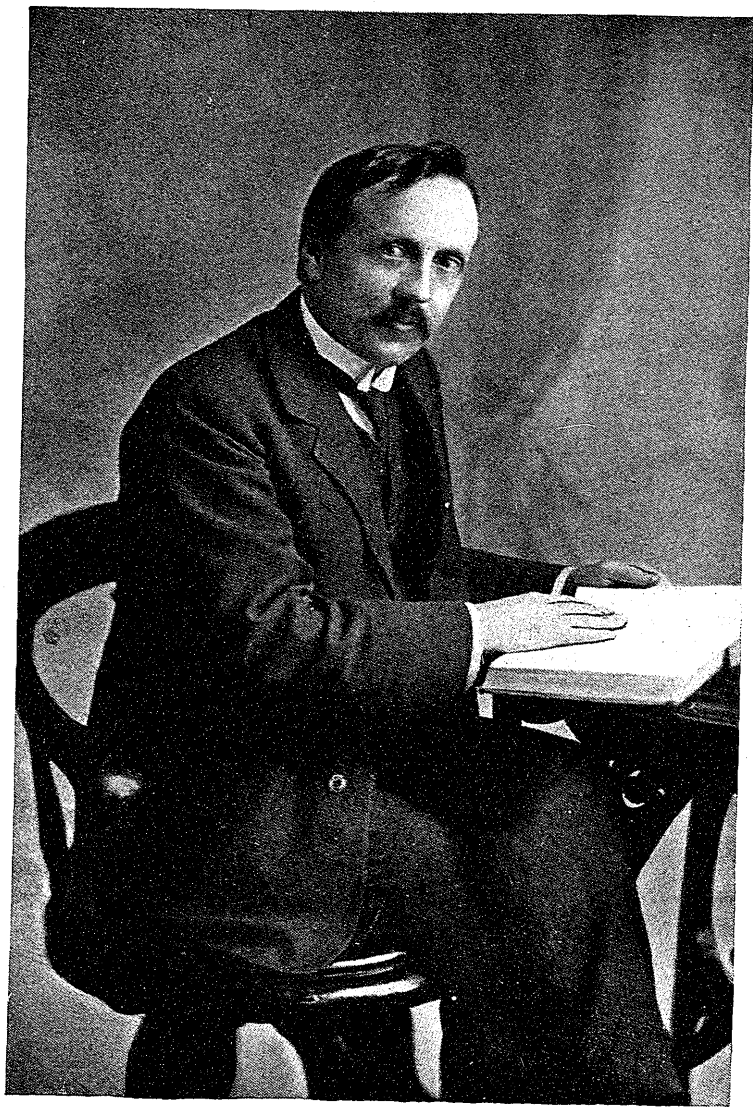
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SAMUEL POLLARD



THE REV. SAMUEL POLLARD.

SAMUEL POLLARD

PIONEER MISSIONARY IN CHINA

BY

REV. W. A. GRIST

Author of "The Historic Christ in the Faith of To-day," etc.

WITH ELEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

HENRY HOOKS

UNITED METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

12 Farringdon Avenue, London

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PREFACE

THOUSANDS have been fascinated by Samuel Pollard's fugitive articles and his little books ; but they have been without intimate knowledge of the writer. There must always be some value in tracing the evolution of a vital and radiant personality ; in every soul there is something unlike all other souls. On the threshold of his manhood Pollard felt the glamour of missionary exploits ; and it seemed to him that of all the garlanded gateways into life the most alluring is that which leads to the mission field. Although a few years of pioneer work banished his youthful illusions, he never regretted having been committed to this life of austere rigours, burdensome responsibilities and uncompensated toils. For nearly thirty years he kept his dedicatory vows with the chivalrous loyalty of a young knight and the infectious gaiety of a gentle troubadour. In youth his nature showed metals of strength and value in a state of fusion, and in his manhood these were refined and hardened into fine gold and tempered steel.

For nearly three decades this pioneer missionary wrote his observations and experiences in his notebooks—fragmentary jottings, full of abbreviations and dislocations. He began this journal to assist his memory ; afterwards it became a quarry for his articles ; ultimately he designed it for use in writing a book. This transcript of his heart and brain has proved invaluable to me, revealing the man and throwing flashing sidelights upon the country and the people among whom he lived and wrought. By its aid we trace an experience crowded with incident and adventure, a life of high purpose issuing from narrow beginnings, broadening and deepening in its currents of usefulness, and culminating in great achievements.

In creed Pollard was the child of the Evangelical Revival ; in

temperament and dynamic he might have been the product of the twentieth century. He does not impress by the originality or greatness of his thought ; but he grapples us to his soul by the intensity of his will and his splendid enthusiasm. Intellectually he was distinguished by mathematical gifts and organizing ability. The rich fruit of his humanity was seen in the stories he told. He was chiefly interested in persons and things ; abstruse theories and speculations had no attraction for him. He was witty and loved to indulge in fantastic and exaggerated language. He had his mercurial moods and at his best was buoyant and sanguine ; but underneath was a stubborn force of character which surprised and sometimes disconcerted his fellow-workers. Together with his lifelong friend, Frank Dymond, he embraced poverty with the ardour of St. Francis. He was a little man about five feet four, with longish pale face, black hair, prominent forehead, and deep-set, large, steady, grey eyes. Of outward appearances this fragile figure made but little reckoning ; yet by thousands he was loved and revered as their spiritual father—the truest image and pledge of the real presence of the Invisible Christ.

Among his fellow-missionaries Pollard was differentiated by his quick passionateness, by the vividness of his emotions, and the vehemence of his speech. At times he impressed them by his utter transparency and singleness, and then they were surprised by revelations of complexity : he often startled his friends with the swift changes of his moods. A headlong Radicalism was irk him and he sometimes delighted in shocking those whom he regarded as Laodicean members of the Church. In his personal religion he was the subject of great emotional upheavals, and in his young manhood he could be as noisily exclamatory as Billy Bray. He was modest and at the same time amazingly self-confident : as the years glided by this apparent self-assertiveness appeared less in his speech and more in his actions. And yet reviewing his whole life one is constrained to admit that few men have made a more complete surrender to Jesus Christ than Sam Pollard. There was a rare charm in his personality ; he early exercised great influence over his companions ; yet at times he

could sting and stagger men who loved him by indiscriminating reproaches. But beneath all these moods and characteristics was the man himself—chivalrous, whole-hearted, adventurous, cherishing the passion and ambition of a true missionary, enduring heroically, yet buoyant as a schoolboy.

We follow him amid the labyrinth of mountains in Yunnan and Kweichow where aboriginal shepherds seek to guard their flocks from wolves and tigers, through regions where wild azaleas and rhododendrons colour the hillsides, where yellow mustard fields make shrill appeal so that our eyes seek rest in the less obtrusive flower of the buckwheat. Here Pollard baptized thousands of the tribesmen, built churches and schools, prayed for penitent wizards, nursed typhoid patients and lepers, and at last gave his life in service of others. Scores of whitewashed chapels gleaming in the translucent atmosphere of those mountains are monuments of a life of apostolic faith, sacrifice, and devotion. At last, our wanderings with Pollard end at a lonely grave, high up one of the hills he loved ; over which a white cross marks the place where his tired body was laid when his work was done :

Till the morning break,
And the white hush end all !

W. A. G.

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SAMUEL POLLARD

BOOK I

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (1864-1894)

CHAPTER I

Parentage and Early Years

EVERY life is in part the product of heredity and of environment ; the fibres of personality are woven into the web of circumstance, and constant interaction goes on between the individual and the community. To and fro the shuttle flies ; and the lives of men and the events of their ages cross and recross in the great loom of Nature, so that we cannot separate a man from the period to which he belongs. The group of forces which form the context of human life is sometimes the auxiliary and sometimes the antagonist of personality. The spirit of an age focusses itself in the consciousness of a man, and while he expresses the resultant movement, the ferment, the passions, and the direction of his period, yet he is possessed of a superior force which helps to shape it anew. "We are each and all infinite compounds of fragments of anterior lives." We shall find in the story of Sam Pollard's adventurous career apt and ample illustration of these truths.

Samuel Pollard, the missionary's father, was a native of Padstow and was born on March 1st, 1826. He belonged to the working classes and served as a mechanic in Chatham dockyard for some years. Deeply imbued with evangelical doctrines, he looked for social reform through the spiritual regeneration of the individual,

and was captivated by the religious enthusiasm of certain Bible Christian preachers. He offered himself as a candidate for the ministry and became an itinerant preacher in 1852. The Bible Christian Church, best known in the south and west of England, was the joint product of the Church of England and of Methodism. The Rev. Daniel Evans, an earnest clergyman in a Devonshire village, awakened a spirit of religious inquiry by his ministry in the parish church at Shebbear and prepared the heart and mind of James Thorne for the fiery evangelism of William O'Bryan, and the Bible Christian Society was founded in 1815. Springing like a little rill in North Devon, it gathered volume and poured a goodly stream of vital religion throughout the villages and towns of the southern counties. Its ministers were not learned theologians; they added little to the store of ideas; but they were successful evangelists. The doctrines of God's Grace, of Justification by Faith, and of Christian Assurance were vitalised and verified by their experience, and they preached with the authoritative accent of rediscovery.

With the passing of the years, however, their burning zeal became more restrained; yet the sacred fire never died out of the Bible Christian Church, and from first to last this community maintained its missionary enthusiasm and adventurous faith. In 1907 it joined with the New Connexion and Methodist Free Churches to form one United Methodist Church. But no union of Churches, whether already achieved, or still hoped for, should make us forget how much the small denominations have contributed to the religious idealism and morals of English life.

Samuel Pollard, senior, belonged in spirit and aim to the order of evangelists. He inherited the emotional nature and vivid imagination of the Celtic race linking poetic sensibility to religious passion. The opportunity was never given him to acquire great scholarship, but all his life he was an unwearying student of the Bible and the book of Nature. Whilst holding the evangelical creed, he was a true mystic, intimate with the Great Silence, and mastered by sacramental ideas which penetrated every part of his being. His intellectual gifts were of a high order. He could kindle and delight his hearers with a rush of noble thoughts fitly

clothed in beautiful language. He moved naturally in the high realm of Christian doctrine, and preached the massive verities of the New Testament. His whole ministry was animated by one aim—"to win souls"—and he conceived it the highest privilege of the Christian ministry to be the instrument of God in effecting the conversion of his fellow-men.

When thirty-two years of age he married Ellen Deboyne, a teacher in the Isle of Wight. She was of Canadian-French extraction, vivacious and deeply religious, and in later years shared in the tasks of the ministry as a "local preacher." They had six children, the third being the missionary, who was born on April 20th, 1864, at Camelford in Cornwall. "Young Sam" inherited the Celtic imagination and deep emotions of his father, and from his mother derived his readiness of wit, clear-cut mentality and practical ability in affairs. It was Sam Pollard's privilege to be born into a family marked by spiritual distinction. Religion was the supreme reality in this home. The elder Pollard spent hours in prayer, not merely passive states of reverie, but holding colloquies with an Invisible Friend. He suffered from deafness, but his inner ear was opened to voices which are unheard by most. Three times a day all the family gathered for worship: after dinner the Bible was read aloud, prayer was offered by the head of the house, and then the children repeated a short prayer by themselves.

Privation was the "note" of the household; the home was poorly furnished, and luxuries were unknown. "There was plenty of love," writes one of his sisters, "but very little money." In speaking of Sam's childhood his mother said: "At a very early age he took a keen interest in the family councils concerning 'ways and means.' One's heart grows tender at the remembrance of his quaint sayings, and at the things he did to earn small sums which he would always bring to me. . . . He would run errands for people; he used to fetch milk from a farm at Chipstead [Kent], just to earn a few pence." He was a sensitive little fellow, impressionable beyond most children, betraying very early a marked individuality of his own. Out of the continuous stream of impressions which entered into his consciousness emerged the

morning star of a strong and buoyant personality. His brothers and sisters called him "Amiability." When Sam was three years old the family removed to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. One of the first things he did in his new home was to learn his letters from a missionary bill. An uncle who was a schoolmaster in the town supplied him with interesting story-books. At four one of his favourite games was to get a number of sticks and make triangles and circles with them—which his friends recall as forecasting his exceptional gifts as a mathematician.

When he was seven his father was appointed to the Penryn circuit in Cornwall. Samuel Pollard's ministry in this district resulted in great "revivals" and the boy became familiar with wonderful stories of conversions. The next change was the appointment of his father to Chipstead in Kent. Necessarily these frequent changes interrupted the children's schooling, but home influences have their compensation, and if the chief end of education be to produce quick, flexible intelligence and strong character, the foundations of these were securely laid. At Penryn the boy had attended a Wesleyan day school. At Chipstead he was first sent to a dame's school, but when he began to correct the teacher's mispronunciations, it was thought advisable to send him to the National school with his brother Walter. At the end of three years when leaving this school, Sam was highly pleased by his schoolmaster's gift of a small magnifying-glass, which served to increase his observation of nature.

At Chipstead, when he was eleven, an event took place in Sam's life which ever afterwards stood out as a spiritual landmark. Forty years after the event the missionary's mother—a bright-eyed little lady of eighty-six with memory unimpaired—related the manner of her boy's conversion. Several months before that time he had desired that the great blessing of which his father spoke with such awe and gladness might become his. One evening Sam and his brother Walter had gone upstairs to bed, and by and by the father followed, as was his wont, to kiss his boys "good night." Sam was on his knees and told his father that he was not ready to say "good night" yet. Surmising what was passing in the boy's heart the father retired rejoicing. A

second time he visited the boy's bedroom and went away again. When he came the third time young Samuel was at peace, assured that Divine forgiveness was his and that now he was beyond all doubt a child of God.

CHAPTER II

School and the Civil Service

METHODISM reminds one of a banyan tree, the branches of which strike downward and take root in the ground, as new trunks, the parent tree and its offshoots constituting a miniature forest ; so the church founded by John Wesley has sent forth branches which have taken root until a community of kindred societies has spread in England and elsewhere. The first Bible Christian Society was formed in the kitchen of Lake Farm, Shebbear, in 1815, and the leadership of the movement passed to James Thorne, a man of great natural gifts and of strong and noble character. The Rev. F. W. Bourne, his biographer, said of him : " He had the manners of one nobly born, and the aptitudes and instincts of a scholar, which thousands more highly favoured by circumstances entirely fail to acquire." This sagacious leader saw that the little church required a middle school for the training of the sons of its ministers and members. He found ready support. In 1841 the Bible Christian Proprietary Grammar School was established at Shebbear for the training of the sons of the ministers and members, with the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, M.A. (Camb.), as its first head master. Its great days began under the principalship of Thomas Ruddle, who took up his life work at that institution in 1864. By dint of self-denial and economy his parents sent Sam Pollard to this school in 1876.

Ruddle was a man of personality, independence of thought, and moral force. He was generally spoken of among his pupils as "Tommy," and did not escape the criticism of the keen-eyed youngsters he taught and ruled. His brusque and unconventional judgments were by no means always acceptable ; but

probably no boy ever stayed long at Shebbear without becoming a loyal admirer of the head master. Pollard thought that "Tommy" was inclined to give too much attention to the clever boys, and not enough to others. But the missionary was whole-hearted in his veneration for the memory of his master, and after hearing an address by Sir Oliver Lodge remarked that Mr. Ruddle might have written it thirty years before. Sam, though religious, was by no means "goody-goody," and the influence of his saintly father was upon him even at school. He had made a promise, which probably would not be asked from a schoolboy to-day, that he would never fight. His father had given him a Bible on the understanding that the boy should read a "portion" every day. Sam kept his promise and, after many a "lark" in the dormitory, would pull out a dog's-eared Bible from a pocket containing his miscellaneous treasures and read the "daily portion" by the flickering light of a lantern. He was a member of the college choir and sang in Lake Chapel with a sweet true treble. He never forced his religion on others; but all the boys knew where he stood. Once he turned upon another boy when a nasty jest was made against family purity, and those who were present will never forget the passionate biting scorn in Pollard's rebuke. All his life he could excel most people in forceful invective. At such moments his big eyes would flash with unwonted fire, and the look on his pale face and sudden pointing of an accusing finger were far more potent as chastisement than the blow of a fist. In lighter moods he showed a strong vein of original humour, and with an odd grimace would turn the laugh upon one who challenged him; but he was always good-humoured when the tables were turned against him.

In 1879 Sam Pollard, G. P. Dymond, and W. M. Hocking won First Class Honours in the Oxford Local Examinations. From that time he applied himself to preparation for the Civil Service, and when seventeen won the seventh place in an examination for men clerkships. His schoolmaster had expected him to take the highest place, but the youth was delighted at the prospect of earning a salary which even at the start would be bigger than his father had ever received as a minister, and proudly rejoiced that

he would now be in a position to help the family exchequer. Throughout his life his love for his father and mother was a living, dominant force.

In 1881 Sam went to London to take up his work at the Post Office Savings Bank, and was welcomed by a circle of friends at the Bible Christian Chapel at Clapham, where his father was honoured and loved. Here Pollard came under the influence of the Rev. F. W. Bourne who, in a larger Church, would probably have won a national reputation. He was a man of vigorous intellect, of massive moral force, with the temper and inward life of a mystic. During the plastic years between 1881 and 1887 Pollard was impressed by the character and work of Mr. Bourne. In later life he confessed that in many a trying ordeal in his missionary career he faced his own problems with greater courage, when he remembered how such a giant as Mr. Bourne used to give his best to week-night gatherings of twenty people in an obscure chapel.

As he listened to Mr. Bourne, Pollard was filled with high thought, and the fire of a new ambition was kindled within him. He began to look at life with new eyes and a new standard of values. We can be born more than once, and more than twice, as Pollard realised at Clapham. Increasingly the reality of the Unseen loomed upon his mind, and he saw things in the perspective of the Eternal. A deeper life was unfolded in Sam Pollard's soul ; he owed much to his parents and teachers ; but now he felt the urge of his own spirit, and he came to know that only a life of service could satisfy him. He was not one to be long content with the monotony of office work ; the desire of adventure awoke in him ; but for a time the way was not clearly seen. He was waiting for the call, assured in his own mind that when God's hour should strike he would know the predestined path.

*CHAPTER III**The Call*

WHEN Sam Pollard entered the Civil Service, his friends were satisfied that his vocation was decided, and that no further anxiety need be felt on his behalf. Yet it might have been foreseen that the boy who, at eleven years of age, passed through the spiritual crisis of conversion, would eleven years later be the subject of a second awakening; and at this time it seemed to him in very fact that God was calling him to some high service. A fragment of a letter written at this time gives a glimpse into his mind:

DEAR FATHER,

I suppose by this time Brer Walter is home for a while enjoying himself. I wish I were home also. These fine summer days make us "poor Londoners" dream of our country days and long for the seaside and shady lanes. Wouldn't I like to be down the old cove "breasting the angry torrent"! I have several times wished lately that some genie or other would transport me to Penaniel Cove, then undress me and drop me into ten feet of the Atlantic. But Aladdin's lamp was not near me and the lamps we use here have no such wonderful powers. . . . The Atlantic still remains a dream and the hot London streets a reality. . . .

Now for a subject that has been weighing on my mind for the last few days. My throat has been a little troublesome again. I am not unwell. I feel as strong as a bull and about as well as I ever am. Yet my throat has been a little bad and I cannot take liberties with it. Well now, I can't understand how I am to be a minister if I am to have a chronic bad throat; and I am under the impression that God has distinctly called me to work for Him in this way. Perhaps you remember that some time ago I did not view at all in a favourable light the very possibility of my being a minister: nothing seemed farther from my idea. Yet now I have been brought to such a state that I would rather be a B. C. minister than anything else in the world. It seems like a very passion with me at times, and I don't dare hardly to contemplate the idea of not being able to preach for Christ. You know what a fascination for young people work for Christ has,

and I do so much want Him to use me. What am I to do? I know my Heavenly Father knows best what He is doing for me and what He is still going to do for me, but still there is a certain uncertainty which I do not at all like. I could not think of entering our ministry with a bad throat or with a weak throat, and yet I believe God has called me to work for Him in this way.

Heredity and training had given Sam Pollard an ardent religious purpose, and at this crisis he found the opening for adventure and chivalry in the Church of which he was a member. From its beginning the Bible Christian Connexion was dominated by missionary passion: all its preachers—male and female—were designated missionaries. In 1821 they formed a missionary society “for the purpose of sending missionaries into dark and destitute parts of the United Kingdom and other countries, as Divine Providence might open the way.” Although their financial resources were restricted and slender, God had put the world in the hearts of these lowly men and women, and they went forth to establish missions in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. As the colonial churches became ultimately united with other branches of Methodism, a wider imperialism of Christ’s Kingdom spread before the minds of the leaders of the Connexion, and in 1884 definite inquiries began to be made whether this Church ought not to assist in the great work of evangelising China. The founder of the China Inland Mission, Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, was invited to visit the London Conference in 1885. He came with Mr. B. Broomhall, the Secretary of the C.I.M., and gave an address at Jubilee Chapel, Hoxton, which fanned the missionary enthusiasm of the Conference to white heat. As a result of his exhortation, two young ministers, Samuel Thomas Thorne and Thomas Grills Vanstone, were set apart for work in Yunnan as “associates” of the China Inland Mission. The reasons assigned for the choice of this district were that it was the largest and most needy unoccupied district in China, where Mission work could be freely carried on at that time; that it was one of the healthiest and most beautiful provinces of the Empire; that there were Methodists already working at Chungking, Kuei Yang, and Yunnan Fu, vast cities in direct

communication with Yunnan, which might eventually become a great highway, through Siam, from Europe to China.

Under strong emotional excitement the Bideford Conference subscribed £700 in a few minutes to launch the enterprise ; but no steps were taken to secure guarantees for continuous financial support. This was in keeping with the spirit of aggressive evangelism and amazing renunciation which animated the Church from its beginning.¹ The action of the Conference evoked swift response in Pollard's chivalrous soul. He was familiar with the adventures and discoveries of Livingstone, the prince of modern explorers, and to him came the dream that in Yunnan was territory which he might be privileged to add to the Empire of Jesus.

At last he wrote a letter to his parents in which there was one sentence which filled the mother's heart with dismay : " Vanstone and Thorne have just left for China, and I shall be the next." At first she felt she could never let him go. " We did not reply at first," she declared, " but some time after his father wrote on the subject to him : I do not know what he said. I never named the subject of his going to China to Sam at that time." There were no hesitations in her son's mind : he was now haunted with the vision of China's dire spiritual necessity. The thought of so great a vocation awed him ; he felt he was " but a child " ; but he was buoyed up by a childlike trust in the power of Jesus to prepare him for his task.

In the closing hours of the year 1885, Sam Pollard attended a watch-night service at Clapham : his father and mother were present at a similar service at St. Just in Cornwall. Those moments were tense with confession and thanksgiving, with the surrender of souls and the dedication of lives to high service. The young man asked his fellow-worshippers to pray that his mother might give her consent for him to go to China. And in that other service in Cornwall the mother was passing through her agony till she could yield up her own will to the mysterious

¹ They agreed with Hudson Taylor that " the apostolic plan was not to raise ways and means, but to go and do the work, trusting in the sure word which had said, ' Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' "

Will of God. "At last," she says, "as the old year was passing and the new year entering, I said: 'Lord, I am willing.' Later on I talked it over with my boy."

When Pollard received his mother's consent, he offered himself at once to the Missionary Committee of his Church, and told a friend in his office the next morning: "I offered myself last evening for mission work in China." Action always followed close on thought in him: a shaping force ever sprang close on the heels of aspiration. He was seldom in doubt about God's Will. He had the heart of a troubadour and carolled gaily as he walked the highway of life. As he left the Civil Service behind and blithely faced the unknown future, his feet were shod with stars, and his heart was full of merry laughter.

Scarce was Sam Pollard's offer for service in China made known before another old Shebbear boy—also a son of the manse, Francis John Dymond—placed his services at the disposal of the Missionary Committee. Both offers were accepted at once and the young men, very boyish in their appearance, were sent out to visit the churches in all parts of the Connexion. Their youthfulness, their simple statement of the call they had received, their intrepidity and glowing faith in Jesus, threw the gleam of a great ideal into many lives and stirred thousands of their fellow-churchmen with missionary enthusiasm. At the Southsea Conference, 1886, they were formally dedicated to their missionary work, and by their addresses made an unforgettable impression upon all who heard them.

From that time these two lives were indissolubly linked in friendship and in life work, never through the subsequent years wavering in their strong attachment. They were unlike each other in physique and temperament, and were able to supply each other's deficiencies. Pollard was buoyant, full of initiative and enterprise, and Dymond never failed to follow his lead. They braced each other in facing enormous odds; they incited each other in arduous studies; more than once they met the menace of death together: they nursed each other in sickness, and when death sundered them the surviving friend performed the last offices of tender love. But as they stood side by side at Southsea

Conference with faces lighted with the promise of youth, all these vicissitudes were hidden from them in the teeming womb of the future. They gave no thought to the strains and tests of coming days ; life offered them quest and romance ; and above all else, a Voice like the sound of many waters called to them : " Follow Me."

CHAPTER IV

The Missionary Student at Ganking

IT was a bold and hazardous experiment for a Missionary Society to send out to China men without training for work so many-sided and so delicate as that of laying the foundations of a Christian Church in the remote province of Yunnan. The task of evangelising the Chinese race demands the highest qualifications of intellect and heart, and only men of the finest moral texture should be chosen for missionaries. Men of all types are needed ; but they ought to be disciplined in mind and character. The missionary in China is brought face to face with a great race of people whose ancestors were highly civilised when our forefathers were still barbarians. He is placed suddenly in the midst of a vast complex multitude whose training, literature, inherited customs, standards of value, and language are radically different from all that he has known before. He is called upon to appraise and appreciate thoughts and ways of life alien to his own. And his special mission is to teach, commend, and disseminate the Christian religion. The high task to be pursued and the environment search and test a man as by fire, and his weaknesses are swiftly revealed. The young missionary is tempted to indulge in pride of race, to underestimate the Chinese, and to yield to fits of impatience and irritability. In the case of Sam Pollard and Frank Dymond this hazardous experiment was justified because of the exceptional qualities of their manhood. Probably the Committee saw in them the evidences of sound education, rare graces of temper, and high mental endowments. It is possible, however, that both might have been saved from

many initial mistakes and fruitless undertakings had they had that fuller training of which they were eminently worthy.

Sam Pollard was twenty-three years of age when, on January 27th, 1887, in company with Frank Dymond, he embarked on the S.S. *Chusan* at Tilbury Docks. There was a group of China Inland Missionaries on board, and Pollard became very intimate with them. These ardent reformers would fain have converted all the passengers to their own beliefs. They were young "hot Gospellers" eager to bear their witness for Jesus Christ, and doubtless possessed more zeal than wisdom. I remember a few years later when travelling with Pollard that he would denounce horse-racing as wrong, and contend, like William Law, that "the playhouse is the porch of hell." Although his talk would sparkle and reveal ready wit, yet even his charm could not make such rigorous Puritanism attractive to the majority of passengers. Some were led to desire the things of the spirit; but, as the ship drew near to Colombo, others were glad that the missionaries would be transferred to the S.S. *Peshawur* and there would be "none of their nonsense to-morrow."

When living at Penryn, Pollard had met two young Cingalese—the brothers Nathanielay—and now upon arriving at Colombo he found one of them waiting to welcome him and Mr. Dymond. He drove them about the island, and showed them some of the chief places of interest. "Our first impressions," says Pollard, "were delightful. Right under the tropics and in the midst of tropical profusion. Coco-nut palms everywhere, and the nuts in different stages of growth, clustering under the leafy crown. Civilisation and uncivilisation all mixed up. European houses and native huts in close proximity. One saw Cingalese, Tamils, Dutch and English: people wearing European dress, and natives in true aboriginal style. Here were banks, schools, plantain trees, green grass, pretty lakes. The soil red, making good roads. Orange trees and lamp-posts; bullocks drawing water-carts and catamarans—narrow rafts with a horizontal wing or sail on the side paddled by one man at the bow and another at the stern: so the things struck upon our vision, first one thing, then another, all higgledy-piggledy, yet lovely and symmetrical." He was

charmed with the throbbing life of the mingling races, and fascinated with the colours and romance of the East.

At Hongkong he observed the prosperity which British rule had brought to the island ; but was grieved at the lax morals of the English at the Eastern ports. "Horse-racing, drink, opium, and the Gospel," he says bitterly, "are the chief English imports." He did not intend to condemn the whole foreign population, but he raged against scenes of drunkenness as likely to prejudice Christianity in the eyes of the Chinese, who gazed at such Bacchus-worship with wondering interest. The Chinese of Hongkong impressed him favourably, and he admired their national dress.

In a letter recording his early impressions he recalls the first lessons given him in astronomy by his father, and writes :

Perhaps you would like to know how I am getting on with my star-gazing. I have seen the Southern Crosses, for there are two of them, one true and the other false. You know where Sirius is : south of this—too far south to be seen in England—is a beautiful bright star named Canopus. On the east at night under a line drawn from Sirius to Canopus are the Crosses. I don't see anything wonderful in them—nothing like Orion and the Bear. Jupiter has been shining brightly, and one night he was playing pranks with our "look-out." You know that at night on a ship a man is always kept on the look-out : when a light appears ahead a gong is struck to call the attention of the officer on the bridge—one stroke for the port side, two for starboard, and three right ahead. As we were rushing along through the darkness one night, a light was signalled on the starboard side, which set everybody wondering what it was. As gradually it rose higher out of the water it looked like a lighthouse. Hearing the gong I hurried on deck and saw at once that it was Jupiter ; for I had been watching for its rising. There was general merriment at the mistake. At Singapore we were so far south that we lost sight of the North Star . . . perhaps if it had been clearer we might have seen it just above the horizon, but only just. As we are going north now this star gets higher and higher. In Yunnan the heavens will be much as at home. Good night, all ! . . . Remember one o'clock and pray for me."

The S.S. *Peshawur* reached Woosung on March 14th, and from

thence the passengers were taken by a tug up the river to Shanghai. Eagerly he watched for the Yangtze, and at last his interest was mingled with surprise as he saw its muddy, yellow waters pouring past. At the mouth of this great river he curiously scanned the fleets of odd-looking craft with their ragged sails suggesting the fancy that they must have been nibbled by thousands of rats. As Pollard and Dymond stepped ashore three missionaries met them and escorted them to the China Inland Mission, where they were welcomed warmly by new friends. With the assistance of barber and tailor they were transformed into Chinese missionaries, though alas ! the language of that strange land was not to be so easily acquired. Next day they were entertained by Dr. Muirhead of the London Missionary Society. They availed themselves of opportunities to explore the city of Shanghai, and were delighted with the splendid buildings on the foreign concessions. Behind this imposing front lies the native city with its narrow streets and teeming population. East and West jostle each other. Here were broad well-paved streets, and there narrow overshadowed alleys ; carriages swiftly drawn by horses and jinrickshas by men ; sedan chairs and wheelbarrows ; uniformed police and palsied beggars trembling in their rags. As the impressions poured into Pollard's mind he was overwhelmed by the variety and vastness of the life around him. It seemed that his life would be but as a tiny pebble thrown into the midst of this maelstrom, and in the end it would make scarcely any appreciable difference. But this momentary apprehension of the futility of any service he could render, gave way before his vivid realisation of the unseen factors which are reshaping the world : " This is the victory that hath overcome the world—even our faith : ' who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God ? ' " And this he believed with an intensity of conviction that never faltered at any crisis of life.

Having donned the Chinese dress, the next step was to begin to acquire the language, a task for intellectual athletes. This speech, with its subtle variations of tones and its thousands of " characters," stands as an obstacle in the path of all missionaries in China. Many are content if they can get a working knowledge

of the colloquial speech, others are ambitious to master the classic tongue as well. Pollard and Dymond were not the least ambitious of students. At Ganking, three days up the Yangtze, the China Inland Mission had established a Training Home for young missionaries under the principalship of Mr. F. W. Baller, who with a sound knowledge of the Chinese language combined the enthusiasm of a first-rate teacher. Pollard and Dymond went to Ganking and began their studies under his guidance in the middle of March, 1887. Pollard soon took his place as the most gifted of a little band of resolute students. This intellectual and moral discipline helped to make him an effective speaker, and gave him insight into the thoughts and literature of China. It was here that the foundations were laid of a knowledge of classic Confucian literature which saved him from the reproach of illiteracy which the Chinese were at that period so ready to cast upon foreigners.

Little more than three months after his coming to Ganking he writes to his people: "The Tuesday I posted your last letter [June 14th, 1887] I made a feeble attempt at speaking. I think I told you, Mr. Baller asked me to take evening prayers in Chinese on alternate nights while he was away at Yangchow. You can imagine how I trembled, though there were only a few present. . . . We read together the story of the woman touching the hem of Christ's garment: then I tried to say a few words on the subject. . . . They said that they understood me, but you would never find Chinese who would tell you otherwise. I felt very happy after it was over walking up the garden. It was only a little done, but it was a little for the Master, and that cheered my heart. The road to the heart of this language is long—very long; but even the longest roads are pleasant when walking in company with the Master."

To this period belongs a sheaf of letters that enable us to trace the course of his thoughts, feelings, and experiences at Ganking.

2nd July, 1887.

DEAR MR. VANSTONE,¹

Another month gone! We are beginning to think our six months [the time proposed for staying at the Training Home]

¹ The Secretary of the Bible Christian China Mission.

will soon be up and we shall be off to Yunnan. Happy shall we be to go to the dear fellows !

For the last month or so we have been in the rainy season, and I can tell you when it rains it does rain. We have had rather more of it than usual and a good bit of damage is being done. The river has risen enormously, and has overflowed its banks in several places. The difference between the height of the river in winter and summer is very great. At Hankow a little farther up the river there is a perpendicular difference of from forty to fifty feet. So it is no wonder great floods occur occasionally. There is always a good rise owing to the melting of the snow on the hills away off in Tibet, but the rains help considerably to increase the volume of water. We have been going through the same experiences here as the brethren went through last year in Yunnan. The mandarins have every day been to the temples to pray for fine weather, and in order to propitiate the gods have ordered that no more animals are to be killed. Consequently, the other day at dinner we looked at our meat with the idea of its being the last we should see for some days. I talked to my teacher about the idea and I soon found out it was only an outside observance. On the street no meat could be got ; but suppose a friend of the butcher's called and asked for meat, he would say : " I've only got just a very small piece," or perhaps : " I'll buy a little piece for you but be sure you don't tell anybody." The man gets his meat and goes. When, however, the next would-be purchaser comes the butcher with scorn repudiates the idea of having any : " Meat ? I have not the least bit. Have you not seen the proclamation ? " . . . The teacher says the mandarins and the *yamen* people [public officials] all get plenty of meat. . . . After about three days the proclamation is forgotten and things go on as usual, though being still nominally in force, it gives plenty of opportunities for the officials to extort money.

We were delighted to hear last Wednesday from the brethren in Yunnan that dear old Sam [Mr. Thorne] had gone off alone to open Chaotong. The Lord help him ! Shan't we be delighted to join them, though the days here are delightfully pleasant and happy. I am sure we shall owe a lifelong debt to Mr. Baller for the training he is giving us.

To his father he writes a week later :

Friday we had a lesson on the system of chronology in China. They have a peculiar way which dates back from the time of

Abraham, and it has never been altered. . . . First they have ten characters for what are called "the ten heavenly Stems." Then they have twelve characters for the twelve "earthly branches." The first character of the heavenly stems is joined to the first of the earthly branches and this gives the combination for the first year in the cycle. This process goes on until the tenth year. For the eleventh year the first heavenly stem is used again with the eleventh earthly branch. So they go on for sixty years when the last of the heavenly stems is combined with the last of the earthly branches. This completes the cycle and the next year a fresh one is commenced. Why we learned this is that often when asking a man's age you might get the reply by the man giving you the two characters for the year of his birth. Or he may give you the animal under which he was born, *i.e.*, the animal presiding over the year of his birth. There are twelve animals over the twelve earthly branches, from the rat, No. 1, to the pig, No. 12. The Chinese way with these combinations is to learn all the cycle right off by heart, and then to count back on the fingers for one's age. Well, we do it a shorter way by mental arithmetic, and this quite takes the shine out of these Chinamen.

Mr. Baller says a man who can do the cycle business right off has something to commend him. This is just the difference between Western and Eastern ideas. From Abraham's time till now they seem to have learned these sixty combinations right off, never troubling to find an easier way; so, of course, they are surprised at our doing it without the learning. . . . There! I hope you are highly edified by this!

From another letter to his father (July 22nd, 1887) this extract will interest: "I've a holiday to-day. Why? This week our big Exam. has come and now it is gone, for which I am delightfully thankful. The results were published at dinner-time to-day. . . . Will you be glad to know that your boy's name headed the list? Thank God for all His mercies! Out of a possible 400 I obtained 392. The next to me, the young Swede, had 381. He was not very well, so he would probably have increased his total had he been bright and jolly. We all passed: the lowest got over 70 per cent. Mr. Baller expressed himself as very pleased with us all."

That he was warming to his work we gather from a letter to his father of date August 8th, 1887:

For some time past we have all been praying, more or less, for more power. As the time was drawing near for our being thrust out into the work, we began in earnest to cry for the anointing service. Almost unknown to each other we were nearly all doing this. One is very apt when studying hard day after day to let study take the first place ; this some of us had done with consequent loss of [spiritual] life. On Saturday 23rd [July], after the others were in bed, I determined I would get a blessing before I got up from my knees, and, thank God, I did. Sunday 24th came, and the person who took our service in the evening seemed to speak for all of us, and afterwards we adjourned to the top of the house for a prayer meeting. It was warm and as we were in for a struggle we took off our gowns and knelt down. Oh, dad, it would have done your heart good to have been there. What was the result? A mighty blessing like to shake the house. Some of us got very happy, and the scene which followed was just like some of our old Pensilva or Penryn revivals. I was about the noisiest ! By simple faith we laid hold of the power held out to us. I was praying : I told the Lord how often we had, when pointing sinners to Him, told them just to believe and lay hold of the blessing, and now we desired to take our own prescription. I shall never forget that moment. Bless God, the power came immediately, and to-day, after more than a fortnight, I am a different fellow. . . . We appear to have alarmed the natives in the surrounding houses. They came on Monday morn to inquire who was dead in the house. With them a death always occasions a lot of shouting and crying. They were quite right : several of us died that night, and the life we now live, we live by faith in the Son of God.

Monday afternoon, we began to take it in turns, preaching a little in the chapel to any who cared to come in. Frank and another went, and Frank was all on fire. This was his first attempt at preaching to outsiders. It was quite astonishing ! That was one result of the blessing. The Lord can call up the words and use all we know, taking away all our fears.

I spoke four times last week, once going round to the preaching-room alone. Concertina (Frank's) in hand, and books under the arm, I sailed up the street and sat down behind the table in the little room. Then I played the concertina—not knowing a single tune ! I knew the Chinese are no judges of music, so I pulled the thing in and out, making a rare noise. It had the desired effect. The wild beast was on show free of charge. I invited my audience to sit down. I sang to them and then

preached the old, old story. I told them how my father in England used to tell me of Christ's love until at last I was converted. They think a lot of filial piety. One sentence I used : " muh iu ih-ko ren pi o-tih lao fu-ts' in hao "—" There is not a man better than my father." I expect they thought I was a good son. But I had a good time, and the Lord blessed me very much. I came away praising Him.

But even this buoyant optimist had occasional touches of spleen, as we learn from a home letter of September 17th, 1887 : " Frank and I are tired of being here. They are very kind ; but their rank Calvinism and persistent longing for our blessed Lord to come and do [*i.e.*, play] the Emperor, I don't like. These ideas must necessarily influence all their methods of work. I don't want Christ to come down to reign as an Emperor. Let us have the meek and lowly Jesus as our King until the world is won, and when we leave here let us enter into the other Kingdom. . . . Never mind, I'm happy in it all and eager for the work. But I want our Mission to be carried on along our own lines."

One of his old friends had written of the stirring within him of a longing to come to China as a medical missionary. Pollard answers (September 19th, 1887) :

Why medical missionary ? I used to have the idea at home that medical men could support themselves : I don't know where I got it. But from all I have seen and heard I don't think that would be done. Apparently most of the work is done almost gratuitously. I may be wrong, but this I know, a man can live very cheaply out here. I fancy we are paid about £60 a year. I believe a man can live on £35 or £40 very comfortably, and Frank and I will do it if possible. . . . B., old man, it is a glorious work, and Frank and I seem more and more in love with it. We seem to have lost a good bit of our wish for many of our English ideas and comforts. One thing, the people must be saved, and we are here to do it. Bless God, we will too ! . . . I'd ten times rather be a preacher than a doctor, though we have laid in a store of various things to help the people (medically) in small ways—mustard to cure opium cases ; sulphur to mix with Chinese lard for the sores which the people through their dirt abound in ; sulphate of zinc for eyes, etc. etc. We'll be on the ball soon. Hallelujah !

Only a month later he passed another examination, as to which he writes (October 19th, 1887): "I have a holiday this afternoon and I am going to write a letter, or two. We finished up our second examination this morn, and in consequence we are going in for a little relaxation, or dissipation. Frank and I have polished off and our examiner, Mr. Wood, is pleased with the result. I think I told you that as we were delaying for Vanstone's arrival, we determined to make a desperate struggle to get over the second course if we could. Well, we have succeeded, and you can just imagine, we are right glad."

Many of Pollard's letters to his brothers and friends dated from this period are full of high spirits intermixed with passionate aspirations born of missionary enthusiasm. On October 30th, he writes: "We are still here at Ganking. Mr. Vanstone has been delayed in his journey down river. You know he is coming down to Shanghai to be married to Miss Stewartson, and then we are all going up together." After denouncing the British countenance of the opium traffic he discovers a vein of self-confidence which shows that this fiery young reformer had a very good conceit of himself. "The world has to be altered, Ben, and the Pollards must alter it, or have a big share in the work. God make us real—real, solid men, braving anything; doing anything, and resting not if souls are not saved! We have our work cut out; but we have the means at hand: Christ in us—and He has all power."

At last after many delays, having spent eight happy months at Ganking, Pollard came away on Saturday, November 12th, 1887, with sadness and joy: he thanked God for the Training Home and the friends. As he and Dymond left the mission house, the strains of a hymn sung by the other students followed them as they wended their way through the dark narrow street:

Trust on, trust on, believer,
Though dark the night and chill.

CHAPTER V

On the River Yangtze

THOUGH the home at Ganking had grown very dear to the two young missionaries, they enjoyed their new freedom as they stepped on board the *Kwang Fu* and greeted their friends, the Rev. and Mrs. T. G. Vanstone. Their cabin, with its two berths, was on the under deck in the Chinese quarter ; and for breakfast they were invited by Mrs. Vanstone to the larger cabin occupied by her husband and herself. When Pollard had finished the morning meal, he went to the upper deck with his New Testament and was soon surrounded by passengers who, seeing the foreigner in their national dress, concluded that he must be a missionary. It was a keen pleasure to him to find himself tongue-free, and to know that his words were understood. They catechised him about Confucius and ancestor worship ; and then gave him an opportunity to preach to them. In a letter to his parents he writes : " So I preached my Sunday morning sermon—dad at home and I in China. Praise God they understood me. . . . While talking a friendly Chinaman came up and said that he was a member of a church and that he had been converted four years ago. I welcomed him as a brother. He testified before the others of his Christian faith. At least my preaching must have encouraged him."

On Monday, November 14th, 1887, the *Kwang Fu* reached Hankow, the commercial capital of Hupeh, likely, it is said, to become the Chicago of the East. On the opposite bank of the Yangtze is Wuchang, the political capital, where the Governor and numerous officials reside : the smaller city of Hanyang is separated from Hankow by the Han. At Wuchang these foreigners in Chinese dress walked through streets and lanes for about two miles, and were then welcomed to the C.I.M. home on the top of a high hill. Among the missionaries they met were Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Gilleston, and Mr. Murray—the last an honorary agent of the Scottish Bible Society.

They visited Dr. Griffith John, but it was a disappointment to them to miss the Rev. David Hill, the missionary-saint of the Wesleyan Church in Central China. Pollard wrote later : " When we passed Hankow, Griffith John and David Hill were the two great names in connection with mission work there. The former by his great preaching powers and enormous literary output reached and still reaches millions ; the other by a blameless, loving, absolutely unselfish life, broke down the barrier between Westerner and Chinaman, and lost his life in his efforts to relieve some of the poorest of the poor."¹

After some tedious negotiations the leader of the little band, the Rev. T. G. Vanstone, hired a small houseboat to carry them as far as Sha-si, a fortnight's journey, for eleven thousand cash—less than £2,—but at Sha-si they had to engage another boat for the journey to Chungking, which was likely to take six weeks. Their new houseboat had four rooms and they were able to make themselves very comfortable. There were five men besides the captain, and at I-Chang they were to add to the number of the crew.

It is wellnigh impossible to convey the overwhelming sense of the Yangtze—"Son of the Ocean." One has the feeling that it is alive, like some incredibly enormous python spreading its folds over the whole centre of China from the mountains of Tibet to the ocean at Shanghai—between three and four thousand miles. Between Hankow and I-Chang the river seemed to Pollard serene and safe—for three hundred and fifty miles the yellow waters flashing in the sunlight greeted him with smiles and assurances of tranquillity. Upon its bosom tens of thousands traded and toiled day in and day out. To these English missionaries it offered a promise of six weeks of delicious freedom. The music of their moods, whether grave or gay, was in concordance with the stream's undertone. Somehow all the discords and dissonances of the myriads of human lives seemed to fall into harmony with that solemn bass of the mysterious river.

Chungking lies five hundred and fifty miles farther west of I-Chang, whence they started on December 10th, 1887. Upon

¹ *The Christian World*. April 3rd, 1913.

leaving they seemed to be on a broad expanse closed round with frowning hills ; suddenly an opening appeared and the boat swept into a gorge about four hundred yards wide. On either hand rise steep limestone cliffs reaching from 600 to 1000 feet in height. In I-Chang Gorge the deep green shadowed waters sweep forward like a sheet of gleaming metal. Grand as it was, Pollard felt relief when the boat issued from the dark pass and pulled up for the night at a patch of white sand which reminded him of the English shore.

So calm and pleasing appeared the Yangtsze that Pollard and his companions were lulled into a false sense of security. Impressed though they were with the greatness of the river, it seemed to them that the " Son of the Ocean " was animated by a spirit of playful good-nature, and they began to pass through the smaller rapids without any sense of peril. They little thought that in a day or two this kittenish mood would change into the fierceness of a wild angry beast of prey. " On Monday " [December 12th, 1887] " we had our first taste of the swift waters. The men on shore had tough work, sometimes down on all fours, pulling along step by step over the rocks. Now and again the rope would catch in a jutting rock, and one of the men as his special duty had to see that the rope was cleared. This often entailed a plunge into the waters. We had rapids to pass through more or less all day. On the 13th December, in the early morning, we passed over a rapid that must have extended for a quarter or nearly half a mile. The waters were fiercer than any we had passed before. The rush was simply grand. After this came more gorges, the hills rising up on both sides ; some of their peaks were slightly snow-capped. About dinner-time we came to an immense rapid called the Ch'in T'an. Several fresh men were hired here. We all came into the front room and looked out of the door watching the operations. We remarked to one another that these rapids never caused us the least bit of fear ; we were as comfortable as on dry land."

This rapid is famous as one of the largest on the Yangtsze, and the peril of crossing it varies at different times of the year. It rivals the danger of the Yeh T'an, only this is most threatening

when the water is high, and the Ch'in T'an is most to be feared when the river is low. Pollard was keenly interested in the preparations which were being made for pulling their boat over the danger spot. The bamboo rope was let out for the men on shore and at the chief tracker's signal the boat was thrust out into the current. The rope creaked and tightened and the fight began ; it was a tremendous struggle for every inch. The boat trembled like a living thing afraid ; if that rope were to break they would shoot back without any power of guidance or control. But the nerves of the missionaries were steady and three of them returned into their rooms, leaving Dymond sitting at the bow. " The rapid swept from the right bank to the left at that time : it changes according to the amount of water," says Dymond. " Just then the current rushing down the inside turned the head of our boat round, and we struck on a rock at the right. The boat rebounded and turned over on its side, and in came the rushing waters. Then we had a fight for our lives." There was a shout and those inside had scarcely heard it before the waters of the Yangtze came rushing in as if greedy for their prey.

" I made a rush for the door," says Pollard, " but it was no use. I never reached that door ; the waters drove me back, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone as well. But in a few seconds, or minutes, the boat was all in pieces, and three of us were hanging to the pieces. Frank had jumped off and made for a rock, but the current carried him down stream. He managed, however, to swim and laid hold of a spar and rested till he was rescued by one of the boats which came to our help. He had a greater shaking than any of us, and has a nasty scar on his leg now as the result of some knock.

" I don't remember a great deal ; it was all so sudden. This, however, I recollect, I was not in the least afraid ; but I was cool and collected. All four of us were the same, even Mrs. Vanstone. . . . It is not everybody who has the privilege of proving literally the truth of the promise, ' When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' Thank God, we have proved that true. When in the room, unable to reach the door, this thought flashed upon my mind : ' God is not going to let

these four missionaries for Yunnan drown.' I was not long in the waters before I was rescued. One of our boatmen, the one we used to term the hero of our party because he always had the dangerous duties to perform, climbed out over the wreck and helped me up. My long wadded gown made it difficult for me to swim ; but at the same time it kept out the cold. I was soon in the boat ; and Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone were pulled into another boat by the kind, grinning boatmen. Frank was brought to shore in a third boat. Except what we stood up in we expected all our things were lost and we were carrying things for seven or eight other persons as well. . . . A man took off some of his clothes and I put them on in place of my wet ones. Frank was served the same way. At night we all agreed that the Chinese showed us no little philanthropy."

They were taken to an inn. Mr. Vanstone remained on the river-bank to look after the salvage. . . . "A great crowd followed us, and our appearance was a good joke to them. We had lost our hats and pigtails and we must have looked like scarecrows. I think I must have laughed at myself afterwards if not at the time." Fortunately their losses were not so great as they at first imagined. Nineteen boxes—one of them containing Mrs. Vanstone's clothes—were missing. Many of these belonged to other missionaries. Having lost their commodious houseboat they hired the best substitute they could get, glad to escape the people of the Ch'in T'an, whose first pity for the shipwrecked foreigners speedily passed into the resolve to fleece them : on Saturday, December 17th, they left for Kuei Fu in two small boats of one room each and arrived there in five days.

Pollard wrote to his parents : "On Thursday at Kuei Fu we managed to get two other boats to take us to Chungking. These boats are larger than our previous ones, and still they are rather small. Two rooms each and a crew of five men and a boy on each boat. The captain of our boat is the queerest specimen of a Chinaman I have seen, and his men are a ragamuffin, deplorable set. And don't they shout at each other ! Though a Chinaman rarely comes to blows with his fellows, he loses his temper for the least thing." The journey from Kuei Fu to Chungking took

them about a fortnight and they reached the latter city on January 7th, 1888. Their captain was grossly incompetent, and Pollard compared him to the Mississippi pilot who boasted that he knew every rock on the river, and as the boat struck while he was speaking, he hastened to add, "and that's one of them." But besides their trouble about the captain, Pollard's nerves had been shaken by the wreck. "The roar of the rapids and the spray of the great waves," he admitted, "even when heard and seen from the cliffs, fascinate all the senses. But he who has seen the corpses floating down the swift current, and watched brave men struggle for their lives with the river and then go under, knows that something other than beauty and calm and love lives in the bosom of the mighty Yangtze. The great river fascinates me, but I don't love it. More than once that all-devouring Tiger River has almost captured me, and even as I write, my heart beats more quickly than it should."¹

Pollard and his companions had travelled 1500 miles up the Yangtze, and even at Chungking it stretched 800 yards across. It is not astonishing that it overpowered Pollard's imagination. In his eyes it was guilty of enormous cruelty and countless crimes. Yet it fascinated him; he had seen it in all its moods, playful and ravenous. He had stood at night on the dark boat watching the stars come out. Around him lay the sons of toil under the mats at the bow—men so ignorant, so bad-tempered, so wretchedly poor, that he wondered what life really meant for them. Some were sleeping noisily, others were curled up with their opium pipes trying to snatch oblivion, or dreams, from the poisonous drug which dragged them even more hopelessly into direst want. They, as well as he, were playing varieties of descant to the deep bass of the Yangtze; at times he heard the discords and dissonances, and then as the sombre roar spread through his senses, the individual notes were lost and he was filled with the great ground swell of mystery.

¹ "Tight Corners," p. 18.

CHAPTER VI

Overland : Szechuen and Yunnan

ON the 9th January, 1888, Pollard awoke early with a sense of relief, realising how great a strain and oppression had been lifted from his mind. They had completed the more dangerous half of their long journey west : henceforth they would be free of the seductions and menaces of the Yangtze. Had they so desired they might have pushed on to Sui Fu by boat ; but the travellers had determined to pursue the long trail overland from Chungking to Yunnan.

At Chungking the four missionaries divided into two companies : Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone went on to Yunnan Fu, and the other two set out for Chaotong. They took different routes to avoid arousing the anti-foreign feeling which little more than a year before had broken out in the Szechuen riots. Pollard and Dymond started off with one pony and several coolies. They were to ride and walk in turns. Their little pony, of which Pollard writes so affectionately in his letters, had a vein of droll humour, or touchy pride, which made it resent the frequent change of riders, and it loved to surprise them by kneeling down and rolling in the middle of the streams it crossed. Wretched as were the roads in Szechuen, with a delicious smile the Chinese attendant assured Pollard that those of Yunnan were notoriously worse. But with happy insouciance Pollard threw the cares of to-morrow upon his coolie boss and the *ch'ai ren*, or runners of the *yamen* (the official residence of a mandarin) who were escorting them.

They had to buy what food they could at the markets they passed, and their coolies carried it with the baggage to the inn where they put up at night. But no hardships were allowed to dash those ardent spirits, before whose fancy the journey stretched as a glorious holiday. As the day passed the ecstasy of freedom changed to sober feelings of content. Pollard wondered why men should shut themselves up in offices and workshops, when every nerve and muscle in his body testified that man is made for an

open-air life. As the afternoon wore on, however, they felt sore with the unwonted exercise of riding, and their heels and toes became badly blistered by their ill-fitting Chinese shoes. But with buoyant optimism they refused to be discouraged and looked forward to the luxuries of an inn, a substantial evening meal and a warm bed.

They neglected, through inexperience, to send a messenger in advance to secure lodgings, and when they arrived at the end of the first stage of their overland trek, the best rooms were already taken. Even Pollard's agile fancy had never imagined the possibility of inns so squalid and mean. The curved eaves of the tiled roof, the hanging signboard with gilded and high-sounding mottoes, seen from the dirty narrow street, gave no indication of the attractions within. The rooms were built around an open court and the roofs and partitions were blackened with the grime of years. The windows were of thin paper, too often torn and dirty ; and, instead of ensuring privacy, provided for a relentless inquisition of glittering black eyes glued to the holes all the evening ; for a foreigner in those days was an object of inexhaustible curiosity. The floor of their dormitory was caked with mud, better left unswept. The bedstead consisted of a few uneven planks resting on a couple of wooden trestles. A pandemonium was outside the door, for since the stable was too full of horses and pigs, the overflow found lodging in the court. Here, too, the coolies washed and performed their toilette. But neither weariness of body, nor discomforts of the inn, could daunt the resolute cheerfulness of the two missionaries. After their evening meal, lured outside by curiosity and comradeship, for a short while they lounged among their fellow guests by the kitchen fire, replying to the oddest catechism with invincible good humour, and if they could they left some barbed truth in the memories of the men whom they spent one hour with and never met again : then sodden with sleep they rolled themselves in their wadded quilts and were swiftly covered with oblivion.

Their first glimpses of Szechuen from the Yangtsze had impressed them by the undulating character of the landscape, the fertility of the land, and the crowded life and industry of the

towns, but as they travelled south and west, the country became more mountainous, more uncultivated and less populous. Generally speaking, the people seemed kindly disposed towards them, and Pollard and Dymond were prepossessed by their gentle manners. But during the week Pollard had an adventure which revealed another side of Chinese character. He came to a place where a market was in full swing (Ch'a Tien Chang); Dymond had gone ahead leaving his friend in charge of the pony. Seeing the only pathway blocked with people, the steed showed an unwillingness to push a way through, and so the rider dismounted and proceeded to lead, or drag him along. By accident the horse knocked against a stall and everything on it would have gone flying, had not Pollard seized the reeling frame-work.

In a moment the murmurous roar of the market was drowned by the Babel of tongues. With much show of indignation and volubility of speech the stall-owner refused to let go the horse till the offending foreigner had paid fifteen thousand cash as damages. Surrounded by a swirling mob of jabbering, gesticulating Chinese, Pollard discovered that adventures could be very embarrassing. Dymond, wondering at his friend's delay, returned and found him in the midst of a heated argument with the stall-owner and hundreds of grinning noisy hucksters around. Just then the ragged, red-coated *yamen* escort intervened and proposed to settle the dispute by a tea-shop palaver. In China the tea-shops are often turned into rough-and-ready tribunals where quarrels not serious enough to take before a magistrate's *yamen* are settled. The seniors in the crowd constitute a sort of jury before whom the disputants state their case. Witnesses are heard and then mediators strive to bring about some agreement. When they arrived at one tea-shop the landlord, seeing a foreigner was involved in the dispute, was unwilling to admit them, and they went to another place. After a long and excited discussion the *ch'ai ren* induced the claimant to accept three hundred cash from Pollard as damages. This was a fiftieth part of the sum first demanded, but the man accepted it with a smile and Pollard suspected that the man's anger was little more than pretence, and laughed heartily at his adventure.

After that first week's march, their feet leaden and unapt on the never-ending muddy roads, how glad they were when on Saturday they reached Lu-Cheo—about half-way between Chungking and Sui Fu—where they were to spend their first Sunday on the road ! The brief entry in his journal for this day is : " January 21st, 1888. In the afternoon we had a little service together, and then a long talk about the work and the necessity for prayer and fasting and waiting on God. After tea we had a Chinese service with the boy. It was a quiet restful day, and oh, we did enjoy it ! But in the evening a band of rowdy fellows came in with some singing women, and they kept up their revelry all night."

On this journey Pollard found free scope for the full exercise of the two sides of his nature ; for whilst he cherished the fierce moral idealism of the Hebrews, the spring of Celtic poesy was continually leaping up. He was imbued with the Christian sense of a Divine Presence, and at every turn he realised the shaping hand of God upon his life. At the same time he was a true child of nature : he loved the sun, the sky, the mother earth, and felt at home in the freedom of the open air. There was about him a delightful readiness to be pleased. At one of the inns he and Dymond were reminded of home by the friendly advances of two little children. On Wednesday, January 25th, he writes : " Thank God for the mercies of this day. Twelve months ago we had our farewell meeting at Clapham. I still remember that day. Thank God I am here." The next day they arrived at Sui Fu—a great distributing trade centre at the junction of the Min River and the Yangtze.

Gradually the character of the scenery changed as they left Sui Fu farther and farther behind. Great limestone mountains rose up on either side of the narrowing, tumultuous waters of the river. Sometimes they would be tramping through a pass which was little more than a gully between the hills. Then they would be climbing a steep zigzag path to the top of a hill, from whence they would have the astonishing spectacle of great masses of peaks, and mountain ranges rolling away as far as the eyes could travel. Day after day they journeyed on, up and down, up and

down, sometimes riding, sometimes walking ; at times pouring forth their hearts in glad song ; at other times feeling that their souls were caught up into communion with the mighty Spirit of the hills. The majesty of the hills acts like a strong tonic upon a man's faith in the Invisible. These great creatures of God bear their silent, grand witness to the Infinite. Pollard saw them on certain mornings with the mists low down ; at noon they stood out against a clear sky like great giants ; and after sunset loomed forth like silent watchers of eternity. There is no doubt that this first acquaintance with mountain scenery made a deep impression upon Pollard's mind. In later years as he grew in intimacy with the heights, his reverence blended with strong love, and when on furlough he felt a sort of home-sickness for the hills of Yunnan.

For more than twelve months Yunnan had been to Pollard the Promised Land. He sought for information concerning it, and on the word of Mr. Vanstone he proudly vaunts : "The mountains of Yunnan are grander than the Yangtze." When told that the missionaries kept a cow he wrote home describing a land flowing with milk and honey. As they passed from Szechuen into Yunnan on the last day of January, 1888, the sun shone out and drove the mists back up the hills. "The scenery," he says, "is indescribably grand : up and down cliffs, and over rugged rocks, we ride and tramp all day. Once we had to go along a ledge where there was scarcely room to walk ; passing a fine waterfall I stopped and looked : it almost took my breath away. Dare I take the pony across such a path ? One false step and we should be hurled down an abyss. A few moments of nerve tension and of desperate resolve, and we were over in safety. On the other side of the river the cliff rose in a sheer mass for a thousand feet. What an echo was here ! At the foot of the limestone rocks eight or nine monkeys were crawling about. . . . We had breakfast at an inn kept by a Roman Catholic ; the innkeeper refused to charge for the horse's feed because we were one religion. Our boy said we were not ; but mine host refused to take payment. A little farther along we came to a house where a picture of the Madonna and Child hung in the place usually occupied by the scroll of Heaven and Earth."

They hurried through the market at Lao-wa-t'an and crossed a suspension bridge which swung as they marched over. The chains of it were embedded in massive piers of stone. Between the hills it hung like a spider's web, yet fragile as it looked, whole caravans and long defiles of pack-horses crossed it in safety. Next came a climb of twenty li (3 li = 1 mile) up broken slippery steps and then down again—a path so precipitous that the rider gave the horse its head and trusted to its sagacity and to Providence. Sometimes on the heights they found a soft carpet of snow, and the dark pines and firs recalled old tales of travel in Russia. In the rude inn at night they met the unsophisticated coolies of Yunnan, who had the vaguest notions of England, and who looked upon the two foreigners with wonder as if they had suddenly sprung out of the bowels of the earth.

Sometimes in that hour before dawn when the stars die out and the sun has not risen Pollard would lie and pray passionately for this land and its people. But as full wakefulness came he would leap up, and with a cry of "Ch'i lai-o" to the men, would hastily prepare for another day's work.

On February 7th, 1888, they made their last great climb on that journey. It brought them to the verge of the plateau, six thousand feet above the sea, a hundred li away from the city of Chaotong. Next morning, before it was fully light, they started off in the highest spirits for a final march of thirty odd miles. It was a cold winter's day and the plain over which they had passed seemed sterile and bare ; but they were full of excitement at the thought of reaching their new home. They looked eagerly for some glimpse of the city. Forgetful of the character of the architecture of other cities through which they had passed, they hoped to see its towers and chimneys in the distance ; but no such view was theirs : suddenly they were at the city gate.

Pollard writes : " On Wednesday evening, February 8th, 1888, we entered the north gate of the city of Chaotong, wondering what our new home would be like. We were not expected that day, and so there was not a soul to meet us. We were objects of curiosity to those who noticed us ; but it was very late in the day and the weather was not favourable to a crowd on the streets, and so we

passed along without much trouble. Being in Chinese dress, pigtail and all, saved us in those days from much annoyance." They were led to a poor little Chinese house out of which rushed their old school-fellow, Samuel Thomas Thorne. The diminutive room into which he led them was lighted by a smoky Chinese candle ; but they were oblivious of all physical discomfort : to those buoyant spirits it was the Fuh-yin-t'ang, or " Hall of Happiness," and that evening three old Shebbear boys talked eagerly of the adventures they had met and of the prospects of their work.

Writing home to announce the arrival of the two new recruits Mr. Thorne said : " You speak of them as ' choice spirits ' ; they are indeed two splendid men for the work. . . . Pollard seems to me to pick up the language quite naturally without any trouble. I think Frank has to work to get hold of it ; but he has done splendidly."

CHAPTER VII

Holding the Fort at Chaotong

YUNNAN, or the Cloudy South, entered by Pollard and Dymond, on the last day of January, 1888, forms for several hundred miles the eastern frontier of India. In order to understand the location of the United Methodist Mission here, we must remember that in 1888 there were no railways, and the distributing centre of trade for this south-western province was Sui Fu on the Yangtsze. In their efforts to expand the mission, the aspirations of the pioneers naturally followed the trade line to Szechuen.

It was dusk on that February afternoon when the two footsore and tired travellers entered Chaotong, but next day Pollard explored the city. Determined to make the best of everything, Pollard fought against his disappointment as he walked through the narrow, unevenly-paved, dirty streets, and boasted in his letters that the commercial and political importance of Chaotong placed it second to Yunnan Fu. He saw a score of temples, but only the Confucian temple, dedicated to the god of literature,

was kept in anything like good repair. The abject poverty of the masses could not be hidden, but, he would reason, when one sees how these sons of toil acknowledge a kindness, or offer an apology, bowing and saying "man-wei"—"I have troubled you"—with a dignity unaffected by the speaker's rags, a suspicion dawns upon one that courtesy is independent of wealth and rank. The city, no less than the state, had suffered an arrest of development. Often as Pollard passed through the streets at dusk, he saw a small child, or a withered granny, emerge from the low door of a house with sticks of burning incense and, after bowing thrice, insert them in some crevice of the wall. He soon learned that not only had the city its temples, but each tiny hamlet had its shrine. At every turn he was compelled to meet the symbols and practices associated with the three great religions—so mixed and corrupt in their popular forms—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism.

"A few months before our arrival, another old schoolmate, who had preceded us by twelve months, had opened the city of Chaotong for missionary work by renting a small house. It was almost opposite the large red Confucian temple, and close to the Examination Hall, where every three years the students from over a million people came up to compete for the coveted B.A. degree. One hardly knows how the missionary was allowed to settle in such sacrosanct quarters."¹

"What a mission house it was," Pollard writes years afterwards, "when we got into it! The rent was half a crown a month. It was probably the cheapest mission house at that time in all China. The small front room opened right on to the street, and that room was the chapel. Just at the back in a tiny ante-room, certainly not large enough to swing the proverbial cat without grievous injury to it, was the dining-room, and here we three school chums settled in, and yarned up, and ate all there was in the house to be eaten. How well I remember the Chinese basins and the coarse food, and the wretchedly straight-backed chairs, and the tiny loft we slept in upstairs!" Two days later they were joined by the Rev. T. G. and Mrs. Vanstone from

¹ *The Christian World*, April 3rd, 1913.

Yunnan Fu. The presence of so many foreigners stirred the curiosity of the citizens, and day by day crowds came to their house and listened to the Gospel in the broken language of these learners. On the Sunday three services were held for the Chinese. Whilst together they held their first District Meeting in West China. Permission was given to the Rev. S. T. Thorne to go to Chungking to marry; and it was arranged that Pollard and Dymond should "carry on" at Chaotong till Mr. and Mrs. Thorne should return.

"There were two rooms in the front of our house," says Pollard, "one upstairs and one down. At the back of these was a small yard partly covered in, where our little pony lived, cheerfully munching his corn, or cracking our cherry stones, while close by our Chinese boy did what cooking was required by our small household. Beyond the yard were one or two other rooms, also one upstairs and one down. The downstairs room was used as a dining-room and study, and the upstairs was used as our bedroom. We went up to it by a ladder. One small window with panes of paper did duty for both upstairs and down." They spent their days in "one continuous grind at language study and evangelism," and had no recreations and no companions other than the Chinese. But they made no attempt to magnify their hardships. "In spite of our rough surroundings," says Pollard, "we young fellows got on all right, for our hearts were brave, and we were soldiers of the King and willing to endure for His sake."

Pollard gradually became conscious of the immensity of the task they had undertaken, and when he was confronted with the complexity and completeness of the life of China, and learned the proud self-sufficiency of the people, he grew painfully aware of the poverty of means and resources in the mission. But never for an instant does he seem to have lost faith or courage. He believed that every one of the four hundred millions of Chinese was a child of the Heavenly Father. He believed that the Incarnate Son of God had lived and died and risen again to reveal the Father to all men, and to bring them back into the Kingdom of God. And though faced by overwhelming odds in that

forlorn mission he never lost his belief in the power of Jesus Christ.

Daily the two friends went out to preach in the open spaces : " we never started without prayer," says Dymond ; " then, too, each prayed for the other as we preached." But to the Chinese their doctrine—*tao li*—was " misty and incomprehensible " for a long time. Pollard writes of those days : " One was often surrounded by a thousand people gathered together out of curiosity to see what the foreigner was like. When one was good-tempered and not tired it did not matter, and if one could only enter into the fun of the situation, he often had a good time with the crowd and easily made friends. But if one were upset by anything, or if one were hungry and tired, the experience of being in the centre of a great, curious, gaping crowd, was most unpleasant. On the other hand, when one was out for preaching, it was an asset of considerable value to be able to attract an audience just by standing still."

Suddenly these activities were brought to a conclusion. Pollard and Dymond had both spent the morning in studying Chinese and, after a Spartan meal, had gone in different directions to deliver their message. Dymond came back with aching head and weary body. There was no doctor within two months' journey of Chaotong. In his alarm Pollard sought and found a medical book on Mr. Thorne's shelves. For a long time he could not diagnose the symptoms ; at last, however, he was dismayed to find that his friend was down with smallpox. At once he installed himself in the sick-room as doctor and nurse, although absolutely untrained for either. He knew nothing about cooking and had brought no foreign stores ; yet he had to provide such food as the invalid could take. In one lucid interval following delirium the patient felt so weak that he longed to die.

Seeing his nurse utterly cast down at the prospect, Dymond proposed that they should hold a Communion service. " A couple of Chinese cups, a small pot of tea, and a Chinese biscuit were all we needed. But the nurse broke down and the sick man had to finish the service. I can assure you that Jesus Himself came to us in that little upper room, and we were wonderfully

cheered and comforted by His love and presence. Death seemed to lose all its terrors, and instead there came a vision of glory, a vision of triumphant entrance into the King's presence. In a way undreamed of by the Chinese, 'Heavenly Flowers'¹ bloomed in that chamber. . . . When Frank had finished speaking we ate the biscuit and drank the tea, and in our hearts there was begotten a great loyalty to King Jesus."

Writing to his home folk Pollard said: "This is Frank's eighth day in bed, and the eruption is all out and probably will begin to harden to-morrow. So far I consider he is progressing favourably, and as for me I am quite well and strong. . . . Those four weeks when I never undressed, and when one felt afraid that each night was going to bring the end and set one off on a grave-hunting expedition which would leave one quite alone in the Far East, seem now like a black nightmare. We were expecting adventures, but never dreamed that they would come in this way. Yet the experience was most valuable, for school-chum patient and school-chum nurse had perforce to put their faith to the test, and the test did not end in failure. He who long ago promised to be with His disciples when they went forth in His name, to carry out His commands, kept His word. . . . Slowly but surely the sick missionary crept up and out of the valley of death, and by and by, to the great joy of us both, he was able to get up and crawl slowly down that ladder. I went first so that if he slipped he should have something soft to fall on. By that time we were able to laugh again and see the humorous side of our troubles. And we got a lot of fun even out of the convalescent stage of smallpox."

It was characteristic of Pollard's readiness to respond to every human appeal that even the distress and uncertainty occasioned by his friend's sickness could not hold him back from answering the first call in Chaotong to go and save an opium suicide. In a letter written on March 27th, 1888, he says: "I went off, leaving Frank comfortable and, as he said, not in need of anything. I took my medicine with me, a bottle of mustard, another of sulphate of zinc, and a few feathers. I found the would-be

¹ The Chinese name for smallpox.

suicide, a woman about thirty years of age, on a couch with eyes shut and teeth tightly clenched. . . . By and by she was awakened and her dormant temper was roused. Not she! She wouldn't take the medicine, and time after time dashed my precious mustard away. We rested awhile. It was hot. Then by sheer force we compelled her to take the dose. Her relatives helped me by shouting and swearing angrily at her. How they did curse the poor soul! In the struggle she got hold of my pigtail, and I contemplated cutting it off, but managed to get free without making such a sacrifice. After this we got her back into the room again and the medicine took effect. I then left them, leaving more medicine for her. . . . Next day her husband or father came and thanked me for saving her life."

From the time of saving the opium suicide, Pollard's reputation as a healer spread throughout the city, and people came to him with all kinds of sicknesses. They felt no need of his new doctrine, but they were eager to experience the magical properties of his foreign drugs. An old blind woman came asking him to give back her sight. She told him how at the time of the Tongking war her only son had been sent away to fight. When the war between the Chinese and the French was ended, he was despatched into another province and never came home again. The sorrowing mother wept till she became quite blind. When Pollard pityingly explained that he had no eye salve that could restore her sight, she was reluctant to abandon her hope, and thought he was unwilling to help her. "She came to me in darkness," he says sadly, "and left in darkness. But this is only one of many."

It was during these months at Chaotong that Pollard came to learn at first hand of the frightful ravages of opium. Many of its victims came to him hoping to find some means of escape from the drug habit and of regaining their health and freedom. He was appalled by the frequency of suicide. Yunnan appears to have suffered even more than other provinces. "You cannot realise," was his vivid testimony, "how great a hold opium has on these people. In some way or other, nearly everybody is mixed up with it. The fields in the plain now present a lovely appear-

ance. A beautiful white cloak over them all. White poppies ! The devil in angel garb ! White poppies ! But ruin and hell to follow. . . . The Chinese read another word in big letters on it—‘ England.’ ”

At last Pollard was relieved : Dymond became convalescent and slowly regained tone and vigour : then came Mr. Curnow from Yunnan Fu because he had heard that one of the two young guards had fallen sick. Both the visitor and Pollard wanted Dymond to go up to the capital for a change ; but he refused to leave Pollard. About the middle of June Mr. and Mrs. Thorne arrived at Chaotong, and set them free for the journey together. Mr. Vanstone tells how seven months later he entered an inn between Chaotong and the capital, and in the room given him he saw the names of Pollard, Dymond, and Curnow written on the wall, and this inscription : “ China for Christ before long.”

CHAPTER VIII

Yunnan Fu : Pioneers

SITUATED six thousand four hundred feet above sea level in the midst of a great plain, Yunnan Fu—to which Pollard and Dymond had come from Chaotong (which they left on June 18th, 1888)—is a large, attractive city with a temperate climate. On the south stretches the large lake of Kuen-yang, thirty-five miles long and seven wide, connected with the city at the west gate by a canal about six miles in length. Along the canal banks are dotted little villages and farms. The city is surrounded by a fine brick wall—thirty feet high and four and a half miles around—in which are six gates surmounted by towers with roofs tilted up at the corners. The population was reckoned at from eighty to a hundred thousand, though many of this number lived outside the wall. When Pollard entered Yunnan all the transport was still conducted by coolies and pack-horses. Most of the foodstuffs of the people had to be grown on the surrounding plain, for if supplies were brought from a distance the horses would eat up on the journey as much grain as they could carry.

Pollard was one of a little band of pioneers in Yunnan, and we shall understand and appreciate his work at this period only if we remember that he and his comrades were pathfinders in a remote part of the world where Westerners were accounted uncivilised folk with an incomprehensible creed. The Chinese language itself, as he well knew, was a tangled and labyrinthine jungle through which they had to cut their own paths. The mornings were generally devoted to the difficult task of mastering the tongue of the people, both literary and colloquial. Pollard and Dymond had resolved to take the six examinations arranged by the China Inland Mission. Dymond, in a letter dated October 28th, 1888, says : " You will be glad to know that Sam and I have passed our third section. The examiner wrote, ' I have not the least hesitation in saying that you have very successfully passed the examination.' I do feel thankful," adds the correspondent ; " we shall take the fourth section shortly, and we hope to get over the sixth before this time next year."

Pollard made surprising discoveries as he studied Confucian literature. " I have been reading one of the books of Confucius. What a lot of light these people received ; but what little influence it has had on their hearts ! Yesterday I read the sentence : ' What you do not wish for yourselves, do not give to others.' " Until this time the science of Religion had been an unknown realm of thought to him. With amazement Pollard learnt how the Imperial religion rested upon the sublime order of Heaven and Earth. He gradually perceived the realisation by Confucius of the function of conscience to differentiate between right and wrong and to make the right a binding force upon every man. That Confucius should have summed up his teaching in the one word " reciprocity " and enunciated the Golden Rule in a negative form lifts him up to the rank of a moral reformer and sage. " But," says Pollard, " mixed with all this truth there is much error. . . . They [the Chinese] scorn our doctrine as below theirs, but they don't know the beauty of ' Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest,' or of ' God so loved the world . . . ' The people only see the spring just bubbling up, and they do not know that deep down

whence the spring comes are millions of tons of the Water of Life."

Far removed, indeed, the actual life of the people seemed from the rational ethic of Confucius : to Pollard it was a dark forest of sin and superstition. For years the pioneers made but little headway : at times they felt almost lost in the thickets. The senior missionaries, though brave and earnest, knew too little of Chinese life and thought to be able to give the discreet guidance which the young recruits needed. As one of them said in later years they were inclined to adopt fanatical views concerning the Chinese, and in their enthusiasm they worked at such high pressure and with such total disregard of health that it was no wonder they broke down. It may even have been that because they were white men they fancied that they were intellectually superior to the yellow race. Their limited aim was to win individuals to believe the Gospel, and they were inspired by the hope of immediate conversions. Little did they imagine that it would take twenty years to make ready the foundations for a Christian Church, and a still longer time to prepare a moral and spiritual atmosphere in which it would become possible for the people to adopt the Christian faith. One of the most questionable methods of these pioneers was their employment of sensational tactics in a land where "propriety" was inculcated as an essential part of righteousness. In most Chinese families there was one member who was maintained by the others so that he might pursue the ideal of becoming a scholar. This had gone on for hundreds of years until the Chinese mind was saturated with the conception of dignity and grave courtesy in the bearing of an educated man. It is to be feared, therefore, that they often created a deep prejudice against themselves which took long years to eradicate. Yet in time, because they were humble-minded followers of Jesus, they learned from their own mistakes, and in the end opened a broad highway for the Gospel.

Often has a pioneer to bear the intangible, yet most heavy burden of loneliness. Comradeship seems a necessity if one is to develop his best powers and achieve his utmost of work. From 1887 till August 6th, 1888, Pollard and Dymond had been thrown

into the closest intimacy ; but after a time the exigencies of the mission tore them apart. This separation was probably felt most by Mr. Dymond, for he had learned to lean upon Pollard's buoyant optimism. The time has not yet come to write freely of this noble missionary ; happily he lives still to work for China, and has maintained the task which Pollard and he took up together with rare fidelity and courage.

Whilst Dymond pursued his journey northwards, Pollard threw himself into the work of preparing for a ten days' mission in Yunnan Fu. In this effort the China Inland Missionaries joined whole-heartedly. At this time there was given to Pollard a vision of the success which was ultimately to follow their endeavours : " he saw the King in His beauty, and his eyes beheld the land afar off." His thoughts and feelings may be gathered from a letter written by him (September 17th, 1888) :

Perhaps you heard some time ago we were making special arrangements for a ten days' mission. To-day is the fifteenth day, and we shall probably keep on two days more. . . . Crowds have come to hear and see, and by the end of the mission from eight thousand to ten thousand visits will have been paid. . . . Many thousands of bills were printed and judiciously distributed from house to house. A week of prayer preceded the meetings, during which one day was spent in fasting. . . . Last Sunday week we had seven hours at the work. Glorious meetings ; and I believe many were brought face to face with salvation as they had never been before. Several professed openly a desire to serve Jesus Christ, and the greatest friendliness has been shown us all through the meetings. Tuesday, the ninth day, was spent in fasting and was followed by a night of prayer.

I shall never forget it. Our room was filled with glory, and I had a manifestation such as I had never realised before. The glory came down and so filled me that I felt the Holy Ghost from my head to the soles of my feet. It was about as much as I could stand, and for a minute I thought I should faint or die. . . . I had the promise at that meeting that we are going to have thousands of souls. Mind, I believe that from the bottom of my heart. . . . Some folks may say, " He's a fool ! " Let them ; we'll have our thousands. " He's gone mad." So be it ; but we'll have our thousands. " He's young and enthusiastic." Yes, glory be to God, I am ; and we'll have our thousands. . . .

Wouldn't you like to have been here yesterday, to have seen the baptism of our first three converts, and thus witness the formation of the first Bible Christian Foreign Church? Oh, it was glorious to hear these dear converts testify openly before the people that they were Christ's. The first was an old man, Mr. Vanstone's teacher. . . . Gladstone says, "Remember Michels-town!" I say, "Remember Yunnan Fu, September 16th, 1888."

At the end of the year Vanstone paid a visit to Chaotong to attend the annual District Meeting and Pollard was left at the capital. During that time, this missionary who was twenty-four years old and looked only twenty, did not give up a single service. In his imagination the sphere allotted to them seemed immense, and he begs importunately for recruits—"In our district we have four large towns, each important, with many thousands of inhabitants. From Yunnan Fu to Tungch'uan is seven days' journey; from Tungch'uan to Huei-li-cheo is three days' north-west; from Tungch'uan to Chaotong is five days' north-east; and we ought to occupy all these at once." So he asks for a staff of fifteen or twenty missionaries including two medical men. "We move daily among thousands who know not Christ. . . . An old woman said to me: 'Teacher, if you had not come over here, we should never have known these things.' Another person, nearly blind, said: 'Will the teacher write home, and ask your people to send out a doctor soon?'"

Mr. C. Jenson, a Dane, who was living at Yunnan Fu at that time as the head of the Chinese Telegraph Company's Service in West China, was able to give friendly counsel and assistance to the missionaries. By using his influence behind the scenes with mandarins, he secured a great deal of protection for them. At the beginning of their work he gave fifty taels towards the establishment of a Christian school. In after years Pollard was always ready to acknowledge the valued services of this friend. Had he known it at the time he would surely have attributed to Mr. Jenson's influence the good-will of the mandarins about which he wrote: "November 10th, 1888: The Viceroy is reputed to be anti-foreign, but we daily do things in this city for which the authorities at Torquay would send us for six weeks to

Exeter jail. . . . Mandarins as a rule are friendly. The late city magistrate was quite a friend."

On Christmas Day that year he preached at the China Inland Mission, and then sat down with the missionaries to a Christmas dinner. On Boxing Day several of them hired a small boat for a few shillings and went down the canal. "About five miles down we came to the pleasure gardens of Ta-Kuan-leo. This is a very popular resort with the city people. Flowers of all kinds bloom here in the open air. Bright red roses can be found in the middle of January. At the right of the entrance is a large hall with one side open to the flower gardens. In this hall are numbers of square tables polished in red and black. Here refreshments may be had if you have brought them with you, for the caretaker only supplies tea. . . . Opposite the refreshment hall is a large ornamental tower from the third storey of which a delightful view of the city, plain, and lake can be obtained. Villages and small towns in all directions. We found four hundred such within five miles of the city walls, and on the plain itself there are over a thousand, none more than thirty miles from the mission home. When shall there be places for Christian worship in each of these? May God stir up His people to be quick and not wait too long!"

About the middle of February, 1889, Pollard learned that his friend, Frank Dymond, was on his way to the capital, for the purpose of getting one of the China Inland Mission ladies to visit Chaotong to nurse Mrs. Thorne, who was ill. Six months had elapsed since these two old Shebbear boys had parted, and they had much to talk about. In his journal Pollard writes: "Went out to tea-shop to meet Frank. On the way my mule fell down and I was off, and he was on my leg. . . . I thought I must punish the beast, and then as it would not come on, I kicked it. Afterwards, I felt sorry: God saved my life and instead of being grateful I got into a temper. May the Lord purify me wholly, and make me His own, and forgive my sin!"

"February 25th: Frank and I had much talk about coming down to the level of the people (*i.e.*, in their mode of living). I believe we are right and that God is working upon our hearts.

The Lord help us and give us strength to go forward on the right lines whatever they may be ! Frank says resolutely he will do it : he will come down to the level of the coolies and others." They discussed the subject of adopting this life of poverty and self-denial with Mr. Vanstone, and Pollard records this conclusion : " He will not do this himself ; but he will give me every help if I am called to such a mode of life. I wish I knew what to do : may the Lord guide me very plainly ! "

As the months passed by they apprehended the overwhelming magnitude of their task. Pollard wrote burning appeals for more workers, sending letters that were inspired by glowing passion. Though the Committee found such appeals useful for eliciting subscriptions for the maintenance of the staff already on the field, they were long unable to send the recruits asked for. Pollard could not understand this delay and, stung by what he thought was indifference, sometimes let loose in his letters a flood of vehement scorn at their apathy. From passages like the following in the journal we can imagine the disappointment and depression which were sometimes suffered :

" Post in after tea, and as usual I found something to knock me all of a heap. In a *Methodist Times* there was a notice of our services and a request for prayer that a medical missionary and native workers be raised up. Has our Committee vetoed the sending of further recruits ? Why am I always knocked down by mail letters and always depressed by the news that no help is coming ? The Lord help me : by His help we will keep on and save these people."

" Official report that I have passed the fourth examination in Chinese subjects. Hurrah ! "

" April 10th : This afternoon on the way to the shop I saved an old woman from opium poisoning. She was seventy and frail, and her son held her up. He was thirty-eight and looked fifty. No hope in either face. All about the place misery was writ large. It touched my heart. God save these poor people and help us to love them greatly ! "

" April 21st : Took 10 a.m. service : preached on the serpent lifted up in the wilderness. Frank's old man [servant] turned

up at noonday service and promised to go with us to the villages on Friday. A man came in leading another who was blind. The first man was fifty-six : he was full of sorrow : nothing went right : and he could rear no son. He contemplated suicide. Frank's old man said to him : ' I'm older than you : I'm over seventy. My sorrows have been more than yours. I had eight sons and six daughters ; but only one son is left of them all. I used to have riches ; but now it is all gone. I am stripped of everything except my anticipation of heaven.' Afterwards he said to me : ' Jesus suffered so much sorrow on this earth that our unhappiness does not count for much.' While we were talking a woman came in. Her son had run away : had we any plan (magical arts) by which he could be brought back ? It showed what outsiders think of us."

" Sunday, April 28th : Little Mabelle Vanstone was very ill with typhoid." She died on the following day. On the 30th Mr. Vanstone and Pollard went to arrange that she might be buried by the side of another English child. Pollard marked out the grave and dug the first part. He conducted a service in the chapel and told the Chinese of the parents' faith that they would meet their beloved child again. After the service a woman who was blind told him that she lost her sight through weeping over her little son when he died. The English burial of Mabelle made a great impression ; for the Chinese often throw away the bodies of dead children for the dogs and wolves to eat. They bought two stones for the tiny grave, one for a Chinese, and the other for an English inscription, which was cut by the father with Pollard's help.

As Pollard felt it a part of his duty to evangelise the villages on the plain around Yunnan Fu, he mapped out the district and divided it into circuits which he could itinerate every quarter. These excursions, each lasting several days, afforded him a welcome change from the routine of his duties in the city. The journeys also enabled him to make the people around Yunnan Fu familiar with the presence of foreigners—to overcome Chinese prejudices and to create trust. At the risk of scattering his energies over too wide a district and over too varied a ministry, he devoted himself to the work with enthusiasm.

His Journal contains records of varied experiences. "In the inns I have seen ten opium smokers to every one non-smoker." "In one market where there were seven or eight thousand people there was a temple to the God of Riches." "I found the courtyard was an opium market. I calculated that here for sale was enough opium to kill ten thousand people. What think you of that? I found a little tree in the yard on a mound and used this as my pulpit. The idols on the right and opium sellers on the left formed a text and I denounced them, taking care to tell of Jesus the great Saviour. On the plain outside the village and in the river-bed were large crowds of marketers, blacksmiths, pigs, horses, women, water-sellers, rows of turnips, mulberries, etc. etc. Tied my mule at the river-bank : the river was dry so that carts go up and down : here I preached. Sold twenty-nine cash worth of books. Afterwards came to Yangkai : here I had a wash, a change and tea. Then I went on the street : a great crowd and a fine time ! I sold a hundred and ten cash worth of books very quickly. A man met me who was on his way back to Szechuen and he asked me about our teaching. We had a long chat together : he seemed sincere, so I gave him two books and told him where to call on his way down. God save this man who came at dusk to ask about Jesus ! After eight days of travelling and preaching I got back to Yunnan Fu, and found that my friends had whitewashed my rooms and made them smart and pretty."

CHAPTER IX

The Little Man and His Gong

POLLARD was just the man to strike out fresh lines of work and new methods of evangelism. Mr. Dymond says of him at this period that he "created a great impression by his power as a preacher." Although the Chinese were for the most part slaves of conventionality, they were compelled to give attention to one who defied all their traditions of what the bearing of a teacher ought to be. He was determined that his message should be

given a hearing, and for this he carried a Chinese gong. Sometimes he yielded to the importunities of his friends and took a concertina upon which he could manipulate one tune ; but he preferred the gong with its clanging, clamorous appeal which no one could ignore. When he wanted to gather a crowd he would strike it and watch with smiling pleasure the people as they rushed towards him in answer to the crash of sound, and then would begin at once to preach.

In June Pollard was disturbed by the news that Frank Dymond had been beaten on the streets at Chaotong. Dymond was passing along when he met a procession of the city's leading men headed by some youths with long sticks. Then came two brass idols—one of the Pearly Emperor and the other of the Goddess of Mercy—these were followed by seven or eight Buddhist priests beating gongs and cymbals. They were performing the ritual required in prayers for rain. By ill-chance Dymond was wearing a big straw sun hat such as would, according to superstition, offend the rain-god and so neutralize the people's prayers. As the youths in the procession passed him they smote the offending hat with their sticks in protest against his breach of etiquette. Pollard was afraid that his friend might have been seriously injured. It was, therefore, comforting to learn that no grave damage had been done.

For Pollard the incident had no significance. Somebody was needed to escort a China Inland lady as far as Chaotong, and he eagerly volunteered to go. For about eleven months he had worked almost night and day at his Chinese studies whilst carrying out all his mission duties, so he was needing a change of air. What acute pleasure thrilled along his nerves as he stepped forth once more along the open road over the mountains ! They reached Chaotong on July 24th ; and after a crowded fortnight at this city, Mr. Thorne and Pollard arranged to visit the great sugar centre at Mi-lien-pa and Lu-tien-ting. They started on August 6th, 1889, and at one stage had a most exciting experience, which Pollard describes in a letter (August 11th) to his " dear home folks." At the river a boat was moored to take men and horses over. Let us hear his story :

I looked at the river and I confess my heart beat quickly as I fancied our boat trying to get over the rapids. No boatmen were about, but a little boy, almost naked, informed us that the men were gone to the boathouse to smoke opium. I held the horses and S. Thorne went up to rout them out. After a long time Sam came down with two opium-smokers. They looked rather sour, and I soon found out that the men would not go over. They said that with such a stream as that, they did not dare to take the boat. . . . A mile farther up the bank of the river was a small hamlet of three houses—"Wild Buffalo" hamlet. . . . One of the houses was an inn, and we led our horses over the cliffs to this place—a nasty road and very dangerous.

At "Wild Buffalo" hamlet there was another way of crossing the river—a slide or sling. A bamboo hawser was stretched from the two banks about twenty to forty feet above the water, and on this was suspended a wooden seat. You sit on this, slide down half-way, and are pulled up the other half. Queer travelling this with a vengeance! The rapids extended a hundred yards above the slide and more than a mile below—boiling, seething whirlpools; waters chasing each other as if mad, when they meet one of the many rocks in mid-stream venting their fury as if they would crush the stone in pieces at one rush! As it happened there was no one to go on before us, so we had no time for reflection, only for action. Our man got on first, sat on the little seat; they let him go and he swung down halfway and there rested awhile, till those on the other bank gathered in the slack rope and pulled him safely over. About one minute's suspense. Who next?

Sam and I looked at each other and asked, shall we go or not? The idea of being swung over these rapids by just one rope was not tempting to either of us. Back comes the seat, and we must decide. If we are to give the people the Gospel we must not be beaten by a boat or a nasty-looking swing. The seat is over; the man in charge says, "Please get on!" I, with my heart far down in my stomach, put my legs on the frame. They put an extra rope round me, lest I should get dizzy in the middle and lose my hold. I clasp my hands over the big wooden ring from which the seat hangs, shut my eyes and swing off. Down—down—down! Then a stop, and I am dangling over a mile of rocks, whirlpools, and rapids. I was too cowardly to look down, and waited till a tug told me the uphill work was begun. A few seconds and I was safely on the other rock, half laughing at myself for being afraid.

Back goes the rope and seat, and Sam Thorne with his burly frame sits on it. All ready! Yes. Off! Down he slides, and then the uphill work. Pull, pull! Hullo, what's amiss? Snap goes the pulling-rope, and there is Sam dangling in the centre! I was more frightened than he was. Those on the other side begin to pull him back. What if that rope break also? I tell you, I felt very queer. Sam says, he didn't. They pulled him over safely. How will they manage now? Will Sam give it up and not try again? I feel as if I should. Then one of the men sat on, and pulled himself across, hand over hand. The rope is tied again and back goes the seat. Will Sam venture or not? Yes. He takes his seat again, and this time is pulled over in safety. I clap and call Sam an example of British pluck.¹

After a few miles they reached the market at Mi-lien-pa, but were disappointed at the meagre attendance. Most of the people had remained at home to prepare for the annual rite of ancestor worship. At their inn they witnessed the proceedings. "The table was loaded with cooked vegetables and pork, and all, from the eldest son down to the youngest, in turn bowed to their ancestors. Then they put out some basins of rice for those who were dead, and the living sat down and ate up what the dead did not have, emptying back the rice into their own basins, after giving the spirits a fair time to get through a meal. Afterwards, there was much burning of paper money out of doors. The mother of the family was in the garden weeping bitterly. I went out in the evening, and the master went out about the same time to burn some more paper. When he heard the old lady crying as if her heart would break as she thought of those who were gone, he called her in. She came in at once and was quite cheerful with the rest of the family."

On Wednesday, August 12th, they reached Lu-tien-ting and ate a basin of vermicelli together and then parted: S. Thorne to hasten back to Chaotong, and Pollard to wend his way to Yunnan Fu. At every stopping-place he preached to the people and thus shook off the heartache of loneliness. At one market he met a band of sixty soldiers from the capital who had been sent to break up a daring gang of thieves. Two of them recognised

¹ "Samuel Thomas Thorne," by Thos. Ruddle, B.A., pp. 92 f.

Pollard and conversed with him, asking him to carry letters back to their friends at Yunnan Fu. "Thank God," he exclaims, "for these little signs of trust in us." He was consumed with desire to get back to his own work again, and did six ordinary days' journey in less than three. "At the last place I stayed at the landlord had a long talk with me. He would have it that I was not like other foreigners. 'You know,' he said, 'your nose is not high, and your eyes are not green, and your hair is much like ours.' He did his best to persuade me to dye my hair a little blacker, to marry a Chinese wife, and to settle down here, 'and then,' said he, 'you would be happy indeed,' adding, 'you have plenty of money and could buy a good wife.' I took these remarks as modestly as I could, and was really flattered that he thought I was almost like a Celestial."

Back once more in the city he pursued his studies and his preaching with an enthusiasm which knew no abatement. He writes: "I have just finished Mencius, Volume I. What a fine Radical he would have made!" In a letter dated October 6th, 1889, he says: "The work becomes more fascinating every day. We are gladder every day. We are here just a handful, standing in the breach for Jesus' sake. . . . A shout is heard! Another opium case, so I must be off. . . . The victim was a young woman twenty-three years old. Thank God we succeeded in saving her life! . . . Doubtless you fancy my letters are full of strong words. Would you were here for a few days to see all we see! Gambling in every street; every house an opium den; houses of ill-repute on every hand; the devil in full swing; and hell holds carnival all day long. . . . God knows these words come from hearts that burn. . . . Our longing to see China saved cannot find full expression on paper."

In December Mr. Vanstone was prostrated by over-work and malaria, and sought rest for a few days at a village not far from the city. In the middle of that month Mr. Thorne arrived at Yunnan Fu and remained for a fortnight. They held their annual District Meeting on Tuesday, December 24th. The entry in his journal on Christmas Day is as follows: "S. T. Thorne preached in the morning. Then dinner. Chinese service. Free-and-easy

at night. I spoke about Shebbear class meetings. Thorne gave us an account of Sammy Bradburn. Vanstone spoke on 'influence.' Mrs. Thorne told of her Christmases in China. Mr. Tomlinson read a passage entitled 'A Lull in Life.' The Thornes left them on December 30th. The next entry in the journal is: "The last day in a busy year—a year of blessing—much blessing. God has been always true. Wish I had been! Yet the blood cleanses just now. I end this year with much thankfulness for much mercy. Hallelujah!"

On New Year's Day, 1890, Pollard woke to find the city covered with several inches of snow. "Trees and houses looked just like a winter scene at home." An appeal to go and see a sick child interrupted his studies, and he was guided through the streets of the white, muffled city to the home of a little girl five years old, who was in a burning fever. "Her father came back to the 'Jesus Hall' with me, and I gave him some aconite. God bless the little ones!" A few curious neighbours dropped in during the evening to sit around the brazier of glowing charcoal and listen to his preaching. One of them said he had thought of becoming a Christian, but had feared to cut himself off from all his friends.

Just as in that hired house in Rome St. Paul was visited by all sorts and conditions of people, so the missionary's home at Yunnan Fu was a rendezvous for thoughtful inquirers, for men and women overburdened with suffering and care, and sometimes for pilferers. Returning from an evangelistic tour, Pollard found Mr. Chen and two of his pupils awaiting him. "They were doctors from Chentu, and belonged to some Chinese religious guild which prohibited the use of wine, tobacco, and opium. One of them spoke much of the three religions—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism—and begged me to discriminate between their beliefs and the nonsense practised by the common people. He knew the Romanists, but did not know us. . . . They left with a promise to come again. A week later the visit was repeated. One of them said he could see no advantage in believing in Jesus. Another intimated that if I would be guided by him, not only the whole city, and the whole province, but even the whole

nation would join us : ' Do not preach the two characters Ye-su ' (Jesus). The Lord help me to resolve to know nothing among men but Christ ! ”

In his village evangelism at this period he was accompanied by Mr. Yang—who was one of the first three converts in Yunnan Fu and was now employed as an evangelist—and a coolie to carry his impedimenta, which consisted of three hundred Gospels and other books, nine hundred tracts, a piece of salt, some tea, lard, native sauce, a gong, a pair of Chinese Wellingtons, a thousand cash, twelve shillings in silver (specie), an extra pair of stockings, a quilt, a rug, and a few Chinese cakes. He rode his mule, which had earned quite a reputation for deeds of daring. After travelling twenty-five li they came to a market called “ The Dragon’s Head.” Leaving Mr. Yang in charge of the books at an opium stall, Pollard went farther afield with his gong. “ We stood on high ground in sight of a crowded square. No one heeded us. Then a peal of the gong, and what a change ! The buyers ceased buying ; the sellers rested awhile, and a sea of faces was turned towards me. Most of the people recognised the intruder and went on with their business ; but some came up to listen to my story.” Then the rain came on and drove him into a tea-shop. “ Close by was a gambling table, and I watched till my blood boiled. Two men, apparently confederates, were doing a nice trade and swindling the coppers out of the boys. I bore it as long as I could, and then went over and rounded on these fellows in no mild terms. Gambling is a passion with all classes, from children upwards.”

He next came to another market called “ The Dragon’s Pool,” where seven or eight hundred people were gathered. Again he made his gong send forth the crashing noise which he called music, and sold the books to eager buyers. “ Sometimes standing, at other times squatting down in Chinese style, we talked away. Once preacher and listeners were all squatting down. The sun was shining beautifully, and I was so happy. I thought I must be the happiest person on God’s earth. Would that there were a band of missionaries out here to share one’s joy, and help win a nation for Jesus ! People at home scarcely realise what joy

we have in the work here. Making known the love of Jesus to a people who have never heard of Him is a work which angels might covet. I believe the inhabitants of heaven would gladly leave their happy abode to share our toils here. They will at least share in the harvest if they have to stand by and watch while we plough and sow."

Next day their journey lay through a forest of fir trees, and the weird silence seemed to sink into their very souls. "We hurried on," says Pollard, "but it was dark an hour before we got to our inn. The road was abominable and very dangerous. We lit torches of fir hair; but they soon went out. Then my lantern was the sole light for nine of us; for we had picked up six pedlars on the way. At the end the road was as steep as the roof of a house. One place we passed over had a drop on each side which would have meant a broken neck if one had fallen. No one did fall luckily, and at last, tired and hungry, but so thankful, we reached our inn. On the hearth was a blazing fire, and a group of country folk sat round on very low stools, drinking tea. They made room for us, and we were soon cheered, warmed, and refreshed." The landlord was a taciturn fellow, but his wife was a Mrs. Quickly. Pollard says of her: "She had cost the inn-keeper thirty odd taels, and she talks a hundred to the dozen. Down she sat with the men and jabbered as fast and as glibly as any of them. Poor husband!"

They spent the Sunday at the felicitously-named village of "Scattering Sunrise." Market was in full swing. Pollard preached and distributed a few books; but in honour of the day refused to take the cash for them. He was sometimes amazed at the gift of vituperation which these rustics showed. "I heard a fellow cursing another at the market: he wished the mother of the man who had offended him might get ague, pestilence, rotten feet, and that she might beget aborigines and mules." That evening he wrote in his journal: "It is fifteen years ago to-day since I cried for mercy in that little room at Chipstead. Hallelujah!"

On that journey he visited five markets and preached in six villages. He travelled eighty miles: sold two hundred books:

preached incessantly and gave away hundreds of tracts. "Expenses on the road for the three of us and for the mule—six shillings. A cheap journey!"

On his return to Yunnan Fu he was met with the gloomy tidings that Mr. Vanstone was ill, suffering from attacks of fever every few hours. For five weeks Pollard carried on the mission work and assisted in nursing his friend back to convalescence. "For the last nine months," he writes, "Mr. Vanstone has been a victim of malaria. When the attacks come one feels exhausted, tired, down-hearted, and peevish. It comes on like a strong man, binds one up, and then at will plays strange tricks with its victim. Five weeks ago the fever set in again, and T. G. Vanstone is only just getting the better of a life-or-death struggle. When the fever was at its height, Mrs. Vanstone was taken ill. . . . But the darkest night gives place to dawn, and things are brighter now."

Quarterly itinerations brought Pollard into contact with other races besides the Chinese. The Panthays, or Mohammedans, of Yunnan are supposed to be descendants of Tatars who came there with the armies of Kublai Khan. From 1854 to 1873 these Panthays were in rebellion against the Chinese government, and during the nineteen years of war great tracts of country were desolated and millions were slain. As soon as the Taiping rebels were defeated and the Chinese were able to turn all their military power against the Panthays, the rising was put down. But the sentiment of hate survived and, in the early days of Pollard's missionary life, the Mohammedans were ready to talk to the foreigners and to show friendliness. At one market he won their support in his denunciation of idolatry, but later one of them remonstrated with him for ascribing deity to Jesus. According to this disputant Jesus was a spirit in the same way that man is, not as God. Jesus was sent into the West as a prophet to exhort our forefathers to believe in God. When the Jews attempted to kill Him the Lord sent an angel to snatch Him away. Pollard's interest was excited and next morning he went to a service at which prayers were chanted for a dead person. About fifty men and twenty boys were crooning in Arabic. "They did this," he says, "for about half an hour: I watched to see if I

should find anything that would strike me as remarkably reverent, or awe-inspiring, but saw nothing of the kind. The chanting was worse than that of the Buddhists who do put a little song into their worship. The men received three or four hundred cash each ; the boys about sixty cash each. I sold them two Arabic Gospels before I left."

Just a month later his journal records : " Friday, June 6th, 1890, I went to Long-Tong-Suin market. . . . Mohammedans, aborigines, and Chinese were present. I preached against the idols and the Panthays enjoyed a laugh at the Chinese. I spoke against the degenerate indulgences of the Mohammedans, and the Chinese laughed. Then I spoke against foot-binding and the aborigines were delighted. I patted each in turn and then thrashed the lot." Sometimes, however, the tables were turned against Pollard. " At Shao Hun-t-ing Plain, all was going nicely till up came a young fellow from the city who had made himself a nuisance in our meetings. At the start he made out to be friendly ; but he soon gave me a lively time. Why in the world had I come over from my small country to their great nation to preach Jesus ? He ridiculed me without mercy, and having made the crowd laugh at me, dissuaded them from buying my books : in fact he gained a victory for the devil. Still, one or two of the people stuck up for me, so I was not quite alone."

About that time he learned that Dymond was passing through great trials, and gained Vanstone's consent to visit Chaotong. At Tungch'uan he went out to sell books. " On my way back," he says, " I called to have a shave. Whilst being tortured by the barber my old feeling came on and I presently awoke to find myself lying on the mud-floor trying to remember what I had been dreaming about. I was sweating all over. The situation struck me : I had fainted in the heart of China, and I had the cheek to say in Chinese : ' This is my thorn in the flesh.' " It was nature's warning to him to be careful not to overtax his strength ; but henceforth he was subject to such attacks throughout his life.

At Chaotong he learned that Mr. and Mrs. Thorne had been forced to go down to the coast to seek recovery of health. So once more Pollard and Dymond were alone together. Besides

his usual work Pollard took his turn as cook ; but only a fluctuating success attended his experiments in the kitchen. This is the relevant entry in his journal : " June 7th, 1890 : made a cake, some buns, and a roly-poly pudding. But the jam ran out of this last and it had to be eaten as plain duff." He was more successful as a street preacher. It was a festal week at a celebrated temple outside the east gate of the city and thousands of devotees came to worship, to buy charms and to enjoy all the gaities. Pollard and Dymond visited this place daily to carry on their evangelism ; while one preached the other stood by his side praying silently for him.

Amid all these activities Pollard did not neglect the culture of his mind. On rare occasions of furlough his friends were often surprised at his alertness, his knowledge of books, and particularly at his extensive vocabulary. He was not a scholar in the accepted sense ; but he was a man of wide reading, with a swift and capacious mind. Long-continued study of Chinese Classics proved an intellectual gymnastic, though it added but little knowledge to his store. Throughout his life in China he resolutely read his Greek Testament, and strove to keep up acquaintance with good books—principally of a religious or biographical kind. From his journal we learn that he was at this time reading Neander's *Life of Jesus*, " *Out of Darkness into Light*," by Asa Mahan, the *Life of Paton*, Wesley's *Sermons*, the *Life of Mackay*, *Foster's Essays*, and various novels and journals. But he learned as much from men as from books ; he resembled the hero of the *Odyssey* : " He knew the ' ways and farings of many men.' What culture is comparable to this ? "

One young Chinese scholar who in later years knew him intimately pays the following tribute to his work at Yunnan Fu : " He preached incessantly at the capital ; and men laughed at him because they did not understand ; but though reviled and persecuted, he was undaunted ; for he knew it was the sowing time. Seeing that the people disbelieved he strove to put forth still greater efforts : some teachers have come to us and then resenting the contumely paid to them, they have shaken the dust

off their feet and retired. Not so did the teacher Pollard. Gradually, though the Chinese still withheld their belief in his message, they delighted to converse with him, for he never cherished any thought of his own superiority, but treated them as brothers. . . . Formerly the Chinese looked upon foreigners as wolves ; and few dared to eat with them. The mention of a foreigner aroused hostility and suspicion. We believed that the *yang ren* had intercourse with spirits from whom they derived some sort of devilish power. But by going in and among the people of Yunnan Fu, Mr. Pollard made them almost forget that he was a foreigner."

He sought their conversion to Christ's teaching and inward way of life, but asked for no servile imitation of Western modes of life. The idiosyncrasies of race were respected by him and he was ever ready to acknowledge that the East had found a wisdom of its own : repeatedly he avowed that the Christian faith belonged by right to the East and only by adoption to the West.

CHAPTER X

Love and Death

UNTIL March, 1890, Pollard had been so absorbed by his mission work that he had sacrificed many of the amenities which even missionaries may be allowed to indulge in, and which may be considered as necessary for health of body and mind. Now, however, a dominating force entered into his life and modified his outlook. As I think of his next two years, so crowded with incidents and teeming with joys and sorrows, I am reminded of Watts's two fine pictures—"Love and Life" and "Love and Death" ; for the two figures of Love and Death dogged each other's footsteps in Yunnan. Life is represented by the artist as a fragile, girlish figure climbing the rugged steps upward, aided in her arduous struggle by the winged strength of Love. Death is shown as advancing with slow resistless steps towards a door which Love in vain seeks to defend. Such was the dual drama which was being steadily enacted in Yunnan at this period,

Love came to Pollard to give him a life-companion in his struggle amid the immensities of nature and Chinese civilisation : Death came to rob him of a valued friend, and to tear him away from the city which he had learned to love.

In times of loneliness and disappointment Pollard often went across the city to the China Inland Missions house for social intercourse and for heartening in his work. The missionaries in this home were ardent men and women as devoted as Pollard himself ; and he was warmed physically and spiritually at their glowing hearth. After a time one of these missionaries, Miss Hainge, an enthusiastic and gifted lady, attracted Pollard more and more. He was solitary and consumed with passionate desire for love. Being uncertain of Miss Hainge's feelings towards him, he could think of nothing else but of getting this matter settled ; so he wrote her a short note, and then he tells us his mind became easier and he was able to sleep. In the morning of March 5th, 1890, he took the note across, but Miss Hainge had gone out, so he left it for her. In his journal he writes : " I calculated about the time she would be home and got down on my knees and prayed. Didn't I feel bad ! What a morning I spent ! After service I found a note addressed to me on my table. All right ! Hallelujah ! We had a long talk together in the evening at her house. When I returned I took her photo. with me, and sat down and wrote another letter. Oh, Sam Pollard ! Tell it not in Gath ! Gone ! Irretrievably gone !! But I am glad to be gone ! " Miss Hainge considered it her duty to obtain consent from her home folk before she could definitely accept him, and it was not till September, seven months after he wrote his first note, that the sanction was received from England and they became engaged.

But while Love had come to help Pollard in his toil, Death was hunting down one of the recruits who had been sent from England. The tidings had come that the Revs. W. Tremberth and John Carter had been designated for Yunnan and had reached Gan-king, where they were to spend a few months in the study of the language before proceeding up the Yangtze. But on August 26th, 1890, John Carter died of dysentery. The news did not reach

Yunnan Fu till October 20th : and then over Pollard's bright dream there fell this dark shadow. "What a year," he writes, "this has been for our little mission ! The Lord help us to be faithful."

Bravely and long the Rev. T. G. Vanstone struggled against malaria, and strove to continue his work ; but at last he had to confess that he could no longer fight against this disease at Yunnan Fu. After consultation with his colleagues, it was arranged that he should go to Tungch'uan, a town between Chaotong and the capital, and open a station there in the hope that the climate would treat him more kindly. Frank Dymond was to come to the capital to assist in the work. But Vanstone's breakdown was a warning to Pollard, and, as soon as Dymond arrived, he was persuaded to take a needed change and rest. At this time Mr. Murray of the Scottish Bible Society reached Yunnan Fu with the intention of visiting the markets and towns on the surrounding plain. Pollard had met Mr. Murray two and a half years before at Ganking and had acted for him there as guide and interpreter. Murray had been in the publishing business, and having retired was now travelling in China as an unpaid agent of the Scottish Bible Society. Pollard agreed to accompany him on a journey west, south, and east of Yunnan Fu.

As this journey was concerned primarily with the business side of the Mission and Pollard's experiences were not dissimilar from others he had already encountered ; it need not detain us. The travellers were in the main satisfied that their labours had answered their purpose. The journey had taken seventeen days, and greatly as Pollard had enjoyed its excitements and adventures his mind and heart were filled with one image. As to others so to him, the awakening of love came as a sort of new birth. He had always been alert, but now he overflows with vivacity and his mind becomes more agile and swifter than ever. The love of nature which his father had taught him to cultivate became intensified. All the winning grace of Pollard's heart opened out at this time and love gave him an infectious gaiety. He had found a lady who could sympathise with his thoughts : they not only explored the emotions of love, but they discovered a union of

ideas ; so that instead of relaxing his missionary zeal, Pollard was incited to still more ardent ambition.

It was the year of the triennial examinations in Yunnan Fu, and students came to the city from all parts of the province. This institution formed a part of the political and educational life of China. The range of subjects was narrow, being largely if not wholly confined to the Confucian classics and of a purely literary nature. The night before the examination thousands of students enter the hall and receive a roll of paper with a number which denoted the cell allotted to each candidate. This year the Commissioner who directed the examinations—an officer specially appointed by the Emperor—had the misfortune, so it was reported, while he was smoking opium, to burn three hundred essays. Realising the enormity of his offence, he escaped the shame and degradation which would have been meted out to him by swallowing gold.

During the time the students were in Yunnan Fu, Pollard and Dymond joined forces with the China Inland Missionaries for aggressive evangelism. A tent was put up on Five Flowers Hill, and here hundreds of young students and city people heard the Gospel for the first time. The missionaries did not escape controversy and contempt. One of their hearers did his best day by day to heap ridicule upon them : he was a Kweichow man with a sharp and pungent wit. But one day he exhibited a total change of behaviour. " Now," says Pollard, " instead of being noisy and cantankerous he helped us. A young graduate took a book and asked the price. When I asked two cash he said contemptuously : ' I will give you one cash for ten of them.' Then the Kweichow man looked at him, took the book away from him, and in a voice of thunder, said : ' Begone ' (*Tseo*) ! Afterwards he said to me : ' I didn't believe before : now I do believe.' It was worth something to hear this."

Both the exigencies of the Yunnan mission and the ardour of Pollard as a lover resulted in a determination to hasten his marriage. The climate of Yunnan Fu was trying his powers of endurance and a change was necessary. Mr. Jenson lent him a pony for the journey to Chungking. Bidding farewell to their

friends and leaving Frank Dymond in charge of his work, Pollard and Miss Hainge started, one riding in a sedan chair, the other on horseback. No hardships of travel could daunt the resolute courage of the one, or the bright eagerness of the other. Love was the strong-winged companion who helped them over many dangers and difficulties.

But once again that other mysterious visitant who so often dogs the footsteps of Love was drawing nearer and nearer to the mission house at Chaotong, and no power was found to prevent his approach. All unknowingly the missionaries themselves had hewn out the path along which Death stalked with slow unhesitant steps. They had thrown themselves unsparingly into their tasks, studying the most difficult language under the sun with the absorption and determination of men who were bent upon taking honours ; they preached and taught incessantly ; they dispensed medicines to hundreds of patients ; they ignored the subtle dangers of an Eastern climate, and they tried to live as simply as the coolies who served them. They were as gallant a band of men as ever strove to achieve the impossible ; they were as self-denying as young monks, and as chivalrous as Don Quixote ; but, we have to confess, they lacked all sense of proportion. Thorne wore himself out and became the prey of malaria ; Vanstone broke down again and again. The tension was at times so great that it seemed to Dymond that he would have to lay down his task and return to England. Pollard placed a strain upon his frail body which must have lessened his reserves of health ; though it was his buoyant spirit which helped to save the mission from retreat.

Just before Pollard began his journey to Chungking, Thorne was stricken with mortal sickness. He was on a journey east of Chaotong—in a region where Pollard was destined to win great triumphs ;—the stricken missionary could hire neither sedan chair nor bearers, and he had perforce to ride on horseback. With fever raging in his veins and a body parched with thirst, the dying man performed three days' journey in two in order to reach his home. For five days he lay, when conscious, calm and resigned, while in hours of delirium he preached and prayed in Chinese.

In an account of her husband's death Mrs. Thorne wrote : " After tea I went to have a little rest. During that time he said to our boy, calling him by name : ' I am soon going to heaven,' and exhorted him to be a true follower of Jesus. Mr. Tremberth and Mr. Tai were watching beside him. He was constantly saying ' Praise God ' ; and once sang a verse of praise out of our Chinese hymn-book. Mr. Tremberth, finding his hands and feet were growing cold, called me. When I came I saw the ' change ' had come. My dear husband most affectionately recognised me, but was unable to speak. . . . Death was doing its work. He was in great pain after this, taking no notice of us. This was about ten o'clock. We knelt beside him, and all four of us poured out our souls in prayer to God for the dear one who was nearing the Border Land, and for ourselves that we might submit to the Divine will. Heaven was very near in that solemn hour. Our servants were watching with us. We all felt how helpless we were. After twelve o'clock the breathing was less laboured and we saw he was fast sinking. At 12.30 a.m. we all knelt again. Mr. Tai commended his happy spirit to God. We had scarcely risen from our knees when he was gone. September 23rd, 1891, 12.30 a.m."¹

Fourteen days later, when Pollard and Miss Hainge entered the city of Tungch'uan, they received the news that his dear old school friend Sam Thorne had passed into the Unseen. " I remember," he writes, " the first term I was at Shebbear, Sam and I tussled for the arithmetic prize, and he beat me. The next year I beat him. But he has won the glory prize before me." At first Pollard seemed stunned by the blow, but as soon as he could think clearly, he made up his mind to leave his fiancée next day and hurry on to Chaotong. He met Vanstone, who was bringing Mrs. Thorne to his own home for a change a few miles out of Tungch'uan ; and learning from them that Mr. Tremberth was left alone in charge at Chaotong, he hastened northward to give the mission station his help.

When three weeks later Mrs. Thorne and Miss Hainge came to Chaotong they found Pollard recovering from a severe attack of

¹ " Samuel Thomas Thorne," by Thomas Ruddle, p. 119.

malaria. He had, therefore, to abandon his intention to complete his journey on horseback, and to hire a sedan chair. In his journal we have this entry : " Tuesday, November 10th, 1891, Emmie and I started off in chairs. I left my little horse behind, being afraid of the sun. So we went in style. Mrs. Thorne and Tremberth escorted us fifteen li. We stayed some time saying good-bye and eating rice. While we were there somebody stole Emmie's nice brass foot-warmer." The mountain air and the incessant change of scenery, without the fatigue of riding on horseback, helped Pollard to regain his health very quickly. In the chair he read Emerson's Essays, and made an analysis of John Wesley's article on Oratory which he found in an American journal. At times Pollard gave himself up to the ecstasy of Nature worship. Now and again Miss Hainge and he got out of their chairs and walked amid the glorious scenery of the hills, enjoying the freedom and frank intercourse of minds and hearts attuned by love.

On the second day they passed through Wu-Chai and saw where the waters meet and enter a small hole in the mountain and, after flowing four miles underground, issue at the " Cave of the moving Waters " at the mountain's foot. On Friday they passed a temple of the Goddess of Mercy, where the chair-bearers and carriers worshipped, paying for candles to be burned and offering imitation ingots of silver and gold which were made of paper. The priest then struck a bell whose clear vibrant tone bade the Goddess observe her devotees and give them protection along the road. Such protection may well have been sought, for the Yunnan roads are very primitive and angular. " It is difficult," says Pollard, " to turn a sharp corner with the long carrying poles, when the road is only about two feet wide. I have known the chair to dangle over a precipice with the front men on one side and the back men on the other. A false step would be fatal then. The God of mercies has been very kind to us in all our travels. We have had many narrow escapes, but they have always been escapes."

In due course they arrived at Sui Fu. Whilst staying here with Mr. and Mrs. Faers an incident occurred which illustrates the

perils of missionary life. A little Chinese boy had entered the mission chapel during the morning worship, and upon leaving had missed his way. An old woman who kept a stall and sold monkey-nuts saw the wanderer and kindly called him to sit down beside her, intending to take him back to his home when her business was over. But the parents became alarmed, and learning that the little fellow had visited the mission the mother began to scream in Chinese fashion that the foreigners had stolen her child and intended to eat it. There was a great commotion outside the mission house, and Mr. Faers, who was alarmed lest the passionate ignorant mob might pull their house down, sent across to the magistrate for protection. This mandarin sent his police to keep the peace and to find the missing child. Three hours passed while the mob surged to and fro goaded by the mother's cries. Then the old woman was seen leading the boy back and the tumult ceased as abruptly as it had begun. The magistrate afterwards came over and inquired into the matter. He rewarded the old stall-keeper with a thousand cash: the child's father was beaten with forty stripes for his stupidity, and the three policemen responsible for keeping order in that district received two hundred stripes each because they had not prevented the disturbance.

On Tuesday, November 24th, Pollard succeeded in hiring a nice backroom on a salt junk and passages for three persons for seven thousand cash. The boat was a hundred feet long and had eighteen rowers. In pleasant, easy fashion they slipped down the river, reaching Chungking on Saturday. Dr. Cameron of that city gladly welcomed them as his guests, and the British Consul consented to be present and give the legal sanction to the wedding on the following Thursday. Then came a telegram from Wan Hsien asking for Dr. Cameron's help for a missionary lady in that city. Pollard at once put off the wedding so that he might stay and carry on the work in the doctor's absence. Soon afterwards another telegram came bidding Dr. Cameron not to leave, and so the wedding went forward after all.

On Friday, December 4th, 1891, Pollard chartered coolies to carry their goods to a boat and then proceeded to dress for the

ceremony. The bridegroom had never been very particular about dress, but on this memorable day he was arrayed gorgeously enough to satisfy Chinese taste. He enumerates the articles of his attire—"a silver grey silk gown; plum-colour silk trousers tied at the ankles with silk garters; a blue silk sleeveless coat over the gown, and covered by a loose silk jacket of the same colour as the trousers; satin shoes to match and white socks." But with characteristic male indifference he neglects to describe the splendour of the bride's dress. The breakfast was at twelve o'clock at Mrs. Cameron's house, and by four o'clock they were escorted to their house-boat. The journey to Sui Fu was accomplished in safety, but on Christmas Day Pollard writes: "The waters were smooth to-day. I am terribly nervous of the rapids: they make my heart beat at a great rate." Having reached Sui Fu, their servant, who had come up the river with Pollard on his first journey, now robbed and deserted him. Pollard had sent him with two lumps of silver weighing about eighteen taels, to get them cut into small pieces for the overland expenses—Lao Teng took the silver and never returned. But keener than all other disappointments was the news that no fresh missionary recruits had yet been sent from England. Pollard writes to the Secretary: "I am looking forward with great delight to going back to our province again. My visit to Szechuen has strengthened my love for Yunnan. . . . It was a great blow to us that Conference had sent 'no workers yet.' . . . We fancy that next year Yunnan Fu will be given up. Hauling down the flag! That does not look as if the Forward Movement had any great hold upon Bible Christians. Perhaps the news of dear Samuel Thorne's death will do what all our letters have failed to do. I do earnestly press for a good man as leader of our mission."

Mr. and Mrs. Pollard were delighted to get back into Yunnan. He describes the scene between Ki-li-p'u and Ta-Wan-tsi. "Towering up on every side were the mighty hills. Fine bold, rough pillars of the sky! In one place a spreading waterfall tumbled down a cliff, and after the fall scattered white ribbons, rejoining again for the next long leap. Below us the river dashed by every obstacle. How it lashed the rocks which disputed its

way ! . . . Emmie and I watched from under a great overhanging stone that sheltered that part of the white mountain road. Scores of pack-horses came tinkling along ; scores of pack-men trudging by their side, and scores of coolies singing and joking : the whole made a scene of great animation. The roar of the waters, the singing of the coolies, the tinkling of the bells on the horses, the rustling of the wind through the long grass, formed parts of one great busy song, which the sturdy hills seemed to bend to hear. . . . Emmie was quite excited at the beauty of the scene and playfully chided me at taking her away from such surroundings into a drab city." At Ta-Wan-tsi he notes that they sat on a stone together and preached to a lot of people. " This is the first time that we have preached together : God grant that we may do so many, many times ! "

On Wednesday, January 13th, 1892, Mr. Tremberth met them thirty li from Chaotong. They were saddened by learning that Mrs. Thorne was unwell and would have to return to England immediately. Once more it was as if that other mysterious messenger was giving them warning ; for as they heard of the sickness of another of their tiny circle, they passed the dead body of a tool-sharpener lying by the roadside with his knife and tools close by.

Leaving Mrs. Pollard at Chaotong, he and Tremberth started on the following Monday for the District Meeting at Tung-ch'uan. Dymond came down from the capital. There was a gloom resting over the missionaries, and Pollard did his utmost to impart hope to the gathering. He preached on Gideon going up against the Midianites. He spoke of the thinning of their little band by the death of their beloved friend. Then with a characteristic turn of the narrative of the dream of barley bread overturning the tent, Pollard affirmed that the people's dreams around them were all of Jesus, " the Bread of Life," and by Him the heathen temples and doctrines would be thrown down.

This brave optimism could not, however, alter the imperious necessity of the moment : the decease of Samuel Thorne and the sickness of Vanstone left them no alternative but to relinquish their work at Yunnan Fu. Mr. and Mrs. Pollard were to take

charge of the work at Chaotong with Mr. Tremberth. "I must write a note to our Magazine about it," says Pollard, "that lovely city and its thousands of people must not be deserted by us." And yet in spite of all the murky clouds which lowered over the Mission, Sam Pollard lived in the sunshine of a Divine promise, and cherished an undaunted faith in the coming triumphs in West China.

CHAPTER XI

A Ministry of Pity at Chaotong

"CHAOTONG," says a traveller, "is a poverty-stricken, rather dirty little town, with a rough sort of inhabitants; but charmingly situated." The street leading to the west gate, lined with dingy shops of silks and fabrics of gorgeous hues, is the chief business thoroughfare. Those who pass through this gate find themselves in Chaotong's chief suburb where the merchants and influential folk live. Within the city walls the hovels in the streets present a squalid spectacle. As one walks along he comes upon an open space where the chief mandarin of the prefecture lives in a spacious but shabby court. Passing on one comes to the Temple of Hell which, in Pollard's time, was used as a training school for the local militia. Yielding to curiosity he enters, and in the chambers built around the courtyard is confronted by images of horror which might have been inspired by Dante's *Inferno*. Not far away was the market-place outside the Brigadier-General's *yamen*—chosen for an official residence by the Manchu conqueror of the city two hundred years before—where Pollard often came to preach.

In the midst of the city was one house which represented an alien civilisation and a new gospel—the Hall of Happiness. Here Pollard lived and ministered to the people. Anxious to do justice to the ancient civilisation and to qualify himself for his work, he earnestly pursued his studies in the classic literature of China. At first he was surprised at the amount of light which Confucius had transmitted, but the teaching was severely rationalistic and

made no attempt to stimulate the emotions : as a consequence, though its morality had passed into institutions, it left the souls of the people unsatisfied. Hence within the Confucian framework of Chinese society there had grown up gross superstitions, ranging from animism to the most prolific polytheism. The fusion of the three religions of China—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism—favoured the growth of magic, witchcraft, and demon-worship. From birth to death the people were haunted by the dread of evil spirits. Such undergrowths of superstition were protests against the cold rationalism of the classics. This mingling of light and darkness resulted in a weird twilight, in which the people lived and died, loved and hated, struggled for a bare pittance, and sought to gratify their passions. The presence of the Christian Mission, with its purity and social affection, formed a contrast to the licentiousness, cruelty, oppression, injustice, and mutual suspicion of the Chinese life around. The true, deep humanity of the Chinese was buried underneath the rubbish-heap of idolatry and fatalism.

As we have seen, the coming of the foreigners aroused curiosity, prejudice, and hatred. To the Chinese, Englishmen and Frenchmen were barbarians—weird, unhandsome people of uncouth manners, though very ingenious mechanicians. Pollard seldom passed along the streets without being sneered at as a “foreign devil” ; men spat to express their loathing, and women covered their noses to avoid the offensive smell of the stranger.

For some years the Roman Catholics had been settled at Chaotong and had gained adherents ; but they had never adopted the open-air propaganda of other missions. When, therefore, Pollard began street-preaching and openly sought to convert the citizens, he set the Chinese speculating about the mutual relations of the two sects. In Pollard’s journal we read this entry : “Saturday, February 13th, 1892 : On the street to-day we were asked twice about sending up foreign lamps. At first I thought the question must refer to my magic lantern : now I find out that the inquiry relates to the two planets in the West, Venus at the top, bright and big, and Jupiter below, somewhat smaller. The Chinese say that these are two lamps : the big one being sent up

by the Roman Catholics, and the little one is supposed to be sent up by us : and the two are to fight.”

Daily the missionaries preached at a hired shop and at the Mission house. Instead of using the gong Pollard now sounded the Gospel reveillé with a cornet. Many Chinese visited the “Jesus Hall,” where they listened to the foreigner, and enjoyed the brightness of the great lamps and the music of the cornets. “On April 7th, 1892, we had an attendance of one hundred and forty-seven and many more were not able to get in.” Sometimes a Chinese Nicodemus wended his way to the stranger by night to learn the inner meaning of this new religion.

The Mission house became known as a bureau of philanthropy. Æsculapius himself could hardly have won a greater reputation as healer than did Pollard. With common sense and a few well-known drugs he found out that it was possible to relieve much suffering. The Chinese doctors were empirics, self-elected and self-trained. To abysmal ignorance they frequently joined a grotesque inventiveness which inflicted the greatest amount of suffering with the least remedial effects. The superstitious people often resort in cases of sickness to wizards. A spiritualistic medium is called in and a séance is held. Then it is discovered that the spirit of some deceased person is vexing the patient. A sum of money is paid to the medium, an offering is made to the spirit ; and then the exorcism is accomplished amid a frenzied beating of drums and wild shouting. Many sick people who had been robbed by the Chinese quacks and were no better, turned to the missionaries for healing. A perpetual stream of suffering people came to the mission—men with raging toothache, cripples whose feet were rotting with leprosy, people, almost blind through smoke and dirt, victims of venereal diseases. The sufferers often came because they believed that Pollard possessed magical gifts, but many went away with a new knowledge of the refreshing grace of gentleness. This Christian altruism contrasted with the indifference or contempt so often shown by their fellow Chinese. It was the introduction into Chaotong of social pity and a new standard of the value of individual life.

Day after day, and night after night, Pollard was called upon to give his services for the rescue of opium suicides. "In this city of Chaotong during the month of May this year, we have had ten cases of opium suicides—four were young men; two died; two were saved: four women; two died; two were saved: two babies just over a year old; and both died."

Pollard showed a flexibility of mind which enabled him to adapt himself to Chinese requirements. He had also the rare gift of sympathetic imagination: he could understand Chinese points of view. There is a tendency to exaggerate the chasm between East and West; but Pollard broke down the barriers of race and in defiance of political and national conventions he thought of the Chinese as brothers. It was no courteous condescension on his part, he felt as if he were one with the poorest. A native scholar said of him: "His friendliness is praised by Chinese and foreigners: however long the time you knew him, you never outlived his affection. Men welcomed his coming among them as they welcome the balmy air of spring." He never sneered at their customs. When for instance he saw grave men flying their kites, he entered into their enthusiasm and admired the ingenuity displayed in their imitations of birds, dragons, and butterflies. Again, though he governed the mission school on Christian lines, he did not prevent the children from taking part in national festivals through fear of heathen customs.

He had no faith in Confucianism as a religion for the Chinese in these modern times. Of their classic literature he remarks: "How barren it all is of comfort!" As he contemplates the heathen practices around him, he says: "The Gospel of Jesus must triumph over their idolatry." On September 3rd, 1892, he writes: "This is the night for paper-burning to the ancestors. Our street is lively. Now and again the people fling out rice to feed the hungry spirits. The dogs get the benefit. I preached about these things at night. Oh, that God would soon change these customs!"

It is wonderful that, with the constant drain on his sympathy, he was able to remain bright and hopeful, but as long as he kept free from malaria he showed an inexhaustible fund of high

spirits. Dymond came to see him in the middle of the year feeling that he needed the stimulus of his friend's optimism. At times Pollard felt that this light-heartedness was a temptation and feared lest it should mar his influence for good. "A spirit of hilarity oppresses me; I often wish I was of a graver and more dignified habit; it is so rarely that I am really sober." But this gaiety which he deprecated was one of his most attractive characteristics.

When—as he sometimes did—Pollard described Chaotong as his parish, he meant the whole prefecture, which took ten days to travel in one direction and six days to cross in the other. Not only did he himself visit most of the villages and markets, but Mrs. Pollard also took her turn in this itinerancy. In May, 1892, she spent twelve days at Sa-i-ho, a big village thirteen miles away. "This is the first time," says Pollard, "that my wife has left me; but it is for work in the Master's vineyard." In his own journeys Pollard often met the aboriginal peoples of Yunnan and had a kindred feeling for these "Celts of China." In a letter which, as we read it to-day, seems almost prophetic, we see how early in his career his thoughts turned to the possibility of working among the aborigines in the north-east of Yunnan. "They are fine men," he said, "though they have no written language and no books. As they cannot speak Chinese, we cannot reach them through this tongue. Mr. Vanstone has for a long time held that God intended me to do a work among them. I have thought of it, and if ever Jesus says 'Go,' I will go straight off." The call actually came twelve years later when the Miao scouts visited Pollard at Chaotong, and then he became a leader and a father to a whole tribe of these hillmen of West China.

Yet another incident reads as a prophetic foreshadowing of after years. He had gone to Yongshan, a small town three days' journey from Chaotong, and in the afternoon went for a walk. He stood by the river and gazed longingly across to the mountains of the independent Mantsi. "No missionary has ever yet visited these people: the mists never lift from their minds. The river Yangsze is the boundary between their territory and the Chinese. They are fierce mountain clans living under their own chieftains

almost independent of the Chinese. . . . They come down from their fastnesses in robber bands and 'lift' the cattle and crops of the Chinese, and steal people for slaves. . . . I would like to go over and spend a month among these people."

As the year advanced the dark shadow of famine fell over the plain. On July 6th, 1892, he writes: "From the wall at the south gate I saw the floods and the devastation already wrought. Houses were falling in all directions: the cob walls just crumble away under the incessant rains." We must remember that it was necessary to grow enough food on the plain to satisfy the needs of the population. The people, therefore, lived close to nature and anxiously watched the seasons, dreading alike excessive rains and drought. Three weeks after the allusion to the floods occurs another heart-rending entry: "July 26th: This morning a man came to offer us his little girl for sale. . . . The floods had destroyed his crops. He had two children and an old mother. He could only earn a few cash a day—not enough to keep them. The girl must go: her price was two hundred cash. What ought we to do in such cases? I gave him the cash and told him to keep his own daughter." But Pollard realised that he had only delayed the man's cruel necessity of selling his child into slavery.

Gaunt famine came close after the floods and all Pollard's thought turned to the problem of how to keep the people alive during the months of hard winter. On December 29th, 1892, he writes: "Last Saturday week news came of some people in the country who were starving. On Sunday after service, I went off to find out if it were so. The snow was on the ground and the cold was intense. . . . Alas! food is terribly dear. In the first place I visited, the hut had been made of the roof of the house which the rains had destroyed, together with some bundles of straw. It was a little den about five feet square, and here four people lived. An old man was there too ill to work. A little girl hovered over a fire. I saw no bedding of any sort."

"The next family had been witnesses of a frustrated tragedy. The man was terrified at the approach of famine, and had attempted to hang himself; but his neighbours had come and cut him down in time. The poor wife had just bartered 'the

gods' table' for a measure of beans. So the very gods have to share the starvation of the people."

"We went to another village and found one miserable family in a dark hovel destitute of all comfort. There were two old people over fifty and two boys—one twelve and the other five. They had been without food for several days when someone gave them a small measure of maize. This they cooked and shared among themselves; but the reaction was too much for the man and he died next morning. We found the mother in a dreadful condition. She was lying on the floor with two coats to cover her and the small boy had nestled close to her for warmth. She could not eat, but asked for medicine. I left some food and money. The next day I sent medicine and more food. But the poor woman had died at midnight." The sufferings of the folk grew worse and worse. "The people have died in this city at the rate of forty, then fifty, and then sixty per day. Tremberth and I went to see the new graveyard which the mandarins opened. A more horrible sight had never met our gaze: there were hundreds of fresh graves close together. It looked as if there had been a big battle and the slain were being buried in haste. Such a sight I had never seen, and never even dreamed of before. The people told me that thousands had already been buried there. I calculated over two thousand had been buried in little over a month."

Very little seemed to be done by the city officials to relieve the famine-stricken. And although the missionaries did all that was possible to alleviate the common suffering, yet they could only touch the verge of a great sea of pain. This Christian philanthropy, however, gave the Chinese a new idea of the practical value of the "Jesus Religion." It may be that the native standards of social ethics were affected by the proximity of men and women who were inspired by Christ's own enthusiasm for humanity. At least, it is known that in subsequent periods of suffering the officials and gentry of the city have exercised themselves more actively in schemes of relief. Gradually the spirit of Jesus is transvaluating the moral standards of non-Christian civilisations.

Meanwhile the missionaries had their own sufferings to pass

through. The time had come for Mr. Vanstone to hasten his return to England if his life were to be prolonged a few years. He had fought bravely against repeated attacks of fever which grew in malignancy ; but at last he had to submit to the inevitable. As the Vanstones had to pass through Chaotong on their way home, it was decided that the Annual Meeting should be held in November, two months earlier than usual. Two or three days were spent at Chaotong, and then they set off again. Pollard writes : " The Vanstones left on Tuesday : how our ranks are thinning out ! Carter has died ; Samuel Thorne has died ; Mrs. Thorne is in England through ill-health ; now, the Vanstones are on their way home. Tremberth is alone at Tungch'uan. Oh, the misery of our poor Yunnan ! "

Pollard writes on December 29th, 1892 : " You may be surprised to know that I am alone. Dymond is still away, and last Monday, my wife left me and I do not know when she will come back. On Thursday we received the welcome news that four ladies were on their way to Yunnan, two of them—Miss Bailey and Miss Cannon—are for our Mission, and two for the China Inland Mission. They were being escorted up the Yangtze by Mr. Beauchamp—one of the Cambridge Seven. . . . Mr. Willet wrote me from Chungking asking what I could do about an escort to Yunnan Fu. We agreed that Emmie should go off at once and bring the ladies along. . . . It is no small task getting over these roads. I feel proud that I have such a brave wife."

Mr. Dymond returned a fortnight later and Pollard was able to start off to meet his wife and the four new lady missionaries. " I found snow all the way down to Lao-wa-t'an. I caught cold and by Sunday, at Tea-sha-kuan, my tonsils were swollen and my appetite was gone. I went out to preach, but was unable to do anything." " Three days afterwards," he writes, " we met a man carrying a load with the word ' England ' written on it. My heart leapt at the sight. A few minutes later I was face to face with Emmie again. We had been separated forty days ; that makes eighty days away from each other in twelve months."

*CHAPTER XII***Among the Border People**

IN 1892 Mr. Wang, a hatter, who some years before had been helped by Dymond to break off the use of opium, invited Pollard to go with him to visit his parents at Camp Hill, a hamlet in Kweichow, fourteen miles from Chaotong. So, on Wednesday, September 21st, in the midst of harvest time, Pollard started on horseback, accompanied by his servant, Yang-K'ai-Yong and Mr. Wang. They crossed a high range of hills between the two provinces where mountains and hills were piled upon each other ; below were several villages, and three little streaks of silver marked the course of the rivers to Tao-tien-pa. "As the borderland between England and Scotland was once infested with robbers, so this region has earned an unenviable notoriety. Just below the brow of the hill on which we stood was a clump of trees which marked the spot where a few years ago the famous Sa robbers lived. They had their home on a ledge of a hill about two hundred yards off the main road. It could be approached only by a narrow footpath difficult to traverse. From their eyrie the robbers could see the approach of any who pursued them and could easily escape and hide in the hills around." For years they held the whole district in a state of terror. The Chinese say : "For nine generations the Sa clan had no heads," meaning that they were all executed for robbery and murder. In the course of time the band of brigands was broken up, and a prediction that in the ninth generation one of the Sa family would become Emperor of China was unfulfilled.

"Across the valleys to the eastward we were confronted with hills beyond hills. . . . On our right is the Silver Mine Pass where a lot of aborigines live. Mr. Wang said that the aborigines disliked the Chinese coming to work the mine and called in wizards to lay a spell on them. Two wizards came and sat each side of the pass holding each a fowl in his hands. After sundry incantations the birds were let loose and each crossed over to the place of the other. As a result of this black art the silver was

transformed so that never again were the Chinese able to make the mine pay. In this way the I-ren, or aborigines, got rid of the intruders. . . .

" Having reached the foot of the hill we took a bypath which led by another village ; we climbed a further hill and there right in front of us was Camp Hill. It rises about two hundred feet above the plain and gives its name to the whole neighbourhood. The people living there all belong to the Wang Clan. Their ancestors came originally from the extreme east of China. The place is called Camp Hill because, in the Ming dynasty, the Chinese general camped here. . . .

" Passing down into the valley, we crossed a little stream, then went up through the fields to the house of Mr. Wang, senior. It is a farmhouse at the foot of the hill, and is surrounded by fields. The best houses were destroyed and all the trees were cut down in the Mohammedan rebellion some thirty years ago. The present house has two doors in the front and is roofed with straw. The door at the left leads into the kitchen : that in the middle leads into the chief room. The only window in the house is in the part used as a stable. In front of the house cobs of maize were hung up to dry. The place was thatched in a crude style, so that the roof afforded but a poor shelter in rain. The ground in front of the house made a little platform at the foot of which were pomegranates and other trees. The hill at the back and these trees protect the house from the bleak north winds. Women and children were busy with the Indian corn which had just been harvested. There was the usual army of dogs who would like to have bitten our legs, but we ran the gauntlet without mishap and found ourselves in the best room. What a scene of confusion ! The room was about twelve feet by ten. There in the place of honour were the paper gods as quiet as Trappist monks. They were blackened with the smoke of years. The world moves ; rebellions break out ; science advances, but these gods sit dumb and unheeding. Several jars on the stand in front of the gods showed the remains of scores of incense sticks. . . .

" On the walls of the room were two or three paper cartoons

depicting the marvels of an age when gods were as men—or men as gods. On the left of the door was the fireplace consisting of two holes let into the floor, one for coal and one for draught. They use a sort of briquette made by mixing coal dust and clay. This is stamped together in a wet condition, and at night the fire is built up with wet coal. By morning it is dry and when broken burns splendidly. There are no chimneys and no such instruments as bellows. The poker is curved so as to reach the bottom of the fire from the draught hole.

“ In the corner at both sides of the fire are brick stands, each about three feet in length and a foot high. This is a cosy corner reminding one of the comfortable settles in the old West Country kitchens. Here during the long winter evenings the members of the family sit and gossip about their neighbours, and get the old grandfather to tell the stories of the great rebellion. Here, too, in spring they sit and discuss the prospects of harvest, the price of corn : or perhaps one has wonderful stories to tell of foreigners at Chaotong who profess to preach a new religion, but who are suspected of having come to steal the treasures hidden in the hills. The younger members of the household find no room on the settle, and so they sit around on small forms, on straw hassocks, or some of them squat on the floor. They enjoy the warmth and friendliness within because guardian deities whose pictures are pasted on the two leaves of the door shield them from the approach of evil influences from the outside.

“ The grandfather and grandmother, both nearly seventy years of age, are still strong and robust. The old man had a white moustache and beard. It is the proudest adornment of age in China to be able to cultivate a few hairs upon lip and chin. An old man as he converses with you will tenderly stroke his beard whenever he wishes to impress you with some important statement. Should his veracity be impugned, a look of indignation appears, and his hand goes to the scraggy little white beard, which he holds out appealingly, as if to say : ‘ Do you suppose that this is compatible with lies ? ’ There is no appeal after this : the matter is settled, though everyone knows that his words have not come within leagues of the truth.

"The old lady was tall for a Chinese and still vigorous. Her lower lip protruded a little and gave a dash of humour to many of her remarks. She and the old man agreed well together, and ruled their household with firmness and good temper.

"Our arrival put everybody in a flurry: the people were as excited as the dogs. I was not introduced to anybody: we saluted each the other without formalities. There is only one exception to the general rule of sociability, that is, the young women may not be addressed by men. Our hostess presumed that our long walk must have made us hungry, so a little low square table was brought in, and two or three hot cakes of maize were provided. To give a relish our friends supplied us with roasted chillies, as hot as those we use with pickles.

"After this temporary appeasement of our hunger, the hatter and I went for a stroll. The quiet of this country farm seemed a delightful contrast to the noise and bustle of Chaotong. No one called us 'foreign devil,' and that was a relief. I noticed a great many wax-insect trees around here. After an enjoyable ramble we returned to the farm for tea. As a special honour I was provided with rice: all the others, old and young, ate maize cakes. I begged to have the same as they, but was not allowed; they would treat me as an honoured guest.

"Darkness swiftly fell, and the eldest grandson, 'Old Three,' as they called him, took a few sticks of incense, lighted them at the fire, went to the door and made obeisance, then inserted the incense sticks in crevices in the wall just outside the door. A similar ceremony was performed to each of the gods at the end of the room; and the family worship was ended. The door was shut and the inmates found cosy seats around the fire. . . . We talked about many things that night till eleven o'clock. How often have I told the story of Jesus as we sat in the light of the fires of such homes, and to me the story seemed ever more beautiful. The old grandmother remembered Mrs. Thorne and some of her instructions. All were willing to hear my story and gave reverent assent, as the Chinese usually do. It may be inspiring to preach to crowds; but there is, I know, a wonderful charm in telling eager listeners of the Saviour as they sit round a

cosy fire, or as one halts by the wayside for a rest under the blue heaven. . . .

"By and by we grew tired of talking and I began to wonder where I should sleep. After some discussion it was decided that I should make my bed on the mud floor near the doorway which led into the bedroom at the back. Then a straw mat was laid down, and on this I spread my wadded quilt. One half of this quilt serves as a bed, and the other half forms the coverlet. I did not mind the mud floor, but I overheard the old lady utter some dismal forbodings which alarmed me. . . . Alas ! I soon found out what the old lady had anticipated, and all night long I was fighting with the enemy. At last through exhaustion I fell into a troubled sleep.

"After breakfast the hatter, 'Old Three,' and I set off for the market at Tao-tien-pa, three miles away. Three-fourths of the people at this market are Mohammedans. We came upon the scene of crowded life about noon. There were many hundreds of people, and representatives of six different races on the street ; but the Panthays were the most numerous. Sometimes I am taken for a Chinese, but to-day I could not be disguised, though my head was shaven, and I was dressed like the Chinese. The people saw I was a foreigner and flocked after me. Failing to find a tea-shop we sat down for a rest at an open space ; but instantly we were surrounded.

"Seeing from the faces before me that I had those tough Mohammedans to deal with, I resolved 'to go for them' right away and ignore the presence of the few Chinese. The adherents of Islam often enjoy our onslaughts upon Chinese idolatry : they smack their lips and poke each other's ribs when they hear us speaking of the foolishness of trusting in gods of wood and stone. But this time I attacked the sins of the Mohammedans. They did not appreciate this ; for pride is one of their chief characteristics. . . .

"As I was preaching a young Mohammedan teacher came up and began to ask questions. I saw that I was in for a big tussle. For awhile we talked quietly about Jesus and our grounds for calling Him the Son of God. As we continued each of us waxed

warmer in discussion, and though both of us were courteous, we were both eager to prove the truth of our respective religions. 'If your doctrine be true,' I said, 'and there be efficacy in chanting the Koran, in keeping the fast of Ramadan, in abstaining from pork, why do your people not live better lives? They smoke opium, swear, fight, lie, steal, and do a thousand evils just as idolators do.' My opponent admitted all this and said that in all such ways they were false to their prophet. He even admitted that Christians lead better lives than the Mohammedans do. At this admission I quoted our Lord's saying that the good tree beareth good fruit. But he contended that it was possible for fruit to become bad even on a good tree. Should I say that God was evil because the bad weather He had sent this year had destroyed the best of the crops of wheat and maize? My answer to this was that we dare not find fault with God's works. There is no evil in Him. The sufferings which He sends are designed to turn us from evil to good. I said: 'You are a school teacher; when your boys refuse to study and behave badly, you thrash them. Are you then evil in using the rod? Is it not rather that you wish your boys well, and punish them to make them good?' As we passed from one point to another, I asked why, if the Moslem faith were true, he and his co-religionists did not strive to convert the Chinese around from their idolatry. He could only answer that it was their destiny to be idolators. 'We are elected; if we are to reach heaven, we shall. If these people are predestined for damnation, they cannot be converted. It is no business of ours.' 'Ah!' said I, 'therein we differ. As Christians we are bound to save men if we can. If this boy now by my side were blind, and were walking into a well, you would leave him alone. But a Christian will grip him by the arm and save him from disaster.' At last I urged my opponent to seek the truth as it is revealed in Christ and to obtain eternal life. His reply was that Mr. Dymond had pressed him to do this, but 'my ancestors found out their way hundreds of years ago and for me theirs is the true way.' We parted amiably, and I invited him to come to Chaotong to see us."

At evening when the darkness had fallen again, and the gods

had received their worship, Pollard got ready to show his magic-lantern. "The neighbours had been invited and came in one after another. There was some excitement and curiosity. Quite naturally the men ranged themselves on one side of the room, and the women on the other. But just as I was about to begin the old grandfather suffered a paroxysm of toothache." Happily Pollard had a supply of medicines and was able to relieve the sufferer. The old man was very grateful and Pollard's reputation rose all round. "The slides I showed," says Pollard, "were half-a-dozen pictures illustrating the life of Jesus, and one hymn—the well-worn favourite—'Jesus loves me, this I know.' The people were so delighted I had to show them over and over again, and this gave me opportunity for preaching the Saviour of men. At first my auditors wanted to see into the nose of the lantern, while some were busily examining the magical properties of the screen. But after a time they were all squatting on the floor feasting their eyes and imaginations on the scenes. What a beautiful story we have to tell! Standing at one end of the room and looking down at this little company I was strangely moved as I thought some of them had never heard the Gospel before. . . . I longed for more workers. Oh, for a band of twenty noble men and women at once!

"By and by the company retired. I was worn right out and was glad to get into my wadded quilt. Just as I lay down one of the youngsters caught sight of my watch on the god-stand. At once the whole household must look at this wonderful time-teller. 'Hark at it! there must be an insect inside to cry like that!' I had to sit up and show them the inside, but they were sorely puzzled to know why the works kept moving of themselves. Sleep came at last: I was too weary to dispute the industry of the enemies I had striven with the night before.

"While we were sleeping men were in the fields watching lest thieves should steal the harvest. A little straw hut is built on high ground, and here the look-out shelters during the night ready to raise an alarm at the approach of thieves. But in spite of all precautions, we learn that the corn stealers now and again have made a good haul.

“ Next morning Mr. Wang took me to a friend’s house where we were invited to breakfast. . . . In the afternoon it came on to rain and poured all the night. The roof leaked badly and I got up and shifted my quarters in the dark. Saturday morning dawned dismally ; but I packed my things, and distributed a few cash to each of the children, to their great delight. The Wangs kindly lent me a horse and the elder brother escorted us five miles when we met Mr. Dymond and Yang-K’ai-Yong. On the way to Chaotong we passed the grave of Samuel Thorne. It was just a year ago since we committed his body to the ground. A year of heaven for him ! ”

CHAPTER XIII

A Cloud as Small as a Man’s Hand

“ I AM glad to have spent another year in China,” wrote Pollard at the beginning of 1893. “ May God give me to dwell many years in this land and work for these poor people ! . . . God grant that Emmie and I this year may show these people more clearly than ever who Jesus is and what a universe of love is found in Him ! ” The mission had been established for six years, and until this time no converts had been baptized. Sickness and death had weakened the little band ; but the missionaries struggled bravely on. Pollard’s purpose never faltered and with equal courage Mrs. Pollard supported her husband in his work and shared his sacrifices. His religious faith was an inexhaustible spring of inspiration, and he kept his mind fresh by reading.

His Journal shows that throughout this time of spiritual drought he was daily studying his Greek Testament. He applied himself to reading Butler’s “ Analogy of Revealed Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature.” Morning after morning he was engaged first in the study of Mencius, and then by way of relief in reading Shelley’s poems. A little later he notes that he has been revelling in “ American Methodism ” by Abel Stevens, and that he was impressed by Coke’s indomitable



MR. POLLARD AND TWO MIAO TEACHERS.



GROUP OF MIAO LABOURERS. (MR. POLLARD IN HIS SUN HAT.)

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missionary spirit. "What a wonderful man Coke was! When nearly seventy he begged the Conference to allow him to go as missionary to the East Indies, offering to pay all expenses for himself and seven others. . . . Then in the Indian Ocean he was found dead in his bed." At another date his Journal says: "Finished Agar Beet on 'Philippians': and a little later: "Sick, so I read Scott's 'Antiquary' with renewed enjoyment."

Occasionally the Pollards' home was enlivened by visits from travellers and missionaries. Among the most delightful of his memories was his intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. S. S. of the China Inland Mission—"their presence a stimulus to us all." When he was at Tungch'uan Pollard entertained Dr. Morrison, who afterwards became *The Times* correspondent at Peking. One cryptic entry in his Journal relating to this visitor is: "We had some bouts together"; and this we can well believe, yet probably both men would feel an instinctive respect for each other. Dr. Morrison was taken by Pollard to the Confucian temple at Tungch'uan and he admired the carving around the Sage's tablet, saying it was as fine as anything of its kind in China or Japan.

Though Pollard kept up his high spirits, the incessant strain under which he lived proved too much for his health. We begin to notice an ominous frequency in his allusions to attacks of malaria, while the death of Mr. Thorne and the withdrawal of Mr. Vanstone made Dymond and Tremberth very anxious about him. "They say," writes Pollard, "that I must go to Tungch'uan next year and work more quietly so that I may regain my strength. I *shae puh teh* (i.e., grudge) going away from Chaotong." We can understand his reluctance to leave that city just as his influence was beginning to disintegrate the solid mass of Chinese prejudices. A high official—the Brigadier-General—invited Pollard to visit him and to prescribe for his cough, and it is probable that the report of the Brigadier-General's friendship smoothed the way for the purchase of a house for the mission. The price agreed upon was four hundred and ninety taels. He got a covenant written and paid a fifth of the price down as a deposit. The transfer of the deeds occasioned a visit to a city

official called the Kao-Kong, who put his stamp upon them. "We first had a long talk about the rationale of our work here and our status. I had a fine opportunity of explaining all kinds of matters to him. All went off nicely." This legal officer promised to give assistance at any time he wished to purchase land for the mission. Four months later the builders had begun their work and Pollard writes: "It will make a fine place. I hope to have a chapel where hundreds shall be saved. The Lord help me and all of us to do the very best!"

Before the new chapel was completed Pollard had the joy of administering baptism to two converts. The service was announced publicly beforehand, and the crowd that came to witness the rite was too large for the chapel, so it was performed in the court. In a letter to his father he refers to the chief function which took place on Sunday, September 3rd, 1893: "I made final arrangements. . . . The background was formed by the woodwork of the house, all newly painted with bright colours. Just under the balcony was hung my text: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' The hymn sheet hung down from the balcony, and we stretched an awning over as much of the courtyard as we could. Some growing flowers and some scrolls hanging from the big red pillars gave a finish to the top view. It looked very pretty indeed. I would like you to have seen it. The people ask me sometimes why I don't go home and fetch my venerable parents. Will you come?"

"The people behaved splendidly during the sermon. Then came the baptisms. We had a straw mat in front of the table at the top of the steps leading to the platform. I called the two catechumens, Yang-K'ai-Yong and the Miao Hsien Seng, who came up bravely. For once the foreigner ceased to be the 'cynosure of neighbouring eyes,' I began to feel somewhat nervous and my voice was trembling and husky. We three had bared our heads, and I began to question them publicly. . . . The last question was: 'Are you quite willing all your lives to serve God with all your heart and mind?' I expected them to answer 'Quite willing.' Yang-K'ai-Yong, however, boldly declared: 'I am perfectly willing my whole life to serve my Lord Jesus

fully.' There was a ring of truth and decision about his words which gladdened us all.

"Then we three knelt down before the whole audience and I prayed to God to accept and keep us His for ever. The two remained kneeling while I rose and baptized them. . . . All eyes watched : all ears listened. God above rejoiced and blessed. Thus were admitted into the (Protestant) Church of Christ the first two Christian Converts. God grant a mighty army may succeed them !"

It was a "cloud . . . as small as a man's hand." But a great sorrow followed close on this auspicious wave-offering of the first sheaf of Chaotong's spiritual harvest. Within less than four months from the baptism Yang-K'ai-Yong had ended his short course of Christian service. In his last illness his mother wanted to call in the services of a wizard to drive away the demon that was afflicting him. Yang-K'ai-Yong would not consent to such an apostasy. He had publicly avowed his determination to serve Jesus and, in spite of all the persuasions of his family, he kept his vow. An elder brother brought him the opium pipe to numb his pain but with fast ebbing strength the dying youth threw it from him. With sad hearts they made his grave near that of the brave pioneer—Samuel Thorne.

On Saturday, December 23rd, 1893, the builders removed the scaffolding so that the new building might be made ready for the opening services on Christmas Sunday. There was a good attendance and sermons were preached by W. Tremberth, J. Graham (C.I.M.), and S. Pollard. On Christmas Day Pollard celebrated the opening of the new chapel by a Chinese feast. A dinner to which guests are invited in China is an elaborate ceremony. At its beginning the stately courtesy is almost solemnly impressive : but as the meal proceeds the host and guests are thawed into social conviviality. The meal begins with the passing around of light sweets and small cakes, and during intervals of rest the guests eat sunflower seeds and nuts. After a time the chief luxuries are brought in—pork cut into small pieces, mysterious delicacies boiled in oil, seaweed, and vegetables. Each person is furnished with chopsticks and a basin of rice.

The Englishman finds difficulty in using the chopsticks, but in the fingers of a Chinese they are rightly called "*K'uai tsi*," or "quick sons." After the feast there was a magic-lantern exhibition. Of this unique way of spending Christmas Pollard says : "We all enjoyed ourselves : it was the nicest Christmas, I think, I have ever spent." Part of his intense satisfaction sprang from increasing evidences that his influence for good was growing in the city.

However reluctant Pollard felt to change his sphere of work, it became imperative on grounds of health that he should spend the year before his furlough at Tungch'uan. They experienced the usual surprises which travel in China brings. One evening they found all the inns had been engaged by a mandarin and three hundred soldiers, and they were obliged to take shelter in a stable where there were stalls for a hundred pack-horses. The Sunday on the road was the last of the year, but it was a day of bright sunshine and fresh breezes. The closing evening of the old year was spent by Pollard in preaching to the people who gathered on the street to see the foreigners.

New Year of 1894 was begun with the following prayer : "Glory to God in the highest ! Let me live this year with the one aim to glorify God : to preach for His glory : to live for His glory : to read and write for His glory. Oh, that the presence of God may always be with me ; making me think of Him ; not counting a day well spent but what is spent for Him only ; not counting a sermon worth preaching unless it be preached only for God ! "

Tungch'uan is situated on a beautiful plain more than seven thousand feet above the sea, at the foot of a hill two thousand feet high. It is a little city and Pollard was able to walk around its wall in half an hour. The most important street runs right through from east to west and extends beyond at each end in busy suburbs. Within the walls there are only about a thousand houses ; but there are as many or more outside. In this tiny town Pollard found higher standards of cleanliness and of courtesy than at Chaotong. The citizens boast of its number of scholar graduates. There are important copper mines in the hills around,

and the people do not appear so wretchedly poor as in some districts.

The arrival of the Pollards stirred a mild interest. At the beginning of the Chinese New Year, February 6th, the city mandarin left his card at the Mission house; and many citizens visited them. Pollard says: "It seems quite natural here to entertain guests. God grant me more courtesy and gentleness! What a gentle, noble man a real Christian ought to be!" When, however, some of his guests observed that he extended to three actors as much politeness as he showed to themselves, they were greatly scandalised. Actors are looked upon by the Chinese as pariahs, and neither they nor their sons can compete in the examinations. Barbers also used to fall under a like taboo, but the emperor was petitioned for a removal of this ban, and they are now allowed to compete for the much coveted literary degrees. Apart from such exceptions there seems to be a total absence of caste in China, and poverty is not counted against one, though there, as in the West, wealth confers privilege and power.

As there was no qualified medical man in the mission at this time it was necessary that Pollard should read medical books and prepare for the birth of his first child. On Friday March 16th, 1894, Pollard writes: "Emmie and I went for a lovely walk of about three miles. On the Sunday my wife conducted her women's class as usual: On Monday, our eldest son was born. A fine bonnie boy announced his arrival with a British yell. God grant us wisdom to keep and train the little one! He has brought his welcome with him. I hope the third Samuel Pollard will be as good as his grandfather and better than his father." The birth of a foreign baby in the city aroused considerable interest among the Chinese. As he grew many new friends were gained for his parents. The presence of a little foreign *wa-wa* touched the common humanity of the Chinese and diminished the barrier between the missionaries and themselves. On September 1st, 1894, we read in the Journal: "Emmie and baby went out to tea at Mr. Siao's. About six o'clock I went to bring them back. It was a lively procession. Young Sam was delighted at everybody and gave smiles for smiles. A lot of children followed us

right up to the door of our house, and the 'grown-ups' came to their doors as we passed to see the 'Yang wa-wa.' "

In April the mission was strengthened by the arrival at Chaotung of the Rev. Ernest Piper, from Australia. A month later Dymond came unexpectedly to Tungch'uan and his visit proved opportune, as three days afterwards Pollard had an attack of malarial fever, and registered a temperature of 103.50° , which could only be brought down to normal by taking large doses of quinine—"two spoonfuls" at a time.

Assisted by the youth, Chang-Yin-Kin, Pollard visited the villages and markets around Tungch'uan, two of which places, Na-ku and Shui-ch'eng, are important enough to have special notice. Early in May Pollard with his Chinese "boy" set out for Na-ku, which was about forty li away. Crossing the Tungch'uan plain he entered a mountain pass and came out on a height from which he looked down upon the beautiful Na-ku plain fifteen hundred feet below. The fields presented a patchwork of many colours; the ripe barley was already golden; the unripe wheat was yellowish green; fields of peas and beans were of a deep green tint; some squares of freshly ploughed land were red, and others were black; and the paths across the plain were intersected by the silver streak of a canal. Pollard writes: "They say that there are over ten thousand families on this plain. . . . We ought to have a station here." Probably Pollard did not know at that time that the Roman Catholics had taught some of the families on this plain. "It was remarkable," he says, "to see how they agreed to my words. How I enjoyed preaching in their market! I met a boy there of fifteen who is entering for his examination next year. His father has a degree. I sent a couple of Christian books to him. When I returned to Na-ku in the evening several fellows came to my room to converse with me. The next day I preached twice on the market and then came home. On the road I met some men who were interested in our work; they told us of another tract of country around I-Chae-Suin. I wish we had twenty more workers to evangelise and instruct these outlying places."

Shui-ch'eng was on the Tungch'uan plain about three miles

away from the city. This place was constantly visited by different members of the missionary staff. Pollard says: "Chang and I went with the magic-lantern to Shui-ch'eng. We showed the pictures in the village temple among the idols: about two hundred people came, and the pictures came out splendidly on the white wall. On the whole we were delighted with the opportunity of preaching Jesus in such a place." Pollard did his utmost to establish the institution of Sunday worship in this village. He tells us how difficult this was. "Mr. and Mrs. Siao," he says, "are money-changers in the city; they believed our missionary message, but say they dare not close their business on Sundays because of the ridicule which would fall upon them." In consequence of this concentration upon Shui-ch'eng a woman invited Mrs. Pollard to come and take away her idols. This first convert was named Mrs. Chao; she was a No-Su woman, the first-fruits of the mission among the I-ren. Once again as Pollard looked from his elevated plateau he saw a cloud as small as a man's hand. He little thought that in a few years thousands of these aborigines would come to him in search of the Way of Life.

The case of this aboriginal convert will illustrate the difficulties which arose as soon as a Chinese or an aborigine took such a definite step as joining the Christian Church. The story may be given in Pollard's words: "Two days after Mrs. Chao removed her idols she came to our house crying. . . . The neighbours, she told us, had thrown all her furniture into the road, locked the door and piled up a lot of stones before it to keep her out of the house. . . . Mr. Piper, who was with us at the time, and I hurried off to the scene. A young girl, who had been with Mrs. Chao and who was just getting over the famine fever, was lying outside the house under the eaves, and no one would give her shelter. Here she lay for days and nights in the rain and wind. We called a village council and acted as arbitrators. The villagers in their anger with Mrs. Chao for disposing of her idols brought the vilest charges against the woman and her daughter; but upon sifting the evidence we proved that these accusations were without foundation. It took us three days of continuous palaver, and by invoking official influence for the protection of Christian converts,

we at last prevailed and won the consent of the people that Mrs. Chao and her daughter should be allowed to go back into their home and, if they so desired, be permitted to practise the Christian religion." For many years Mrs. Chao bore her witness for the power of the Gospel to create a new life, and was respected by the missionaries as a steadfast, loyal church member.

Several of the Wang family at the village of Shui-ch'eng became converts. The head of this family was an old man who was a great smoker of opium. Pollard persuaded him to come into the mission house as a patient and try to break off his opium habit. At times Mr. Wang suffered great distress through the unsatisfied craving, but bravely submitted to Pollard's counsels. He thought at last that he was cured and with many protestations of gratitude returned to his home. "But one night," writes Pollard, "I was called up about two o'clock in the morning, to go to Shui-ch'eng, because Mr. Wang was in great pain through the return of the opium craving. I stayed with him, gave him medicine and prayed. I trembled for the result; but our prayers were answered, and the man got better without resorting to the opium pipe." The sequel was the abandonment of idolatry in another home.

After seven years of arduous toil these results may seem but meagre; but students of missions know that there are influences and effects in the realm of the spirit which cannot be measured and tabulated. For long years it is possible for invisible processes to go on silently within the minds of men, then a crisis comes, and the long preparation culminates in movements which amaze onlookers by their suddenness, depth, and range. This Yunnan mission now numbered eight missionaries—if we reckon the wives—two native evangelists; one chapel at Chaotong; three preaching places in the Tungch'uan district; three converts; fifteen inquirers; two Sunday schools with eighty-six pupils, and one day school at Chaotong with fifteen scholars. "After seven years in China," says Pollard, "we have gone up again to the hill-top to look out over the big sea. We see now a small cloud coming out of the sea the size of a man's hand. May there be floods of rain! Nay, there will be floods of rain; and may God in His kindness let me be there and may He drench me through to the very skin!"

BOOK II

THE PERIOD OF CHINA'S AWAKENING

(1895-1904)

CHAPTER I

The Historical Situation

FROM 1895 Pollard's experiences and activities coincide with great upheavals within the Chinese Empire. It was a time when reformers sought to free their nation from the dead hand of the past, and to adjust the relations of the State to the new conditions of modern progress. A swift preliminary review of the political movements in China during the next decade, will help to throw light upon Pollard's career. A man's life must be read in its context of history.

This period of China's tumultuous experiences recalls Bishop Butler's speculative fancy that communities, like individuals, may pass through paroxysms of madness. From Chihli to Yunnan the Empire was torn with internal convulsions and distracted by the interference of great nations. Until 1895 China had resisted with considerable success the aggressive influences of Western civilisation. Notwithstanding the Opium Wars and the Treaties of 1842 and 1860 designed by foreign diplomatists to "open" China, the Middle Kingdom might have boasted that it was as yet impervious to assaults from without. Visitors from the West were opprobriously designated "foreign devils." Their vaunted civilisation was estimated by the Chinese as a mechanical decoration of barbarism, or as a scientific culture void of "humanities." Ambassadors, consuls, and missionaries were regarded superciliously, though this contempt was edged with fear. The Western Powers were looked upon as mushroom growths : in comparison

with the enduring fabric of the Chinese Empire they were but the offspring of yesterday. This ignorant, prejudiced conservatism was encouraged by the Manchus. Years before this when General Gordon had saved the reigning dynasty from the Taiping rebellion, Dr. Legge, the translator of the Chinese Classics, thought that British interference was a huge political blunder. "The Manchus," he said, "are not worthy that we should interfere in their behalf. . . . I think that our attempt to bolster up the Manchu dynasty will be found a very thankless and uncertain undertaking." General Gordon's victories over the Taipings stiffened Manchu resistance to Western ideas for another forty years.

Many officials struggled against the incoming tide of progress, and for a time they seemed to be more successful than Canute had been. In 1877 when an attempt was made to construct a short railway between Shanghai and Woosung, the mob tore up the rails and the rolling-stock was dumped on the shores of Formosa. But in spite of this within four years the first telegraph cable was laid between Shanghai and Tientsin. Then Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of Chihli, sanctioned a railway from the Kaiping coalfield to the sea, and this line was soon afterwards extended to Tientsin. The tide was slowly creeping in. The powerful Viceroy swiftly suppressed those who sought to obstruct his will.

In 1894 Japan declared war against China and inflicted upon the Middle Kingdom such defeat as surprised and humiliated the Manchus. The Treaty of Shimonoseki was a shattering blow to China's inveterate pride. It was made plain to the most ignorant Tartar that something was wrong with the Empire. It only accentuated the humiliation that the Chinese had always thought scornfully of Japan as "a nation of dwarfs." This was the beginning of a series of foreign aggressions and diplomatic defeats for China which put an end to her ill-founded self-complacency. The whole nation was disturbed and anti-foreign feeling found stormy expression in riots and house burnings. But to all appearances the Son of Heaven sat securely on the Dragon Throne wielding absolute power.

About the time of Pollard's furlough an agitation for reform

began among a few educated Chinese who formed a Young China party. Several of the leading spirits had been trained in the Morrison School and other missionary institutions. Men like Tong King Sing and Sun Yat Sen had imbibed the principles of Western civilisation. Dr. Sun instituted a society to diffuse ideas of democratic freedom, but this attempt to found a republic for the province of Kwangtung proved abortive and he had to flee for his life.

Japan's victories disturbed the serenity of the palace, and the young Emperor, Kwang Su, became an advocate of reform. He saw that nothing but reformation could save his country from speedy disintegration. Unfortunately the Manchus were divided, and the Empress Dowager became the leader of the opposition. This division of forces in the palace was reflected in every province. Although it was a far cry from Peking to Chaotong, yet even there the missionaries were conscious of the new currents of life which were emanating from the reformers in the north. One could "sense" the political changes—the alternations of influence on the side of reform or reaction—week by week from the tone and attitude of visitors to the Mission house.

Kang Yu Wei, a bold and original thinker among the reformers, persuaded a group of Chinese scholars to sign a memorial to the Emperor on behalf of reform. The rapacity of the Western Powers lent force to the fears and warnings of these reformers that China would be lost unless salutary changes were quickly made. The Emperor and his counsellors knew that the Great Powers were ready to tear whole provinces away from him and that they were held back only by mutual jealousies. Russia protested against the cession of the Liaotung peninsula to Japan, and two years later wrested permission from China to winter her fleet in Port Arthur. The murder of two missionaries in Shantung afforded Germany a pretext for seizing Kiaochow. Great Britain acquired Wei-hai-wei and a piece of the mainland opposite Hong Kong. France extracted a concession near Tongking and aspired to snatch a considerable portion of Yunnan. As these demonstrations of the right of the strong over the weak were talked of among the Chinese the whole nation surged with

furious hatred of the so-called " Christian Powers," and the lives of missionaries were jeopardised.

Kwang Su was led to believe that Kang Yu Wei's policy was the only way to save the Empire. The result was a series of imperial proclamations which thrilled the entire nation with alternating hopes and fears. Little groups of reformers appeared in the provincial cities as well as in the capital talking vaguely of a " New China." Meanwhile masses of the populace were divided, or swung from one extreme to another. Gradually the Emperor's precipitancy in his reforming projects changed the inertia of the " old gang " into vigorous opposition. The powerful conservative *literati* were incensed at the proposals to do away with the classical essay examinations and to adopt a Western curriculum. As the reform policy took definite shape resistance hardened, and it became clear that the obstructionists must be swept out of the way before the necessary changes could be brought about. The Emperor and his advisers planned to dispose of Jung Lu, the friend of the Empress-Dowager, and to secure control of the Northern Army, while Tzu Hsi was to be imprisoned in the Summer Palace. The betrayal of these schemes by Yuan Shih K'ai put an abrupt end to the reform movement for a time. The Empress-Dowager acted speedily ; the Emperor was shut up and many of his counsellors were put to death.

This successful *coup d'état* intensified all the forces of reaction in every part of China. A flood of rumours concerning the designs of Europe against China was let loose and became the staple conversation in every market and tea-shop. Those who cherished sympathy with progressive ideas were silenced. It seemed as if the whole nation from the Empress-Dowager to the most ignorant and fanatical member of the Boxer Society went mad. The accumulated wrongs of fifty years were remembered and the nation gave itself over to an orgy of hate. In some of the provinces there were local quarrels and feuds ; in Szechuen, Yu-Man-Tze organised insurgents against the Roman Catholics, and in Yunnan feeling raged against the aggressions of the French. In this whirlwind of passion threats and warnings were given and attacks were foretold against the Protestant Mission at Chaotong. But all

these provincial currents were swept into the broad main flood of Boxerism. Blinded by her passionate anger against foreigners Tzu Hsi foolishly encouraged the Boxers till at length the madness culminated in the massacre of Christians, in the murder of the German Ambassador, and in the attacks upon the Legations in Peking.

It might have been imagined that the seeds of reform would have perished in this red tempest of flame and blood ; but it was not so ; the martyrs had not died in vain ; Kwang Su might remain a prisoner, but the reforms projected before 1898 were now made by the Empress-Dowager herself. The thoughts and feelings of this enigmatic, strong-minded woman, as with incredible swiftness she reversed all her Manchu policy of obstruction and sent out in the Emperor's name the reform-edicts which had led to his downfall, must be left to imagination. Immediately after the foreign troops entered Peking in 1900 pathetic yellow proclamations were posted throughout all the cities of the Empire in which the Emperor was made to acknowledge the nation's guilt before Heaven, and citizens were urged to show courtesy to foreigners. With the signing of peace in 1901 the Regency was re-established and Tzu Hsi began to make atonement for her encouragement of the forces of ignorance, superstition and hate. In 1904 she reissued the Emperor's edict to abolish the old method of examination and to encourage Western learning. A drastic revolution in the habits of the nation was decided upon when four hundred millions of subjects were informed that the use of opium must be annually reduced so that in ten years the opium traffic should altogether cease. Once again the principles of reform and the ideas of progress took root in China. Towards missions and missionaries the general attitude of the people changed, and there began a process of national renaissance which will take generations to work out. These happenings were not without their effect on the work of Pollard and his colleagues.

The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God, the Herdsman, goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet.¹

¹ W. B. Yeats.

*CHAPTER II**The First Furlough*

SEVEN years of missionary apprenticeship were ending and Pollard's thoughts were turning towards his homeland. Climate, hardships, and incessant toil had impaired his health, and yet furlough was looked upon as a change of work. "We are praying," he writes, "that God will prepare us for our journey home, and prepare our work at home for us." On Monday, December 3rd, 1894, Pollard and his family bade farewell to Tungch'uan and set out on their long journey to England. They reached Shanghai in the third week of January, 1895, and counted it not a small privilege to meet Hudson Taylor there, the founder of the China Inland Mission. They left Woosung on Friday, January 25th, reached Hong Kong in two and a half days, and by the beginning of March they were again in the homeland. Instead of proceeding at once to retrace his experiences as he went up and down the country on deputation work, let us turn our attention to his inward life of thought and emotion.

Pollard was primarily a man of action and at no period greatly given to theorizing. The motive-power of his life was his religious experience. He was as conscious of the presence and operation of Spiritual Powers as most of us are conscious of the light and heat of the sun. He felt, he knew, not with a fragment of his brain but with his entire being. To him it seemed that our individual lives are but little streamlets flowing, yet not lost, in a mighty ocean of spirit. Whilst indulging in no processes of abstract thought, he always looked upon Nature as the expression of the Infinite Mind of God. Had anyone inquired of him why he believed in God, he would probably have laughed like a child, and he might have replied that he found adequate proof in his own conscience and in the ordered universe of which he was a part; but in his response there would have been both absolute assurance and radiant happiness. We may account for such an attitude as this in part by his heredity and home-training. Both

his father and mother created in the home an atmosphere of faith and love.

With his spiritual ancestry and in such a home, we might have expected that in Pollard the religious experience would have begun and developed with the silence and certainty of the coming of dawn and the gradual growth of the day's fulness. But it was not so : his soul life passed through a series of emotional crises. In his own language he "gave his heart to God" at Chipstead, when he was eleven years of age. Throughout his subsequent career he looked back to this time as an epoch-making experience in his life. In his Journal on February 12th, 1894, is the entry : "The anniversary of my new birth. Thank God ! but oh, how little I seem to have grown in nineteen years !"

It may have been due to Pollard's childlikeness that he never outgrew the Jesus-worship which for many Christians ceases with adolescence. With the passing of youth most of us learn to interpret God through Jesus ; but in Pollard's case Jesus was his God. He gave assent to the traditional creed of evangelicalism, but he lived in the Gospels ; with vivid imaginative power he visualized the life of his Lord ; with intuitive sympathy he entered into the mind of the speaker of the Parables and of the Logia, and into the compassion which was the motive-force of the healing miracles. He dramatised the conversations of Jesus ; and he practised the presence of Jesus. His ideal of the Christian life resolved itself simply into obedience to Jesus. When the thought of the aborigines stirred him to pity and filled him with the longing to go among them, he writes : "If Jesus says 'Go,' I will go at once." He interpreted his own conscience as the voice of Jesus : the personal authority behind every moral imperative was the will of Jesus. For some it is impossible to interpret history, politics, and all the economic and social relationships of our modern world by this simple principle of faith in Jesus : but this is what Pollard did. The immediacy of the voice of Jesus in his own soul was the true secret of his life and of his amazing moral strength.

This love for Jesus gives us the key to his passionate philanthropy. He saw Jesus as the ideal—the ultimate cell—in every

man. The most degraded tribesman among the downtrodden and despised aborigines was his brother in Jesus. He never felt it hard to love the poor people who depended on him for spiritual enlightenment and encouragement. This profound feeling for suffering people was probably the inciting cause of his invectives against injustice. It was an education in strong language to hear his passionate tirades against the wickedness of the British Government's sanction of the Opium Traffic.

Pollard never repudiated his inherited, somewhat narrow, evangelical creed ; but as the years passed, he learned more and more to trust the promptings of his own inner life and was led beyond the range of dogmas. He was one of Christ's freemen, and traditional theology had but little to do with his ever-broadening activities ; he followed what he believed to be the Spirit of Jesus within his own soul. The life-force in him burst through all forms and creeds : he felt and acted upon the urge of a great compassion. He passed from his Bible lessons, to teach the people arithmetic, and also sought to interest them in the wonders of astronomy. All truth was God's truth for him. He knew that the best service he could render Jesus was to serve his fellow-men. In striving to win the people for Jesus, he humanised them, deepened their pleasures and cleansed their passions. He began his missionary life with an acceptance of the antithesis of nature and grace, but with deepening experience and a vision made dearer by love, he saw that the order of Nature is a part of Divine Providence, and that Nature cannot be interpreted as something unspiritual. Towards the end of his life, he would have hesitated to divide men by the rules of a church, he looked upon them all as the little ones of Jesus. No longer was Jesus somebody outside ; He was the indwelling force of righteousness in every man. Though Pollard passed through this spiritual emancipation and rejoiced in the freedom he found in Jesus, he probably never sought to intellectualise this experience into a new creed.

Having come back to England Pollard threw himself with characteristic abandon into the task of visiting the Bible Christian churches everywhere, and in kindling the missionary faith in the hearts of the people. Thus he was kept continuously preaching

and lecturing to little groups of Methodists all over the country. In his various visits he preached his favourite sermons over and over again. He preferred such texts as "Follow Me": "We would see Jesus": or he would reproduce his Chinese sermon on "The Prodigal." The style of his addresses was unconventional: he did not lay any solid foundation by expositions; rather was he content to relate the Gospel narrative and then make direct and cogent appeals to the conscience. He had a gift of summing up his thought in arresting phrases which clung to memory, and he would surprise his hearers by swift turns of thought which often stirred deep emotion. He spoke out of his own life with an art which nature taught him. Two of his most popular lectures were entitled: "The Humour and Pathos of Missionary Life," and "Pigtails and Lily Feet." Into these he poured his first-hand knowledge of Chinese life and succeeded in gripping the interest and in kindling the imagination of his audiences. Wherever he went the people were stirred to new enthusiasm. The beautiful life of his father was so well known throughout the denomination that it threw a halo around the son. In his Journal he writes: "I preached at Medrose in the afternoon to a large audience. At night . . . there was no standing room for all the people. They came for dad's sake. . . . The crowds were inside the communion and rostrum stairs: they filled the lobby and many went away because there was no room." One woman at another place expressed the feeling of many by saying: "I would have come to hear him for his father's sake even if it had been necessary for me to crawl on hands and knees."

In order to arouse curiosity he would preach and speak in Chinese dress and sometimes occasioned perplexity in the minds of children. At Bugle in Cornwall he overheard a discussion between two little maidens: "Es 'e a man? or es 'e a woman?" asked one, and the other replied: "I cean't tell you." While Pollard fully enjoyed the success of these visits, he chivalrously bestows the palm upon his wife as an attractive and effective advocate of missions. He never indulged in pious generalities: he always set some definite object before his audiences. At one

school he asked for a collection for medicines : at Barry he pleaded for the building of another chapel in the Yunnan Mission and at the close one of his hearers told him that he would give the money for this purpose. He records this and says : " It is to be done in the next twelve months. Thank God for this. It is a clear sign that Yunnan Fu must be opened soon."

" Save the world ! " he exclaimed in the address. " Does Jesus mean this to be done ? Once let us know that Jesus means this to be done and the Church will be able to do it. Jesus is not a crank, not a visionary : He is full of common sense. The world has not yet tried His Gospel ; but it will."¹

" Why do you put the stigma of ' foreign ' on me ? " he once protested publicly. " Is it because I go to some place that is not ' home ' to you ? It is ' home ' to me. It is ' home ' to Jesus. There is no spot on earth which can be called ' foreign ' to Him ; it is all His—part of His personal inheritance. He has made the world His home. If you call us ' foreign ' missionaries, you place us on a different footing from your home ministers. Then we are called ' foreigners ' in the lands where we carry on our work. ' Foreigners ' everywhere ! Outcasts ! Undesirable aliens ! We share reproach of Jesus. . . . Nevertheless we are His home-missionaries ; for it is His land we go to : we are saving His children, enjoying His love. There is nothing ' foreign ' in the whole wide world to Him—except sin."

As the time of his furlough drew towards its close, there came to him the report of the Annual Meeting held at Chaotong which showed some results of his self-sacrificing work, and also revealed that the standard he had set was being worthily sustained by the other missionaries. " The year 1895 has been the most fruitful in spiritual results yet known in our Bible Christian Mission in Yunnan. At Tungch'uan thirteen adults and two children have been received into the Church by baptism. At Chaotong four others were admitted, so that we have a total increase of nineteen for the year." The missionaries requested the Conference to reappoint Mr. Pollard as Superintendent of the Mission. They

¹ One thinks of the " China for Christ " movement taken up by the Chinese in 1919.

also looked forward to his return, and arranged that upon his arrival the next Annual Meeting should be held at Tungch'uan. As the thought of returning more and more filled his mind, he sought to qualify himself still further for missionary service. In his Journal he has this entry : " On Monday, July 13th, 1896, I went to Clifton and stayed two days with Mr. Turner, who gave me instruction in teeth-drawing. Three times I went to the infirmary and received help from Dr. Acland, the dental surgeon there. It was a treat to see the scores of men, women, and children relieved of suffering. . . . Once I went to the hospital and got two extractions. I made six attempts : the first two were failures : the last four I succeeded in getting out. At first I was very nervous. Mr. Turner was exceedingly kind."

CHAPTER III

A Runlet of Sweet Water in a Salt Sea

WHEN Pollard first offered for China he was drawn by the dream of adventure and the anticipation of swift success. But in going a second time he understood the drab realities of missionary life : no haze of romance softened the hard outlines of fact : he knew what it meant, and at his valedictory meeting in London, on November 5th, 1896, he said : " We expect difficulties ; we shall be disappointed if we do not get them ; but difficulties only show us the size of Christ's love." He was encouraged, however, by the fact that he was to be accompanied by two fresh missionaries—Miss Howe and the present writer. The weeks spent on the Yangtsze were for the newcomers a rapture of adventure ; but for Pollard, with his vivid remembrance of the wreck he had sustained years before, the river journey was a sort of hideous nightmare. However, all dangers were surmounted and they reached the upper stream safely in March, 1897.

At Chungking Pollard suffered a recurrence of heart trouble, which made the Dymonds, whom he met there, apprehensive for his health during the rest of the journey. But he would allow

nothing to postpone his start for Yunnan. The night before we reached Chaotong, at a place a hundred li (3 li=1 mile) from that city, the Pollards discovered that their little boy had measles, and this subdued the elation of his father at getting back again to his Chinese home.

However, the journey was not ended for Pollard and me, as we had to travel five days farther south to Tungch'uan where the Annual Meeting was to appoint the missionaries to their several stations. During Pollard's furlough the mission-staff had been augmented by the arrival of Mr. Hicks and Dr. Lewis Savin. Pollard was at that time Superintendent of the Mission, and though he was by no means averse from holding this office, it may have brought him more anxiety than pleasure. He often expressed the wish that an older minister might be sent out to take charge of the Mission. He himself was constitutionally somewhat of a free lance, and as the years passed his love of independence grew and we all saw that he could have worked better had he been unfettered. He was a magnificent pioneer, an adventurous explorer, preferring to open his own sphere of work rather than build upon other men's foundations. In the course of his missionary career he achieved great things, but had he been adequately supported by a committee with ampler resources of wealth and men, Pollard's work might have been immeasurably richer. The Annual Meeting appointed him to the pastorate of the church at Chaotong, to which city he returned in three days on horseback.

As a husband and father, and as Superintendent of the Mission, he was now more or less responsible for the health of his family and the other missionaries, and was swift to recognise the need of a sanatorium. He therefore collected money from friends at home and purchased a piece of land on a hill about ten miles from Chaotong, where he began to build a bungalow which, when completed, became the rest-house of the Mission.

Pollard was always sensitive to changes in his environment, and ever ready to readjust his methods of working to new conditions. He had an agile mind with a capacity for assimilating ideas, and till the end of his life retained a teachable spirit. The

great pity for the poor and distressed people which had been so prominent in the first term of his service in China never changed ; but he now began to show greater keenness to cultivate friendly acquaintance with mandarins and folk of social influence. An acute Chinese observer says of him at this period : " He turned his attention to the scholars of Yunnan and sought to win their acceptance of the Gospel. He managed to get books written in a good Chinese literary style from the Christian Literature Society, and these he gave to the students who came for the triennial examinations. . . . Over and above the work of preaching and of running an elementary school, he became the purveyor of Western books and Chinese newspapers by which means he sought to open men's minds. He also wrote dissertations on natural phenomena and sought to disseminate truer ideas of science and of Christianity. He aroused the interest of citizens by using lantern-pictures in preaching. As a result of these various kinds of propaganda and of the manifested kindness he felt for the people, there were many who, though they could not believe in the message he preached, yet believed in him, and looked upon him as an interesting personality with whom they were willing to cultivate friendly acquaintance."¹

Pollard's missionary activities were like a pure fresh spring ever flowing in the midst of the muddy waters of city life. As I think of those busy years there occurs to my mind an image drawn from surroundings remote indeed from that West China city, but which affords a fitting illustration of his gracious helpful ministry. Sitting once on a hill in Jersey and looking over St. Brelade's Bay I saw the waters ebb until the rocks and horse-shoe stretch of yellow sand were left bare, and presently some quaintly attired women trudged across with buckets in their hands, and when far out filled them with water and returned talking as they passed me in their peculiar patois. I wondered why they had not got their water when the tide was right up and so have saved their labour. Being curious, I went to the spot whence they had filled their buckets and there I found a little runlet of fresh water gurgling and flowing, where an hour since the salt

¹ Letter by Mr. Stephen Lee, trans. by Rev. F. J. Dymond.

sea had been full. That little runlet of sweet, crystal water bubbling up in the midst of the sea images the freshness and pure grace of Pollard's many-sided, sparkling evangelism amid the crowded, sordid, bitter sea of life in Chaotong. That restless sea was stirred with wildest rumours and anti-foreign prejudices, by heavings of panic, hatred, suspicions, and menacing eddies of foul falsehoods ; yet all the time this little rivulet of truth and philanthropy bubbled up and flowed out into the surrounding life of poverty, misery, and sin.

This ministry of teaching, healing and life-saving, made an impression upon all classes. There were some who still hated the missionaries and cursed them aloud as they passed through the streets ; but there were others who believed in the disinterested goodness of Pollard and his colleagues and sought to show them favour. Among the latter class were the mandarins. In 1897 the city magistrate, Mr. Hwa, a vigorous and firm ruler, openly showed his friendship for Pollard. The prefect also, whose rule extended over the whole prefecture of Chaotong, was glad to serve the missionaries. Some silver had been stolen from the mission in transit between Sui Fu and Chaotong ; Pollard sought counsel and help from the prefect, and he at once promised that the money should be restored and the thieves punished. Having ended this matter the prefect detained Pollard and began to ask for information about Germany's high-handed seizure of Kiaochow. With the aid of maps Pollard helped his host to appreciate the full significance of Germany's claim—the barbarians' menace of the " mailed fist."

Pollard felt that it was not enough to carry on a ministry of healing, what was needed was to pour into China a constant stream of truth. Behind the misery and sin of the city was ignorance—a sea of gross and putrid superstitions. He thought of religion, science, poetry, moral philosophy, mechanics, industry and trade as the rainbow spectrum of the manifold truth of life. He preached Christ as the World's Light ; but that white radiance broke into many colours, and men might come to the source of truth by following any single ray. He wrote tracts in Chinese upon aspects of the Christian faith and also upon the

teachings of Western science. In 1898 the Chinese were anticipating the coming eclipse of the sun. The popular superstition concerning this phenomenon was that a heavenly dog ate the sun, and that he had to be frightened or persuaded to restore it to its place in the sky. The eclipse was also looked upon as an augury of disasters which were threatening China. Pollard determined to write a simple explanation and issue it broadcast. It was written with the assistance of a Chinese teacher in a very simple style and then hundreds of copies were printed from a wooden block. When distributing these leaflets in a crowded market-place we had to clamber upon a table to escape being trodden down by the eager throng. This attempt to give a reasoned account of the eclipse from the standpoint of Western science made a favourable impression upon the better-educated people. It was another jet of truth flung into a vast sea of ignorance. Whether the mandarins accepted this explanation or not, they had to go through the prescribed ritual for saving the sun. On the day of the eclipse Pollard and his friends went to the *yamen* to witness the ceremony. All the officials of the city were assembled in their gorgeous robes, and in the presence of an excited multitude the prayers and prostrations required were gone through amid the hullabaloo of horns and the crash of gongs. And once again the scared people were grateful for the rescue of the sun.

Pollard had sent the tract on the eclipse to the prefect as an act of courtesy, and it doubtless strengthened this mandarin's respect and friendship for him. The promise that the stolen silver should be restored was fulfilled, and the two thieves were sent in chains to the Mission house for us to see that due punishment had been meted out. The growth of esteem and trust between the mandarin and the missionary made Pollard extremely sorry when the prefect announced his appointment to another district. He advised Pollard to make an early call upon his successor and promised to pave the way for him. As soon as the new prefect came he at once opened the interchange of courtesies by leaving his card for Pollard. At his request Pollard went to the *yamen* to photograph his family; and he says that on this occasion "the ladies were dressed up in gorgeous fashion and

looked very nice indeed. The old man and his sons were exceedingly kind to me." Pollard was thus able to preach to the sons and guests who gathered in the *yamen*. This friendship gave the missionary greater social influence at Chaotong, and perhaps secured protection for the Mission in later days.

At this period the Mission had stations at Yunnan Fu, Tungch'uan, and Chaotong. Dr. Savin, after some months of language-study at Chaotong and Tungch'uan, removed to the capital. At a later time he settled at Chaotong and became known over an area of hundreds of miles to Chinese, aborigines, and Mohammedans alike as "the good doctor." By his medical skill and self-denying life, he gained the esteem and affection of thousands. Glad, indeed, were the Pollards when he arrived at Chaotong to attend Mrs. Pollard in her confinement. The record in the Journal is briefly expressed: "On July 17th, 1898, at 12.20 a.m. Sunday, Bertram was born. Dr. Savin was a great comfort to us. . . . A few days afterwards I weighed the baby and found he was just over nine pounds."

About this time Pollard's assistance was asked by his former tutor, Mr. F. W. Baller, in the preparation of a Chinese classical dictionary. As he was in need of a change, Pollard went to the lonesome bungalow among the hills with his little son, Sammie, for quiet study. A few sentences extracted from his Journal show how these days of rest were spent. "In six days I did fifty-six leaves of the Analects. On Sunday I read 'Ecce Homo'; I enjoyed it though I disagreed with it. In five days I had done the second half of the Analects—seventy-nine leaves—I have finished: I hope my work will be of some help to Mr. Baller."

While the city officials showed respect for Pollard, the converts to Christianity were few, but now there came to the Mission a young inquirer who, in subsequent years, contributed more than any other Chinese in the work of establishing a Christian church at Chaotong. Mr. Stephen Lee, a Chinese student, was first attracted by the reputation of Dr. Savin as a healer. When the doctor was removed to Tungch'uan, Mr. Lee sought advice and assistance from Mr. Pollard.

This acquaintance with Pollard was in every way most fortunate.

It is difficult even for missionaries to overcome the barrier of race and enter upon a friendship of personal equality with their converts. But Pollard knew no such difficulty, for him neither language nor race constituted a barrier. His love for Stephen Lee was as Jonathan's for David, and no account of Pollard's life would be complete without some notice of this friendship. "A few months ago," Pollard writes, "a student belonging to a family in good circumstances came to us in distress about his sins. It is so unusual to find a Chinaman willing even to confess he has any sin, that this young man's case caused us great interest and joy. The struggle he had was a long one, and many were his ups and downs. At length he got the light wished for . . . and now he gives evidence of his communion with Jesus."

As Mr. Lee's home was outside the city the closing of the gate at evening prevented him from attending the classes at the Mission house, so it was arranged that he should have a bedroom in the compound. As Andrew brought Simon to his Master, so Stephen brought his elder brother, who was a literary graduate, to Pollard, and gradually, overcoming all obstacles, he brought the whole family to the church. It is interesting to have Mr. Lee's own account of these events.

"Seeing Mr. Pollard's deeds and hearing his speech, I judged that we had in China one who was unique. As I learned to know him I greatly admired the spirit that was in him: it was almost like seeing one of our sages reincarnated. After leading my elder brother into the church, we discussed with Mr. Pollard the whole question of education, and the result was that the Mission school was transformed. It became the fountain-head of Western learning in the province of Yunnan. Mr. Pollard taught arithmetic, geography, music, and drill, whilst all other schools remained in the old ruts and our scholars continued to dream. The Western teacher looked upon my brother and me as his hands and feet. We loved each other with virtue and courtesy." The Mission unfortunately had neither staff nor equipment for a good middle school. But Pollard had the most important gift of multiplying his own personality: he inspired and directed these two brothers so that they were able to act for him. Of Mr. Lee's

sisters Pollard says : " Three young sisters of the Lee family, with bright and intelligent faces, came last Sunday with a written request to Miss Bush desiring her ' lovingly to care for them ' and teach them all about Jesus."

Imperial edicts issued at this time changing the curriculum for Government examinations filled the whole nation with unrest. Zeal for the new learning alternated with dread of all change. On the one side were a group of earnest reformers ; on the other stood a solid block of *litterati* of the old order ; and day by day the antagonisms grew more sharply defined. Within this national struggle for intellectual, political, and social emancipation and progress, lesser movements and local upheavals were going on. In West China a Mantsi rebel, who had been a coal miner, was organising revolt. He had captured a Roman Catholic priest and kept him prisoner for months. This rebel issued proclamations of his intention to march through the cities of China and destroy all Christians. Chaotong was rife with rumours. Pollard was advised to flee as Yu Mantsi would enter the city in five days. The citizens grew too fearful to attend the services of the church. In his Journal for Sunday, October 23rd, 1898, Pollard writes : " The latest rumour is that the Brigadier-General and the prefect have taken counsel together and have sent up a minute on the Romanists and ourselves to the Viceroy, asking permission to slay all the Christians at Chaotong. It is strange, however, that this very day the mandarin's clerk sent over to us for a little milk."

But though the city was pulsing with feverish excitements, Pollard and his helpers steadily pursued their daily activities. Two Chinese Christians were sent out to evangelise the villages. When the alarms and fears became most acute Pollard began a weekly prayer meeting. Mr. John Lee said this new institution came as an answer to his own prayers, for he had been sadly puzzled about this duty of prayer. It was reported to the missionaries that hundreds of men in league with the rebels had sworn an oath, and confirmed it with the solemn rite of drinking blood, that they would not rest till the Christians were exterminated. A notice was affixed to the doors of the mission announcing that

the twenty-ninth day of the month had been set apart for killing the missionaries. "The twenty-ninth came: the big doors were kept open as usual and as late as on other days. A great quiet came over the city for a short time, which was broken later by the incessant firing of crackers and the barking of dogs. Unknown to us, soldiers were keeping special guard in the neighbourhood, and the officer in charge, a friend of ours, had no sleep that night. I did not get much either. I should have felt better if I could have slept as quietly as the children. They somehow manage to get the best of life, and though we have all been children we have lost the secret. Shall we ever regain it? . . . The morning broke with warm clear sunshine, and at eight o'clock the prefect called to wish us the Chinese equivalent of a Happy New Year."

"In the midst of all this unrest," he writes (Chaotong, February 16th, 1899), "we were well, happy and scarcely disturbed in our spirits at all. We have felt sure God is with us." And so the crystal spring of truth and pity flowed continuously into that bitter sea of unrest. "Our new year's mail brought news of the murder of two more missionaries, and advice from a friend down the river to make preparations for flight. 'In nothing terrified by your adversaries which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God.' I hear my bonnie boy outside laughing heartily and my wife singing at the organ. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER IV

The Boxer Storm

OWING to the disturbed state of China the eleventh Annual Meeting was not held until April in 1899. The reports from the three stations presented at Tungch'uan were disappointing. The widespread unrest of the people, and the lack of suitable premises at the capital, had checked the effectiveness of operations there. Pollard always regarded Yunnan Fu with longing eyes, but the failure of the year's work in that city taught him that, to establish a successful mission there, it was necessary to have a good school

with a trained educationist at its head, and also a hospital with an efficient staff under an able doctor. He was impatient and resentful at the Committee's inability to provide for the situation.

Disheartened and anxious Pollard hurried back to Chaotong in three days, galloping forty-six miles on the Saturday. On the following Monday, May 1st, Lieutenant Watts-Jones, of the Burma-Yunnan Railway Survey Commission, reached the city and became his guest. "In consequence of a request from a friend in England we invited the lieutenant to stay with us, and did all we could to make his stay comfortable. Travellers have been fairly plentiful in Yunnan, but this time Watts-Jones's black cook, de Souza, created a sensation." Pollard thought to improve the occasion by introducing the negro to the school and so giving a practical illustration of geography and ethnology. On Tuesday Watts-Jones and his long train of mules and men left in search of a practicable route for the iron-road between Chaotong and Sui Fu. Four days later the wild rumour filled the city that the Pollards were harbouring a black cannibal who was eating little children. Hundreds of excited people crowded around the Mission house. One citizen of some standing was heard to utter a threat that he would kill our gatekeeper, and a few evenings later an attempt was made to assassinate him, and Pollard had to seek the intervention of the mandarin.

In 1899 he foresaw a partial failure of the crops on the Chaotong plain, and in his concern for the poor he asked the prefect to issue a proclamation urging the people to grow wheat, beans, and maize, instead of the poppy. The official was not too proud to accept this counsel: Pollard says: "He issued proclamations all over the district. Thank God for this victory!" His forebodings were realised and in the autumn of 1899 the prices of foodstuffs were multiplied two or three times. And yet the harvest thanksgiving services in the Mission chapel were the best they had ever known. The Chinese Christians begged the gifts and decorated the chapel, and the offerings doubled those of previous years. Three sermons were preached by the Chinese Christians. "Just as the service ended Sie Han Lin, the chief professor of the Chinese College, and the head of the City

Charity Organisation, came in with two friends. This gentleman gave in his name as a regular subscriber to the Magazine Club, and he ordered several maps."

Ancestor worship was the most real thing in the religious practices of China. Some of the better-educated and more enlightened Chinese felt it was politic to acquiesce in Buddhist and Taoist rites, while in their hearts they held these superstitions in contempt; but their regard for the canon of filial piety and their worship of ancestral spirits were of genuine faith mingled with fear. It was this conviction and sentiment which vitalised the superstitions they practised. These follies were closely bound up with the common life, and it was most difficult for Chinese Christians to free themselves from such entanglements. Attempts to abandon the customs of their fathers aroused suspicion against the converts as unfilial and unsocial. About this time one of Pollard's teachers, an intimate friend, was drawn into taking part in some idolatrous ceremonies. Both the young fellow and the missionary were vexed about this obeisance in the house of Rimmon. This explains the conclusion of Pollard's narration of the incident: "On Sunday last, after much prayer and thought at the Sacrament I gave a straight talk for an hour on the matter. The Lord helped me much: they all seemed moved." But he knew it was not enough to denounce these practices, so, eliminating the grosser elements from the rites of ancestor-worship, he infused into them a Christian idea making them services of commemoration. He was not there to destroy, but to construct.

One day Lee San-ie lost his little son, and both parents were broken-hearted. "One thing," says Pollard, "we rejoiced in, they had not thrown the body away as non-Christian Chinese would have done. They wished me to conduct a Christian burial. One great objection Confucianists raise against our religion is that we do not reverence the dead. But if we do not worship the aged dead, we care for the dead children. A proper burial for little ones is among the many things Christianity is establishing in China. . . . After the service we removed all the idols from the house and burnt them. . . . The next day Lee San-ie came for hymn-books so that he could worship daily in his home."

All this time rumblings of a threatening storm were heard. The Chinese people were indignantly resentful at the treatment they received at the hands of the Western Powers. The humiliating defeat inflicted upon China by Japan had revealed the absolute weakness of the Middle Kingdom when confronted by modern militarism. The nations of Europe forthwith threw justice and equity to the winds, and their lawlessness served only to fan the fire of hate which the Chinese felt towards all foreigners. In Yunnan there were local troubles occasioned by the aggressive designs of France to secure a predominant influence at Yunnan Fu from whence she could take steps to obtain a still greater objective—Szechuen—in the event of the break-up of China. It is not surprising that at such a time the Chinese should oppose the project of building a French railway from Tongking to Yunnan Fu. On one occasion a French Commission, including a consul, railway commissioner, and secretaries, were driven out of a temple which they had rented by an excited and angry populace.

Once more the mutterings of the coming storm died down and during the lull Pollard pursued his missionary work more zealously than ever, and the Chinese officials showed him increasing friendliness. An important guild at Chaotong—a mutual help society—invited him to one of their feasts at a temple in the city. One Sunday the new prefect asked him to come over to his *yamen*, but Pollard sent a message to say that he could not hire a sedan chair on that sacred day, and he was afraid that the mandarin might regard it as showing a lack of respect if he should visit him without ceremony. The prefect sent to say he did not mind his walking and would not deem a visit made in that way any discourtesy. Pollard went at once and had an interesting conversation, at the close of which the mandarin escorted him to the street. He had lived in Japan for three years and said that it had made him realise China's backwardness : he was ashamed of the dirty streets and would like to make improvements.

Besides these official courtesies, Pollard received tokens from the citizens that his good work was not unappreciated. The schoolboys one day brought a handsome gift of fowls, sugar, flour, and all kinds of provisions which had been subscribed

for by their parents. He gave half of the present to the school-master, Mr. John Lee, B.A. Pollard established a preachers' class and soon found out that he had apt pupils. Some of the sermons prepared by them he considered as good as any preached in England. But one of the evangelists made the confession that his reiteration of the Gospel story on the streets had elicited the criticism that he always served up the same dish, either "bean-curd fried with liver, or liver fried with bean-curd." In a score of ways his own and his colleagues' self-denying labours were making favourable impressions upon many people. One man brought him his silver to guard while he went a journey : he trusted the foreigner in preference to his own relatives. The missionary's children were interesting to the Chinese and made them feel Pollard's common humanity. The eldest boy excited keen amusement one Sunday by insisting that the woman who helped Mrs. Pollard ought not to sew on that holy day, and when the woman laid down her needlework, the boy said : " Now come with me and we will get sticks and flail out the beans." Indeed the flourishing state of Bertram incited the barber to wager that the father could not carry " that fat baby " round the city wall without stopping ; if he performed this feat then the barber would give him two basins of tapioca, but if he failed, then Pollard should buy two basins for him.

Pollard took advantage of the interval of quiet which preceded the storm to make two preaching tours, one to Lu-Tien-Cheo, and the other to Ko-K'uei. This was at the end of the year 1899. He and his companions preached at all the markets on the way, and entered into converse with all sorts of people—coolies, tradesmen, and scholars. At a place called Kiu-Fu he was interested in observing that, unlike the Chinese in all other places, the inhabitants there had brown eyes and sandy whiskers.

Of another place he writes : " At night several came in and we sang and played the concertina and talked for hours. . . . One young fellow had a Chinese musical instrument (*ri-hu*) which he played splendidly. He played one tune which makes the new brides cry on leaving their homes by the Yangtsze to be married. He played it so feelingly that the tears began to gather

in my eyes. I quite believe that women could be moved to weep by such playing."

On June 14th, 1900, a special messenger arrived at the bungalow from Weining. "I said it was either peace in South Africa, or a riot in Yunnan. Mrs. Pollard said: 'a riot.' It was so: on Sunday, June 10th, there had been a great riot at Yunnan Fu, and the homes of the Dymonds, Savins, and Hardings had been looted; but their lives were safe."

At last the storm had burst—a more terrible and more dangerous tornado of human passions than the Pollards knew at the time. From end to end of China the hurricane of wrath raged, one great tempest involving the whole empire, while within its gloomy folds smaller local upheavals were happening. The Emperor's precipitancy offended the pride and conservatism of high mandarins. He was betrayed (*see* p. 96) by Yuan Shih K'ai, the Empress-Dowager snatched the power from his hands, and many of the reformers were executed. In her fanatical rage, the Empress-Dowager made a fatal alliance with the mob, giving her sanction to the formation of volunteer associations throughout the Empire. Duplicity is the weapon of conscious weakness, and at first the Empress-Dowager camouflaged her patronage of the Boxers by a pretence of benevolence towards Christians and their enemies alike. But all disguises were soon thrown aside; the Boxers were encouraged to kill the Christians in Shantung and Shansi; Imperial edicts against Europeans were issued in quick succession; and the Empress-Dowager, calling a Grand Council, declared her determination to make war against all foreigners in China. Edicts were sent to the eighteen Provinces that foreigners should be killed. Fortunately for the Yunnan Mission the viceroys of the three southern provinces were men of larger knowledge and better judgment than most Chinese officials, and foreseeing the failure of this frenzied revenge and the terrible reckoning that must follow, they, greatly daring, changed the word "kill" in the edict to "protect," and sought to restrain the passions of the mobs.

At Yunnan Fu, in the month of May, the French consul-general accompanied by several Frenchmen and a number of

Annamese soldiers, were stopped as they were entering the city because they brought with them a large quantity of arms. The French party in their irritation threatened to shoot the Chinese officials if they interfered with them. This outrage aroused the wildest passions throughout the province. Many of the people expressed their determination to resist the French, as they would never become their slaves. The tempest broke on Sunday, June 10th. At the noonday service Mr. Dymond had preached from the text, "For if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens," and, as Mr. Dymond afterwards said, "a dissolution was not far away." Suddenly in the afternoon the Dymonds heard the yells of an infuriated mob as they began smashing a new building which the French were putting up. The missionaries decided to make their escape to the nearest *yamen* while they could. The houses of Mr. Dymond and Dr. Savin were speedily destroyed and the missionaries of the China Inland Mission suffered in the same way. Standing in the *yamen* courtyard they saw the flames leaping from the old Roman Catholic Church and heard the delighted roars of the Chinese. Sixteen days passed before they ventured on the streets, and then as soon as they showed themselves the people grew angry and threatening. All the Frenchmen had left the city, why were these English remaining? Their patriotic Chinese had shot the German ambassador at Peking, what hindered them from killing "these wretched missionaries"? At last they were marched out of Yunnan under a strong military escort as the Governor was afraid he might not be able to restrain the violence of the excited populace.

Kindred passions were stirred in all the cities where missionaries were living in Yunnan. The indiscriminate massacres of Christians and missionaries in the north were spoken of as victories over the foreigners. Telegrams from Yunnan Fu informed them that the French consul had ordered all missionaries to leave the province. Pollard inquired of the British consul at Chungking if this applied to the English and the answer came "Applicable universally." He then called all the Christians

together and told them that they were ordered to leave for the coast. He appointed Messrs Yen and Lee—the evangelist and the teacher—to take charge of the Mission while he was away. One very remarkable thing at this juncture was that sixteen of Pollard's catechumens asked for baptism before he left.

At Tungh'uan the Pollards were joined by Mrs. Thorne, and after two days' halt they bade farewell to those who remained at this city, feeling more anxious for them than for themselves. The mandarins gave them an escort of ten men ; but at Sintien a company of fifty soldiers met them with orders to guide them safely out of the province. They travelled for a whole month over rough, dangerous roads, passing through towns where the people were often angry at their presence. On August 3rd a sudden storm of rain filled the mountain gullies with tumultuous torrents, and one of the soldiers who marched with them was swept away and drowned. At A-mi-chow Bertram Pollard became very ill and was delirious all night, and they had to wait a week at this town till the child was well again. At Lao-kai they embarked on a steamer going down the Red River. The boat was crowded with Annamese soldiers who impressed Pollard as far inferior in physique to the Chinese. They were all very thankful to reach Hong Kong on September 6th ; but were horrified at the news they received of the fate of many missionaries and Christians in other parts of China.

One of Pollard's first acts after reaching a place of safety was to write a letter to the Home Committee urging upon them the policy of reopening work at Yunnan Fu as soon as they should be allowed to return. He feared lest the events which had happened might extinguish the missionary enthusiasm of the churches in England. He believed that the storm of hate against foreigners would leave a clearer atmosphere behind and that, in spite of the temporary check, the work of reformation would go on in China. As soon as the pressure of anxiety was lifted, he regained his optimism, for behind the wrack of tempest he discerned a glorious apocalypse of a new and progressive China.

*CHAPTER V***His Sojourn at Shanghai**

SHANGHAI, on the Hwangpu, was one of the five treaty ports opened in 1842 to the trade of the world in compliance with the demands of the British Government. By the end of the nineteenth century it had grown to be the most important port in China. It is one of the vital points of contact between East and West. Besides the Chinese city there is a foreign settlement which is one of the most cosmopolitan communities in the East. During the Boxer troubles missionaries from all parts of China crowded into Shanghai as their City of Refuge. Arriving here from Hong Kong towards the end of September Pollard after great difficulty found a jerry-built house in the Model Settlement which he rented at forty taels a month, or about seventy pounds a year.

At Shanghai, as at Yunnan Fu, or Chaotong, he was constrained to join those who were working for the enlightenment and Christianising of the Chinese. "The Christian Mission of America," he writes, "formerly called Campbellites, opened a preaching Hall for Mandarin speakers on the Foochow Road, one of the largest, most disreputable, and most patronised streets of Shanghai. A large number of people around there speak the Mandarin dialect, and so can understand us. We were asked to help, and gladly did so. Crowds gather every night, and they will stay as late as eleven o'clock, listening to as many as four or five different speakers. The work we have been doing with the others has attracted the attention of some of the Shanghai resident foreigners and Chinese, and an effort is being made to ensure its permanence. The Union Church is willing to co-operate in the matter, and it is likely that one of the American missionaries will be set apart for work among the Mandarin-speaking citizens. To have helped in any way in bringing about this desirable end is one compensation for our banishment from Yunnan."

When he became an eye-witness of the open shame of

Shanghai, and saw young girls, some little more than children, carried in open chairs through the Foochow Road at night, and knew that these were the victims of men's lusts, he could not restrain his indignation ; and wrote (January 28th, 1901) to the *North China Daily News* a letter headed " For Her Sake " (i.e., Queen Victoria's who had just died) from which the following extract is made :

Being compelled by the Boxer movement to reside for a few months at Shanghai, a few of us have taken up mission work in the Foochow Road. A large number of people in that neighbourhood speak Mandarin, and it has been found quite possible to preach to them in that tongue. That neighbourhood at night is a sight to touch the heart of anyone who has a mother or a daughter. The street is so crowded that it is with difficulty one can get along. One of the strangest sights is to see young girls, thirteen or fourteen years of age, dressed in the richest clothes, carried on the shoulders of men, and followed always by a woman who has charge of, and often owns the young girl. Scores and hundreds of women and girls, each in charge of a keeper, tout for customers, and woe betide those who fail to earn money for the dragons who own them and keep them in slavery !

In this Shanghai where English men and women love the memory of our great Queen, these young girls are compelled to a life of slavery and shame, often by the branding of hot irons. Literally burned into a hell by foul fiends who make wealth on the lives of these children. Think of that, you English women, and weep ! Think of that, you English men, and feel the blood tingle in all your veins, as the memory of the great Queen calls you to new deeds of chivalry and compassion !

What can be done ? First and simplest, this open touting and display on the streets and in the public tea-shops should be stopped. A punishment should be inflicted for each infraction of the rule, not on the culprit if she is young, but on the person, man or woman, who owns or farms out the poor girl. These old hags who disgrace so many of our public streets by accosting Chinese and foreigners should have their infamous public trade stopped at once. This would sweeten the streets of this great settlement and considerably lessen the present gigantic trade in the lives of young children.

Seared with hot irons and compelled to a life of shame that

men and women like ghouls may fatten on their earnings ! Oh the shame, the pity of it all !

The Bishop of Mid-China, a brother of the late Bishop Moule of Durham, at once wrote in support of this "unanswerable letter of the refugee-missionary," adding his testimony to the accuracy of Pollard's account of the condition of Foochow Road in "the wee short hours ayont the twal," which he characterised as "not only an offence against decency, but against humanity as well." The following Sunday, another bishop in the Cathedral at Shanghai "referred to these letters and added all the weight of his position on the right side." Then a Swedish missionary who had escaped from Shansi made a terrible indictment of the Shanghai Municipal Council. Pollard says : "It is not at all uncommon for parents to mortgage a daughter for two years—from sixteen to eighteen years of age. A case occurred a few months ago at Shanghai where the girl ran away and was rescued."

This strong chivalrous humanity in Pollard was the main root of his judgments and conduct. He never could resist the appeal of weakness. Again and again he defied danger that he might rescue children from death, or from things worse than death. His Journal shows how often he grieved at the sufferings of his little friends. This vehemence of moral emotion gave tremendous driving-force to his undertakings. Doubtless he often erred in judgment, and wrote and said things which offended even his friends. But when we survey his whole life-work such mistakes are a trifle compared with the positive achievements for good. An instance of his rashness, of a sort of headlong deliverance upon subjects he had not mastered, was shown in a published letter in which he brusquely condemned as "dirty money" the munificent gifts of a millionaire. He knew little of the vast and intricate problems of Capital and Labour, but he had a compelling sympathy for the "under-dog."

Frequently he blunted the edge of his own argument against the opium traffic by the violence of his invective. But Pollard lived in Yunnan where he saw the frightful ravages caused by opium every day of his life. Men who have been face to face with the most

terrible consequences of a shameful crime inflicted by one race upon another cannot speak with the cool precision of statisticians. Pollard was repeatedly told when preaching the Gospel: "You foreigners brought this evil upon us." Someone said to him once: "Take away your opium and then talk of your Jesus." One of the honourable things in Lord Morley's administration at the India Office was that he made real sacrifices to bring the baneful traffic to an end. The history of the Opium question shows that British statesmen lacked courage to apply moral principles to problems which affect revenue. We cannot, therefore, be surprised at Pollard's hot anger whenever he spoke or wrote of opium.

While at Shanghai Pollard was immensely encouraged by letters from Chaotong and England. He learned that the work of the Mission was being carried on energetically in his absence, and that the people of the city were disposed to give a new consideration to the claims of the Christian religion. And from the Rev. I. B. Vanstone, the Foreign Missionary Secretary, he received word that the Committee would make no demand for compensation for the destruction of the Mission property at Yunnan Fu, and that though some thought the work in this city should be given up, the Committee desired to continue it if the missionaries on the field were able to "carry on"; the questions of expediency and ability were to be considered by Pollard and his colleagues. It was not a courageous decision to throw the responsibility upon the missionaries, but it was accepted by Pollard with rekindled hope.

His sojourn at Shanghai had not been unfruitful in its consequences, but all the time he was like one straining at the leash; for his heart was in Yunnan. On February 9th, 1901, he was full of high spirits as he escorted Mrs. Pollard, his two children, and Miss Bush to the steamer, *Ta Hung*, to start the river journey. The ladies travelled as first-class passengers. Pollard, with Mr. Stephen Lee and Mr. G. Miller, elected to go second class among the Chinese. On the third day he had so won the Chinese passengers that he was able to get them to gather in the saloon to listen to an address from him on the Christian religion. At

Hankow he rode out with others to welcome Mr. McKie and some lady missionaries and children who were refugees from Shansi. They had come through incredible privations and hairbreadth escapes. "What a procession!" says Pollard. "First a band of soldiers with the appearance of brigands and cut-throats—stained, travel-worn men with bronzed faces, faded uniforms, on ungroomed horses; after them came four mule-chairs—a strange sight to a southerner—bigger than the sedan chairs, to carry two persons—the mules are in shafts back and front." Pollard admired the cheerfulness and serene courage of these missionaries who for weeks together had looked death in the face.

At Chungking he spent more than two weeks trying to get the British consul to sanction their journey to Yunnan; and in the end he and Mr. R. Williams had to set off without the ladies. Four months after leaving Shanghai, and ten months since he left Chaotong, they re-entered the city on June 1st, 1901. "A large band of friends came out five miles to meet us and to present a huge card of greeting and welcome from 'Church members, members on trial, and inquirers.' Then huge strings of crackers were fired off—bang! bang! bang!—and we were taken to a farmhouse where refreshment awaited us. As we drew near the city a procession was formed, headed by men bearing twenty, or more, scroll-banners and a huge presentation tablet. The streets were lined with staring people, and as we went in our chairs, everybody knew that the Protestant missionaries had returned. The humorous side of the affair appealed to me, and it was with difficulty I kept up the grave dignified mien required of a man being welcomed and honoured by a Chinese crowd. I have often watched the gods carried out for an airing, preceded by banners and crowds of noisy urchins, and I thought their thoughts and feelings, if they could have had any, would have been like mine that day." Having welcomed him in this manner the Chinese set up a tablet at the entrance to the Mission with four characters on it which may be translated: "A shepherd's work has its completion." A few days later he gives his judgment of the effect on the church of his enforced absence—disappointment

mingled with gratitude—and concludes: “I feel certain that if we had gone entirely, and left Chaotong for good, in a few years the whole church would be practically defunct. This is a hard thing to say, and to those at home who are expecting the time soon to come when less foreign help would be needed, this may be unwelcome news. It is no use, however, being blind to the facts.”

At the end of July a telegram came from Chungking saying that the consular prohibition of ladies travelling to Yunnan had been removed, and Pollard hurried to Chungking. But it was impossible for Mrs. Pollard to travel at that time. On September 23rd, 1901, his third son, Walter, was born. During the weeks of waiting Pollard gave assistance to the missions in that great city, and spent much of his time in reading. Remembering the many Mohammedans in Yunnan and thinking that he might be able some day to work among them, he made a close study of the history of the Caliphate. Pollard and his party were all back at Chaotong by November 27th, 1901.

Pollard's hegira at the time of the Boxer risings marks a period of change in his life. Such experiences as he had passed through could not do aught else than deepen and strengthen his manhood. We must remember that he was but a youth when he left England to take up missionary work in China. All too little opportunity had been granted him for thinking out his own beliefs and for acquiring a broad and rich vision of men and affairs. The spiritual impetus in his life gave altitude of aim, but could not produce so early the breadth and maturity needful for the greatest work. But at Shanghai he had come into contact with men of many schools of thought and with movements of universal significance. Without consciously discarding any of his early beliefs, his emphasis changed and his outlook widened. He had discussed aims and methods with others, and his own conception of missionary work had grown. It could not have been otherwise with a mind so sensitive, so responsive and so agile as his. Henceforth he forgets himself more and more; he is drawn into the vortex of great movements, and throws himself into new activities. He has measured himself with men and,

without thinking about it, he has become more confident of himself.

When the storm of Boxerism was spent it was seen that the old order had broken down and could no longer be depended on to hold the Empire together. National conceit was utterly dissolved in the terrible disillusionment. The old stock of hoary traditions and the proud prestige of Confucianist scholarship were bankrupt. Even the Empress-Dowager yielded to necessity, approved of Western inventions and Western trade, and countenanced the sending of Chinese students to Europe and America for university training. Attempts were made to broaden the range of government examinations and to secure an improved civil service. A new vision came to the most progressive minds in China—a vision of a nation reborn, of government administrations reorganised, of commerce unshackled and world-wide. If Japan had achieved much could not China do more? These young Chinese believed themselves not to be inferior intellectually or morally to the people of Western lands.

Those statesmen of China who were called upon at this juncture to reconstruct the national life advised that the counsel and help of the missionaries should be sought. For years missionaries had sown the seed of a larger truth and a more enlightened way of life than China had owned. Under the guidance of Dr. Timothy Richards, a Baptist missionary, they had established a society for the diffusion of Western books in China. For years a band of missionaries had been employed in translating books of religion, education, and science. Most of the young Chinese reformers were men who had come more or less under the influence of Christian missionaries. Now in 1901, guided by Dr. Timothy Richards, Dr. Martin, and others, the Imperial Government decided to establish modern colleges in all the eighteen provinces.

Changes so far-reaching and penetrative required a religious revolution. Seeing this, some sought to satisfy national pride and spiritual necessity by proposing to deify the great sage, Confucius. They were willing that Jesus should take His place in a Chinese pantheon. One Chinese scholar said: "Except that the Bible is full of figurative languages, which I think ought not to be taken

literally, the teachings of the Bible and the teachings of Confucius are exactly the same. I only hope that missionaries in China will not teach the Chinese to despise their own books.”¹ We must feel the deepest sympathy with this natural jealousy for China’s great sage, and no missionary would encourage anything like indifference to the classic books of China, but neither will any Christian allow Jesus to be set side by side with deified men in a new humanism. The realisation of China’s dream of a glorious future will come through her unqualified acceptance of the moral and religious supremacy of Jesus.

As he travelled through China in 1901 Pollard became aware of the momentous change in the attitude of all classes to the foreigner and towards his religion. In Szechuen he learned how whole classes hitherto untouched, and in some cases antagonistic to missionary work, were now petitioning the churches to establish mission stations among them. “At one place,” he says, “a gentleman—a Chinese official—has offered a thousand ounces of silver a year if the Methodists will send a missionary to open a school in his town.” Again he writes: “Good news comes also from Kweichow, which is right east of Yunnan. Last year in two of the districts thirty-four Christians were put to death and hundreds were fined, but the sons of the faithful martyrs all want to follow the Lord Jesus. The persecution has fixed the feet of these Christians firmer upon the Rock. . . . So the good work goes on. Szechuen to the north of Yunnan, Kweichow to the east, Burma to the west, all tell the same story of great progress. Will not the wave of blessing reach us also in Yunnan?”

CHAPTER VI

Signs of Awakening in Yunnan

As we have seen, before the Boxer storm burst, Pollard had cultivated friendly intercourse with the mandarins. Within a few months after his return from Shanghai the chief mandarins

¹ Letter from Liang-Tun-yen of Wuchang to Rev. C. J. Davenport, 1902.

at Chaotong openly sought to show honour to the missionaries. Mr. Hicks was at Chaotong to consider the transference to that city of the school for the training of evangelists which he had begun at Tungch'uan in 1900. He had started with three boarders ; already the work inspired hopes of extension, and afforded a prospect of sending out a number of educated ministers within a few years. We may anticipate events by saying that though the Committee was able to give little practical encouragement in this supremely important work of education, yet by unfaltering pursuit of his high aim, Mr. Hicks prepared a succession of helpers without whom the church could not have been built up.

Pollard realised the potentialities of this school, and he believed that for the sake of its own future and in the interests of the Mission, it would be better to have it transferred to Chaotong. So it came about that both Hicks and Pollard were invited to a banquet by the mandarins of the city. When it was over Pollard had to face the problem of reciprocating the courtesy of the mandarins. A few weeks later he invited them to a dinner in English style at the Mission house, and by his wife's skill and invention a meal of sixteen courses was prepared. Instead of wine or spirits Mrs. Pollard concocted a drink of black-currant juice, well spiced. There was a touch of imagination as well as courage in providing an English dinner rather than a luxurious feast in the Chinese style. Pollard says : " The thing was a great success." The prefect had brought a tract he was about to issue on foot-binding and the use of opium, and asked Pollard to " look over and correct it."

These courtesies towards the missionaries were indications of the new spirit awakening in China. The people of the Chaotong district were more friendly in their behaviour towards Christians, but in the city itself not many sought to enter the church as members. In other towns and villages in the prefecture, however, many of the student class and people of social influence actively inquired about the teaching of Jesus and they entreated Pollard to visit them and open churches in their midst. It was a great opportunity for aggressive evangelism throughout the north-east of Yunnan from Chaotong to Sui Fu, and Pollard

resolved to make the most of it. Nevertheless, to reap the fields already white unto harvest the Mission demanded more missionaries, schoolmasters, and doctors, and Pollard was left almost alone. The other missionaries could not be withdrawn from their special tasks. In the end, though Pollard and his colleagues did their best, the work which opened up could not be sustained. The lesson of the failure is that for the evangelisation of China there must be the co-operation of all missionary societies, and the whole field must be mapped out and staffed in accordance with strategic necessities. Even a small mission, in order to work efficiently, must have middle schools and hospitals, and be in touch with provincial universities with divinity halls and schools of medicine.

Let us see how Pollard strove to use the opportunity of founding churches in new cities at this crisis. He planned a series of itinerations. On Sunday, February 16th, 1902, there is this entry in his Journal: "Sacrament. I made arrangements for the work," in the city of Chaotong, "while we should be away on a month's missionary tour. Mr. Wang agreed to help while the evangelist is away." Next morning Pollard started northward on horseback. His companions were wisely selected: Mr. Yen had been an evangelist for some years: John Lee, B.A., was the schoolmaster, and Chong-ming-tsai was one of the senior candidates for the ministry. After a week on the road in the most intimate association with these young Chinese Pollard says of them: "I have learned to respect the Christians I have with me more than ever. They are gentlemen as well as Christians, and they have behaved in this crisis as well as Christians of the same standing at home. How wisely and earnestly they have pleaded with the people to embrace our religion! The Gospel which has made these men what they are is the power of God."

Upon reaching Ta-Kuan, a bustling little town where a few months before the mission silver had been stolen, Pollard's first step was to pay a visit to the mandarin to enlist his sympathy in their attempt to establish a church there. Some eleven citizens of good repute came to see the missionary at his inn, and having begged for instruction in the Christian religion, gladly gave their

names as "inquirers." For fourteen years the missionaries had striven to arouse the people of the Chaotong district to a live interest in Christianity, and they had given but a meagre response. And now in places outside the radius of their previous evangelistic tours the people themselves took the initiative and begged to be taught the Christian faith. Pollard almost doubted their good faith and at first suspected that some of them might be animated by political motives, or that they might be wanting the foreigners' support in their lawsuits. Investigation showed, however, that though they had very confused notions of what Christianity aimed at, they had in all sincerity turned their faces towards the light.

On the following day Pollard and his evangelists reached Ta-wan-tsi in time to witness a procession in honour of the Dragon.¹ A long paper dragon was carried through the streets : it was made in sections, each part, or joint being a varicoloured lantern ; the dragon's head was carried by the vanguard while the tail was upheld by those who brought up the rear. The scene was at once weird and boisterously gay, gongs were beaten and shouts and laughter filled the streets with a strange hubbub. The holiday excitement told against Pollard's visits, but it did not hinder some of the soberer citizens from finding him out and requesting him to establish a church in their midst.

Kih-li-p'u, their next halting-place, was reached on Saturday evening. On Sunday three of the inhabitants came to the inn where Pollard was staying, and nearly the whole of that day he taught them the Scriptures and urged the duty of prayer. On Monday morning they started by moonlight, and as soon as they were outside the village a man met them saying he had waited all night so that he might not miss the teacher, and a little farther on they were met by another. It was a strange sight in Yunnan when the little company of Christian evangelists, arrested by two earnest seekers after the true religion, sat by the roadside while the pale moon was still visible, just as day was breaking, and

¹ The Dragon Feast was originally a river picnic—a procession of boats lighted with coloured lamps from stem to stern—overhead and along the water-line.

talked of God and righteousness and man's immortal nature, and then stood in awe and reverence as Pollard prayed for their enlightenment. Another day was spent in journeying and at evening they reached Teo-sha-kuan. At this place four others came to be enrolled as students of the new religion, one the son of a man who had been a high government official. Pollard here also went to see the local mandarin and so pave the way for the peaceful establishment of a mission station. When he got back to his inn he found a fresh visitor—Mr. Tai, a young student who was to be their guide to Ku-lu-Chang.

On the way to this place Pollard saw a temple which dated from the Ming dynasty and a tablet of the Emperor T'ien Ch'i who ascended the throne in 1621. In the fourteenth century one of the young Emperors of this dynasty being defeated by an uncle disappeared from the palace at Nanking, and is said to have come to Yunnan in the garb of a Buddhist priest. Under the Mings a spirit of intensified nationalism sprang up, and the boasted learning of China was enshrined in vast encyclopædias. Recalling the greatness of the nation's past, Pollard wondered how soon the Manchu usurpation would fall, and freedom come again to enable this people to develop its native genius. He always believed in the potential powers of China and looked forward to a time when the folk he loved should, under the influence of Christianity, take rank among the Great Powers.

Before they came to Ku-lu-Chang they were met by a voluntary escort of men who proved to be influential in that district. Guns were fired to give the signal of Pollard's approach, and thousands of crackers were let off. They took him to Mr. Tai's house, and there he found a room fitted up for worship and public services, and around it scrolls with high-sounding mottoes. Pollard remained as a guest for three days. He conducted many services and enrolled the names of those who wished to become students of the Christian religion. He gave special attention to two men distinguished by earnestness and intelligence and appointed them to teach others. "A captain of the militia at a place twenty-five miles away came to see me at Mr. Tai's house and urged me to go with him and open a preaching hall in his

locality, saying that scores of families were waiting to be taught the Christian faith. Men also came from a dozen other places around to be received as inquirers."

On the Friday Pollard and his companions went to Lao-wa-t'an—"Raven's Rapid"—a busy and important place on the main road between Chaotong and Sui Fu. He saw that this town must be the centre of the new work and that the mission would have to appoint the best man they could get, and with this in view he visited the mandarin to enlist his sympathy in the project. On the Sunday he conducted three services which were well attended and marked by a good influence. On the Monday Pollard divided his company into two bands, appointing Mr. Yen and Mr. Tai to visit places off the main road from which requests had come, arranging to meet them at Lao-wa-t'an about two weeks later. He himself with Mr. E., Mr. Lee, and Chong-ming-tsai kept to the main road to Sui Fu. At T'an Teo—"Head of the Rapids"—men came to him to be enrolled as inquirers. A deputation from Liang-Wan-Ch'i, twenty miles away, asked him to go to that place as many persons wished to join the Church. There he received an official welcome, being met by the militia with banners, and saluted with guns and crackers. He would fain have gone quietly, but he knew that for the Master's sake he must accept such honours. He chose one of two sites offered for a chapel and promised to return in ten days to open it formally.

On Thursday morning Pollard went by boat to Sin T'an—"New Rapid"—forty li from Liang-Wan-Ch'i, walked fifty li to Huei-li-cheo by the Yangtze and then, taking another boat, travelled forty li farther to Siao-tu-li. As he got off the boat, he was met by soldiers armed with rifles and tridents, and by this guard of honour he was taken to "a neat little chapel with a guest-room and bedroom at the back." On Friday he preached thrice, and many gathered again on the Saturday, and he sought to acquaint them with the nature and aims of Christianity. The little hall was formally opened on Sunday, and on that day a group from the Baptist mission came across the river from the northern side with gifts for the chapel—scrolls, lamps, and a tablet to hang over the rostrum, on which four large characters

were inscribed in gilt which gave a rendering of the words :
“ The true Light which lighteth every man.”

Pollard took a boat for Sui Fu, where he hoped to get a fresh supply of New Testaments. But although the Bible Society depôt at this place had been recently stocked to meet the awakened interest in Christianity, there had been such a run that not a single copy was left. Three days later he returned to Liang-Wan-Ch'i, as he had promised, to be ready for the formal opening of their chapel on the following Sunday. Between thirty and forty persons desired to be enrolled as inquirers. The people were reluctant to let him leave on the Monday morning, but he felt he must go. He stopped at Shih-lo-t'an for breakfast, and learned that a hundred villagers were desirous of building a church instead of joining with the Liang-Wan-Ch'i inquirers. They bought Christian books and promised to study them together ; and Pollard encouraged them by undertaking to send two of his evangelists to give them guidance.

On Wednesday, March 19th, he got back to Lao-wa-t'an, where he was rejoined by Messrs. Yen and Tai. An urgent message was sent to Chaotong that Mr. Wang, who had been left with Mr. Stephen Lee, should come at once to assist these itinerating evangelists. Mr. Wang was a most interesting man, well-read and loquacious, of great courage, and by years of disinterested service had shown himself to be a sincere Christian. On Thursday they gained permission to hold a service at the temple of the River Lord. The people assembled in great crowds and Mr. John Lee preached to them. In his sermon he made such a fiery attack upon idolatry that the temple authorities were incensed. An iconoclastic discourse in such a place might be looked upon as a breach of courtesy and ingratitude ; but we can no more judge this earnest evangelist by the ordinary conventions, than we could pronounce against St. Paul's address on Mars' Hill. Pollard urged upon the inquirers the necessity of getting a suitable chapel of their own. Mr. Yen and Mr. Wang were appointed by Pollard to remain at this busy centre and do all they could to instruct inquirers and to organise a Christian church.

Leaving the “ Raven's Rapid ” Pollard travelled eastward

through a well-wooded district to Liu-t'ang-pa. Much of the hill country of Yunnan is denuded of trees, so it was a gratifying sight to the missionary to find himself in the midst of trees of great height and girth. He stayed in the valley at the house of the village elder, and during the four days he spent here visitors came from all parts of the surrounding district, remaining till late at night and returning to reopen their consultations in the early morning. On Friday morning he made an excursion to Liu-t'ang-pa in Szechuen five miles away, inspecting a paper factory as well as a vast limestone cave at the lower end of the valley, a cave which "would have served Jules Verne's purpose in his story of the visit to the earth's centre."

In the afternoon following the visit to the cave Pollard was an interested spectator of iconoclasm in this neighbourhood, the people having broken away from the old idol-worship avowed their intention to worship the one true God in spirit. They entered the temple at the invitation of the village elder and were face to face with two dozen idols, some of which were so big and heavy that it required four men to lift them. Before the deed of destruction began Mr. John Lee harangued the idols and the people. He reproached the gods for their helplessness. The people in this valley were suffering from a long drought, and they had lost patience with dead gods who could not answer their prayers; henceforth they would trust in the living God Who sends the rains and fruitful seasons. "We are going to dethrone you now and burn you to ashes. If you are true gods, then save yourselves and punish us for sacrilege." Some of the villagers, alarmed at this defiance of their gods, expected that a lightning flash would blast them for their impiety; but when they saw the idols carried out like helpless lumber, and yet no stroke fell upon the Christian evangelists, they began to jeer at the idols. Having piled them outside the temple, they set fire to them, and they burned all the day and following night till not a chip was left. Three hours after Mr. Lee's challenge, the weather changed and the drought was broken. "The rain fell gently at first as though the rain-giver deliberately withheld the downfall till the fire had completely destroyed the idols. The Chinese

Christians regarded the coming of the rain as a direct answer to their prayers and as a sign of God's approval of the overthrow of the false gods. They said : ' God waited till the false gods were beyond saving, and then He sent the heavy showers.' ” The rain did not extend more than a few li beyond Liu-t'ang-pa.

On Monday, March 24th, Pollard and his companions left for Lao-wa-t'an, where the offence previously given to the authorities prevented them from gaining re-admission to the temple of the River Lord ; but standing outside the gates of the shrine Mr. John Lee told the people what had happened at Liu-t'ang-pa. They took turns in preaching and the people stayed to listen till midnight. Pollard and his helpers did all they could to encourage the inquirers to secure a worship-hall of their own.

Having sent Mr. Yen and Mr. Wang north to revisit the places where he had been and to give the people further teaching, Pollard slowly travelled in an opposite direction. At Ho-shao-pa a No-Su landlord came to see him and afterwards sent a present, but Pollard would only accept the leg of a deer and the servants took all the other gifts back again. Chinese etiquette sanctions the acceptance of only a small part of a gift when the offering comes from one who is not intimate and the donor is only desirous of showing his respect. Next he visited Ko Kuei by the Yangtsze, and thence travelled back to Chaotong, which he reached on April 1st, thankful to find that the work had gone on in the city and that all had kept well.

But while this new movement was taking place Pollard was perplexed by the difficulties of drawing the converts away from the entangling associations of heathenism. Notwithstanding the interest which was being really exhibited in Christianity as a religion to be inquired into, the Christians still remained an inconsiderable minority : so that if the Church were to live and grow amid the corrupting and disintegrating influences of heathenism, it would have to be by her intense moral unity as a kingdom within a kingdom, and to secure this corporate consciousness she must show an inexorable aloofness from the surrounding world. But eager as he was to win China Pollard would make no compromise with idolatry, nor lower the standards of the Church

in order to attract any who were not morally in earnest. He strove hard to prevent any young Christian from marrying a heathen. "One incident may suffice to show his strong feeling on this point : one of the Christians arranged a marriage between his daughter who was a Christian and an idolater. Pollard did all he could to prevent this wedding from taking place. Having failed to break off the engagement he made a public protest against the mixed marriage at the Sunday service. Having explained the situation and stated his reasons for protesting against the marriage, he lifted a foreign plate which he had brought into the chapel and said, "Mr. L. is about to treat his daughter as I treat this plate," and he dashed the plate on the floor with such force that it broke into fragments. This symbolic action and the vehemence of Pollard's feeling made a deep impression which the members of the church were not likely to forget.

At that time China was in such a state of dissatisfaction with her old ways that she was almost, if not quite willing, to adopt Christianity if the Church did not insist upon rejecting the worship of ancestors, and the equation of Confucius with Jesus. Although Pollard would make no such compromises as these, he used every opportunity for establishing Christianity as an ideal and as an institution in North Yunnan. The following is his summary of the results of the tour he had just completed : " Hundreds of people gave in their names as inquirers, representing a community of many thousands ; three chapels were formally opened ; three others are in course of preparation. Writing now six weeks after our return, and after hearing the report of Mr. Yen and Mr. Wang, who are also back, the whole movement seems marvellous. In this prefecture of Chaotong there are people from thirty-four places asking us to teach them. Most of them are Chinese ; but some are Mohammedans, some are Miao, and some are I-ren. Nearly all are absolutely ignorant of what real Christianity is ; some are moved by impure, selfish motives ; but in the movement there is the hand of God plainly and lovingly seen."

He wrote home another of his pleading, heart-searching appeals for more workers. " O God ! " he prays, " help us in our

time of need. Remember these thousands who want to know the story of Thy love, but who are still in darkness. Send forth many of the labourers who can and who ought to come. Teach them to come from love to Thee and for no other reason. Amen."

CHAPTER VII

On Tour in Yunnan

ALTHOUGH Pollard faced many tragic happenings, he did not lose his sense of comedy. Whilst governed by a serious and high regard for purpose, his mind could be playful and witty. He possessed in no mean degree the art of the story-teller, as those who have read "Tight Corners" will remember, but to appreciate the mingling of vivacity and drollery in his narration of incidents, one must imagine Pollard in the midst of a circle of Chinese or English friends, around a glowing brazier on a long winter evening at some inn, or in his own home, when his mind was relaxed and his mood expansive. Stories and interesting incidents connected with the journeys of this period will represent the many-sidedness of Pollard's interests, and give fresh glimpses of Chinese thought and customs.

There was an interval of six weeks between the first and second itineration in the north-east corner of Yunnan, then Pollard and Mr. John Lee, the schoolmaster, set off once again for Lao-wa-t'an district. At Wu-Chai they found that a fire had left the huddled shanties a heap of ruins. "I asked," says Pollard, "whether any people had lost their lives; and they said 'No,' but added that many pigs and fowls were roasted to death. I recollected Lamb's 'Dissertation upon Roast-Pig,' how Bo-bo and Ho-ti deemed that the flavour of the burnt pig more than compensated for the disaster of the fire, and inquired if any of them had eaten the pork which had been roasted. 'No,' they said, 'the stench alone had made that impossible.'" The answer was a disappointing anticlimax.

From Lao-wa-t'an Pollard came on to T'an-Teo, reaching

the "Head of the Rapids" before he was expected. Whilst waiting at an inn some Chinese related to him a story about the god of the silk-spinners: The father of a certain family had gone away to the wars leaving a wife and an only daughter. The passing of the years made the lonely woman long like Penelope for her absent lord. One day the intensity of her desire made her say that she would give her daughter in marriage to anyone who would bring her husband back to her. There was, however, no young suitor who offered to go away in quest of the absent soldier. About that time the horse which belonged to the woman broke loose and could not be recaptured. But after the lapse of a few weeks the lost steed came galloping home with the husband on his back. From this time whenever the horse came near the daughter, he showed by his neighs and antics that he expected the woman's promise to be fulfilled. The distracted mother said she would willingly have given her daughter to the meanest beggar, but it was impossible for her to give the girl to a horse. Seeing no way out of the entanglement they killed the animal and took off its skin. Suddenly the skin became reanimated and, leaping up, it enveloped the girl in the horse's shape and galloped away. Both father and mother ran after the creature, but soon lost sight of it among the hills. When they came up, however, to the spot where they had caught their last glimpse of it, the parents saw a silk-worm spinning, and they concluded that the horse had been metamorphosed into the cocoon, and from that hour the Chinese silk-spinners worship a centaur—a god with a woman's head on a horse's body.

On Saturday, June 6th, 1902, Pollard arrived at Muh-Kan-ho, where he and Mr. Lee preached fifteen times to a thousand people. In the evening whilst conversing with the folk one of them told Pollard a legend about the origin of flies. A man in extreme poverty besought Buddha's assistance with such importunity that the sage appeared and asked what he wanted. "A little money," said the pleader, "a few thousand cash will be enough." Buddha was far from pleased with this worldliness, but he pitied the victim of poverty and instructed him to bring a few cash strings and hang them up at a particular spot. The man obeyed and in

the morning he found all the strings threaded with cash. Then the spirit of covetousness mastered the man's heart and day by day he spent his time in twisting as many cash strings as he could. Angry with the man because of his inordinate greed, Buddha sent Death to him and then caused his soul to take the fashion of a swarm of flies. Hence the flies continually rub their fore feet together as though they were twisting cash-strings !

In these wanderings Pollard's patient endurance of hardships and mischances of the road impressed his companions. Years afterwards Mr. Stephen Lee said of him : " He was not covetous, his clothing, food and dwelling were of little consequence to him and were scarcely in his thoughts. What occupied his mind was the extension of the Kingdom." From Yongshan he walked to Sin-Tien-tsi, alert and observant. " At Ta-tang there was a pool with a lot of lizards with stripes down their backs. They are about ten inches from nose to tail ; they have four feet—five claws on each foot—and the Chinese call them four-footed snakes. They are uncanny to look at. Farther on we passed a village where last night a wolf killed several sheep and mangled others. I saw one with its legs badly torn ; there were others so much injured that the Chinese thought it better to kill them. At Sa-u-ho we learned of a big robbery two days ago. A band of thirty or forty men entered the village and proceeded to post armed guards at the houses warning the people to remain indoors, for if they came out they would be slain. Having produced a state of terror they attacked a house and stole a thousand ounces of opium. The mandarin has arrived here to-day to investigate the affair."

" August 21st. I saw a caterpillar imitating a snake on a wax-insect tree at Siao-long-tong. It was green and striped. If you touch it the muscles of its neck crumple up, and it twists its hunched body about so that it looks like a snake's head. It was most repulsive at a first glance and made me shrink back ; but it is quite harmless and simply indulges in a game of bluff."

" September 3rd. At the time of the fifteenth of the seventh moon there is the Feast of all Souls. In connection with this festival the people use little clumps of wheat sprouts which

they grow in plates. When the spirits of the ancestors come back to their home, these plates of wheat sprouts are placed on the altar so that if the heat of the lamps and candles should be too overpowering to the spirits they may find rest and shade in the miniature wheat-fields. . . . I asked the people if they are looking forward to the time when they will seek tranquillity and coolness in the groves of wheat sprouts. They laughed."

"One of our schoolboys named Cheng-ying-seng died on September 12th at 9 a.m. Earlier in the morning the grandfather knelt by the bedside and told the lad he must not die: 'I look forward to your following my body to the grave [literally, escorting me up the hill] not to my following your coffin.' The boy answered: 'Do not fret, grandfather: it makes me miserable to see you so anxious. If I go first, you will be left alone only for a few years, and then we shall be together again. Besides, you would not have me stay and you go in my place, would you?' Hearing him say this the old man prayed: 'Lord, let him stay; take me in his place. Lord, let him stay; take me instead; O Lord, take me! take me!'"

Returning from the bungalow a week later Pollard found letters awaiting him. "One," he says, "was in Walt's [his brother's] handwriting, and it had a few black lines in the corner. My heart went 'thump' at once. I was afraid to open it at first, and looked at the other letters. But I had to come to it at last. Opening it I took out a card and saw 'Samuel Pollard' written across it. Father died on June 20th, 1902. Father has gone home at last! My grief was great: then the idea came to me—What does it mean for him? Heaven! Jesus! No more angina pectoris! No more anguish! Then I thanked God and gave utterance to my praise of His mercy. Heaven is richer for us now. My prayer is that God will make me like my father."

Pollard remained at Chaotong during the continuance of the rainy season and strove to make up for his long absences by concentrated and intense activity. That he was able to do so much work without breaking down completely was probably due to the variety of his occupations—conducting services, holding preachers' classes, teaching in the school, dispensing

medicines, and interviewing guests, while he supervised his Chinese assistants—evangelists and teachers. As October approached and the rains slackened he began to make ready for his third circuit in the north of the province, setting the tasks of the Chinese helpers who were to remain at Chaotong. The hearty co-operation of Mr. Hicks enabled Pollard to set forth with a light heart, and on October 1st the Journal records : “ Mr. Yen, Stephen Lee and I left for another tour. All of us were walking. The weather these last days has been cold and wet, but yesterday the sun broke through and to-day it has been warm. We stayed for awhile at Tsuen-ko with grandfather Cheng : he showed us Cheng-ying-seng’s little brother, saying that after a year or two he would send him in to fill up the gap made in the school by the death of the brother.”

While gossiping with a group of Chinese at Ta-Kuan after the work of the day had ended Pollard was told a legend concerning the origin of opium. A goblin (*yao-kuai*) came in the guise of a beautiful woman to deceive men. For a time she associated with a young teacher ; one day, however, she lost her way in a dark forest and was slain. But being a *yao-kuai* death could not hold her ; she came to life again and joined herself to a wood-cutter. He carried her wherever he wished in a box, for she was able to make herself very tiny. One day the wood-cutter met the young teacher and his desire for the “ New Melusina ” was only equalled by her desire for him.¹ By her witchcraft she obtained a thousand taels with which the teacher compensated the wood-cutter for his separation from her. These two—the young teacher and the fair young witch—lived together at an inn. At the approach of a stranger to their room she would shrink up and hide herself in the box. But suspicions were aroused and the teacher’s old mother heard rumours that her son had sold himself to a *yao-kuai*. At first, as was natural, she refused to believe aught that was ill of her son ; yet, as the rumours persisted she went to see him. He received her with affection and apparent cordiality. But one day curiosity induced her to open the mysterious box, and to her surprise she found in it a liver. “ Well,” said

¹ cf. “ Wilhelm Meister’s Travels,” chap. xvi.

the old woman, "I have been living in poverty, never eating any meat, and here my son is hiding this liver from me!" She took it out of the box and, before her son came back, carried it off to her home and giving the liver to her son's wife told her to cook it. When the daughter-in-law cut it with a knife a jet of blood spurted out. Greatly distressed was the witch's lover when he discovered that the box was empty, but while he was grieving, the goblin-spirit appeared and told him all that had happened, saying he must go and gather up the blood and put it in the ground. Let him do this and next spring she should come to him as a flower. When the flower was fully grown he was to slit up the fruit skin and then the precious juice would ooze out. Let him scrape this juice into a vessel and afterwards smoke it. If he did so she would bestow upon him a fragrance and bliss which should surpass everything he had known before. So when, next year, the poppy grew he recalled the goblin's instructions and carried them out, and thus he discovered the opium and its magic joys which can overcome the pains of love. "But," said the story-teller, "some day the poppy will be destroyed as easily as it was discovered: the cotton-plant will cast it out. Even now, a decoction made of the inside of the cotton stalks will drive away the craving one feels for the opium."

On the journey Pollard spent his leisure with "Paradise Lost." He had not read it for twenty years and he felt its full magnificence with a humbling sense of awe. "Thank God for brave old blind John Milton! I read the last three books of the poem right in the heart of this great mountainous region." It seemed to him to rival the vastness of those everlasting hills and to tower over most other poems like some Himalayan peak above lesser heights: it kindled not only Pollard's poetic feelings, but also his religion and his patriotism, and he looked upon it as one of the glories of the British race, agreeing with Dryden's verdict, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients, too." On these heights and by such visions the missionary nourished his soul, and so was able to meet the demands of every situation with a spiritual freedom and strength untainted by petty spites which are often allowed to mar the impression of a zealous propaganda.

It must have seemed a swift transition to lay down his volume of "Paradise Lost" to listen to a Siao-Kua-Ch'i man relate the following tale: "A poor man at Chaotong paid sixteen cash to a fortune-teller asking him to give him a favourable horoscope. The futurist readily complied and sketched a career of lucky chances and promotion which the man should receive till he became a great mandarin. One day he was holding this horoscope in his hand as he stood near the Brigadier-General's *yamen*, when the mandarin issued in state from the big doors. In the excitement and bustle the devotee of Fortune dropped the paper he was holding and a gust of wind pitched it into the Chen T'ai's chair. The great man picked it up and read it with amazement. He thought to himself that if this man is to become so great it would be good policy to make an alliance with him. He took steps to make his acquaintance and afterwards gave him his daughter in marriage. | Years afterwards another man knowing this story determined that he would seek a similar fortune. He obtained a favourable horoscope for himself and managed to drop it in the same way. But it was a mandarin of a different type, who when he read the paper judged that the man must be either a fool or a knave, and ordered him to be beaten and exposed on the streets with a cangue [a heavy wooden collar] round his neck."

"Yesterday we crossed the Fairy Bridge, five li the other side of Chong-ts'uen at Kioh-pan-ai; it is built on the side of a cliff, and consists of huge slabs of stone resting on supports which have been driven right into the cliff. It was only when one looked through the cracks that one became aware of the black chasm below. The people said no mortals could have made such a road; it could only have been made by fairies. To-day the first part of the journey was not striking, except for the K'u-lien-tsi trees, tall and slender, many of them growing on the banks of the rice fields. The middle part of the road was often in a river-bed, crossing and recrossing on stepping-stones, some of which were shaky. Once the road wound around the middle of a cliff with a big fall: a railing of stone bounded part of the pathway, but in many parts this had broken away, and I held my breath as I passed along. After fifty li we came down to Huei Ch'i on the Yangtze.

At this place the river narrows and forms a dangerous rapid. As we were watching, a small boat-load of coolies came down : it was exciting to see them shoot the rapid ; but they got over safely."

At Huei Ch'i Pollard led two hundred people who were curious about foreigners into a temple and preached to them. Some were so attracted that they proposed to pay the missionary to remain as their professional teacher. One man actually collected money and offered it to him for his services. During the evening three hundred people gathered to listen to the visitors. They preached on and on for an hour and a half and used up seven small Chinese candles. They stopped at last because their voices were tired.

Again at Tsing-ti-pa they were followed by a noisy mob in the style of the rowdy days of old. They preached for about two hours to nearly five hundred people. Some of their hearers told them no one had ever preached the Gospel at this place before, and only one foreigner is remembered, who came in the reign of the Emperor T'ong Chi.

On December 8th, 1902, they were on the road to Chang-hai-tsi or " Long Sea," a place which Pollard was to visit very often in later years. " We passed," he says, " a lot of men carrying coffin boards and sugar across these hills to Chaotong. Some of the boards weigh about two hundred catties [catty= $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.] : the coolies who carry them travel the seventy miles in about eight days. When we reached the ravine we rested to light a fire and make coffee. The view across to Babuland was wonderful ; the clouds glistened in the sun like a field of snow. It was very cold at Chang-hai-tsi and we could get neither rice nor a bed. At last we secured part of a loft where we all slept. Under us were three horses, ten pigs and four cows : imagine the squealing and stamping during the night as the pigs wandered about among the horses ! We were smoked by a wood fire near by, which reduced us to perpetual weeping. The old lady of the house slept in the same loft though she climbed up the other end of the stable to get in. There were eight of us in our bedchamber, and yet it was bitterly cold. Guests often sleep together under a

coverlet, and it happens sometimes that a late arrival will push in between two sleepers for warmth—the Chinese call this ‘pushing in a wedge.’ ”

Pollard made four journeys in this year of 1902 and was away from his home four months. He endured many hardships and risks ; but the new scenes and exciting incidents nourished his love of adventure and stirred in him dreams of a great extension of the Kingdom of God. He was received by the Chinese not only as an ambassador of Christ, but also as the herald and teacher of Western civilisation, for at this time they were more eager to discover the secret of Western civilisation than to learn the new religion. Yet Pollard did not condemn the genius of the East ; he thought that while the West at present excels in mechanical inventiveness, in the Orient a deeper wisdom could be found ; “for with us nothing has time to gather meaning.”

CHAPTER VIII

A Great Opportunity

THROUGHOUT the third tour (1902) in this new evangelism, Pollard was both training and testing his assistants, and also striving to find out the best centres at which to place them so that they might take charge and set him free to pursue more consecutive teaching at Chaotong. He wondered whether it might not be advisable to station a teacher at the village of Ku-li-chang, where, as he says, “the hearts of some of the people seem really touched and they appear to understand the meaning of the Christian message.” He was afraid that the Chinese women might prove more conservative than the men, and urged the converts and inquirers to instruct their wives so that they would not wish to hinder the spread of the new religion. In answer to this particular exhortation one of the Chinese remarked complacently that, in his district, “women’s power is small ; men’s is great.” The missionary’s dry comment was : “I doubt the truth of this.”

Two hours' walking from Ku-li-chang brought them to Liu-Kiang-Ch'i where they entered a tea-shop kept by Mr. Tai, and held a religious service with those who followed them. A great sensation was created when Mr. Tai openly repudiated idolatry and took down his household gods and burnt them.

Some days after this they started for Hwei-li-ch'ang with a company of fifty or sixty inquirers and were met there by the militia and saluted with rifles and crackers. Both in the afternoon and evening services Pollard had the help of recent converts. Of one, Mr. Chen of Siao-tu-li, he says: "He gave evidence in his speech of God's spirit being with him. The singing went with gusto. They sang 'All hail the power of Jesu's name,' which they had practised on the boat, and it went splendidly." At a smaller meeting Pollard chose the best-qualified men to be leaders and committed to them the direction of the work.

From Fu-kuan-tsuen a band of earnest young students wrote to Mr. Pollard, begging him to help them to secure a suitable building by placing their case before the Chaotong prefect. Though "some tens of believers" wished to rent a place the local opposition was too strong. The letter was signed by three young literary graduates and a fourth student as "believing disciples." Four months later Pollard was on his way to this place to open the chapel which they had got. He says: "About five li from the city several Chinese graduates met us in full dress. A messenger with the mandarin's card gave us welcome and we were escorted the rest of the way by twenty soldiers. We entered the town with a procession of twenty-seven military men, armed with rifles, spears, tridents, and swords, and some blowing trumpets. As we entered the city thousands of crackers were let off—eighteen thousand in all. Thousands of people watched us come in. Tea was prepared for us at an inn where a room had been specially got ready. Afterwards we preached from three tables in front. The room was full of inquirers and outside were hundreds of people. Several soldiers were keeping guard who played the first and second watch battues and then fired the evening signal. Such a noisy, tiring, and trying, yet happy day!"

"Sunday, November 23rd, 1902. I called on the mandarins

and they returned my calls. We held three services. At night the crowd was large and the room was full of inquirers. We had a band to lead the singing: one graduate played a two-stringed fiddle, and two scholars played flutes. They played the music of the hymns from Chinese notation written out by Mr. Lee."

"At the Monday night service five young graduates testified of their conversion to the 'Jesus religion' and exhorted the people to give up the worship of idols. Mr. Nieh preached over again the substance of a sermon he heard from me at Huei-li-cheo, and did it earnestly. As these men spoke one after another it made my heart warm. . . . The whole movement is marvellous."

They left the Yangtze and followed a small tributary through a beautiful country. "About twenty li from Huei-li-cheo we came to Ko-chuen-t'an where we had tea and then went out to preach. Mr. Chen, a doctor, entered into conversation with us. Having listened to our teaching with seeming understanding he expressed a wish to join the Christian Church. Here also we met people who said that no one had ever preached the Gospel in this place before. After a few days we came on to Tsing-ti-pa, one of the busiest markets in the Chaotong district. Here we counted scores of whitewashed towers which are fortified refuges to which the people flee when the Mantsi robbers come over the border. Two days later I stood on the field where the Chinese soldiers had recently fought a pitched battle with the raiders and defeated them. From one eminence I could count sixty-four towers on the Yunnan side of the river: had it been a fine day I might have seen forty more. These fortresses are a sure sign of the insecurity of life and property in those parts."

Such journeys took Pollard repeatedly into those parts of Yunnan where the famous wax-insect tree flourishes. The wax-insect is described by Vicomte d'Ollone as "a kind of yellow-spotted ladybird" which is bred on a species of privet, or large laurel tree—an evergreen growing from five to twelve feet high—and found principally in the Lolo country. Both the blossom and the berries resemble those of the elder tree. The insects appear on the branches early in the year in the form of little swellings, or growths like warts, or galls which grow like tiny

snail shells on the branches. If one of these shells is picked off it will break and a sticky juice exude. Besides this juice there is, right at the core, a small yellow deposit which upon examination is seen to be a mass of minute grubs.

Pollard was told that three kinds of insects live in the shell and emerge at different times. The first kind has wings and flies about until the wings drop off and then it crawls. A second breed lays eggs and is called by the Chinese the red sand insect. At a later stage a tiny white creature appears which deposits the white wax, and this is called the white sand insect. If this be a correct account, we must remember that the Chinese are not trained observers of nature—each shell is as interesting as a beehive.

At the end of April and the beginning of May, just before the shells burst and let out the myriads of grubs, men come from Szechuen and Hunan and purchase the insect crops on the trees. The wax-insect carriers when they reach the frontier of the independent Lolo country make an agreement with the No-Su to protect them while in their unconquered territory. These men then gather the insects off the trees, leaving sufficient for breeding next year. Those that are so left are put into little bundles of straw and fastened on to the trees and a little later the grubs come out and spread all over the trees, each insect becoming the producer of a fresh nest or shell. Those that are gathered are wrapped in paper, or in packages of brown fibre, each package weighing about twenty-four ounces; two crates of these contain sixty-six packets and make one load.

At the season of the Insect Festival thousands of these carriers rush from the uplands of Yunnan to Western Szechuen or Hunan, in a long single file, marching two days' journey in one for ten days or a fortnight. The inns and prices are all doubled at this season, and the carriers "have to pave their way with silver as they go." This forced march becomes more exciting towards the end of the journey, for it is a race against time. The insects become lively and begin to emerge, and the floors of the inns and the boats on which the men travel are covered with what looks like yellow reddish dust, but what is really myriads of insects.

The carriers know that this is the first swarm of grubs and they grow anxious to reach their destination before the innermost shell bursts and sets free its minute colonists. If they succeed in getting home in time each load will sell for twenty or more taels.

The insects are placed on certain trees, and coming out of their shells they spread all over the branches and produce a valuable white wax. The Chinese simply say that the insects deposit the wax on the trees, or that they produce the wax, but travellers say that the insects prick and perforate the tissues of the trees and cause the wax to flow out of them. This wax is greatly prized because it does not melt as readily as other fats and can be used for the outer coating of candles. The thing, however, which Pollard insists on as so remarkable is that the insects will breed only in Yunnan, and form the wax only on trees that grow in the lower reaches of Szechuen and Hunan. Although Pollard would have made no claim to be among the first of travellers to find out about these peculiar insects, still it is due to him to give the results of his ceaseless curiosity and inquiries in this matter. It was a disappointment to him that though he had catechised both Chinese and No-Su about the wax insect, and frequently examined the grub at different stages of its development in Yunnan, he was unable to complete his inquiries at those places where the wax was actually produced.

At the beginning of February, 1903, Pollard was once more busy in Chaotong, throwing all his energies into a special mission in which he aimed at arousing in the city an inquiry and a favourable consideration of the claims of Christianity which should correspond to the awakening throughout the rest of the prefecture. While these services were going on Mr. W. E. Geil, the author of "The Yankee on the Yangtze" arrived, and this traveller gave the address at the evening service which Pollard translated into Chinese. Mr. Geil says in his account of this visit: "When the eloquent missionary, Pollard, preached, the literary men, the merchants, coolies, and in fact, all classes, listened with the closest attention. Beyond all question the efforts made by the missionaries here are making a profound impression on the city." The

same writer says : " At the Mission house I was heartily greeted and welcomed by the wife of the missionary and his two fine boys, one of whom had already mastered two books of Euclid, though not yet nine years of age."

At the close of the mission Pollard accompanied his guest as far as Yunnan Fu. Eleven years had passed—and what eventful years!—since he left the capital. As he wandered through its streets he recalled old memories and thought : " It was a policy of suicide to work in the out-of-the-way places we used to live in." It seemed to him that the people were as anti-foreign as ever, when he saw outside the French Consul's door the opprobrious epithet : " Yang kuei-tsi," or " foreign devil." Greatly as Pollard longed to have a strong mission in this city, he recognised that it was impossible to reopen work unless the mission staff were more than doubled. At the Annual Meeting held at Chaotong in April, 1903, he says : " For a long time we have realised that only through native agency can the masses be reached. To do a far-reaching work we need now twenty good native workers, and we have not half that number. . . . This year we have accepted four men as probationers of the first year. A regular course of study has been drawn up, and examinations are to be held as at home." He wrote pleading that two hundred and fifty pounds should be sent out towards the erection of a training institution.

In these journeys—necessary as they were—Pollard felt that separation from his family and home was a real sacrifice. A gentler and more affectionate husband and father could scarcely be, yet a third of the year he was absent from the hearth, and from this time the absences grew more frequent and of longer duration. So it came about that the children enjoyed but little of his companionship. Sometimes he was grieved that his boys seldom had the pleasure of mingling with other English children. In April of 1903 he rejoices at the fact that there were eight English children in the house at once ; " they had such a glorious time ! " Few missionaries have been able to acquire such intimate relations with the Chinese as Pollard formed and yet how great the distance between the two nations—English and Chinese—may

be estimated by the practice of child-betrothals : " A woman came a few days ago and admired Bertram, who was then four years old, and asked Mrs. Pollard if she had found a wife for him yet ! " Mrs. Pollard had to undertake the early education of the boys, and her success must have been very great to have prepared them to compete with other boys when they came to England. Her activities, however, were by no means confined to her children, as the Journal shows : " Sunday, March 29th, 1903. Emmie took Erh Tsueh's class. There are six classes in our Sunday School : four native teachers and two foreigners." Again : " April 22nd. Emmie has started an English school this week for our own children and for those of the Tremberths."

The Rev. W. Tremberth about this time returned from furlough, and was appointed to build and to superintend the school for the training of youths for the Christian ministry. The coming also of two fresh missionaries, Miss Bull and the Rev. H. Parsons, encouraged Pollard to hope that they might be able if the Committee were resolute, to pursue with more vigour " the forward movement " north of Chaotong. In one of his letters the Rev. C. Hicks says : " These men have sought us. They come from places which until last year had never been visited by Protestant missionaries. What do these men want, and why have they sought us ? These are questions we all find it difficult to answer. The movement is very mysterious. It seemed, however, our bounden duty to do our utmost to instruct the people. We believe that Providence has opened for us a great door and effectual, and woe to us if we preach not the Gospel ! " ¹

Accompanied by three Chinese evangelists Pollard started on Thursday, April 23rd, 1903, on his fifth tour northward—a journey which lasted ten weeks. A score or more of Chinese escorted them the first few miles. At Lao-wa-t'an Pollard found the Confucianist students desirous of having a " Jesus Hall " built in their town. " In the afternoon," he says, " we went to Kuan-T'ien-pa. During the evening we preached for two hours. The Lord was manifestly in our midst. It seemed as if some were moved. I felt very happy in telling the story of the love and life

¹ *The Bible Christian Magazine*, October, 1903.

of Jesus. I felt convinced that if we had a place here and a good man in charge we should gather in a harvest."

The Chinese evangelists were very pertinacious in their attacks on idolatry, and inquirers and converts were persuaded from time to time to make a clean break with their past by open renunciation of idol-worship. After considerable vacillation a Mr. Kueh consented to get rid of his idols. When his mother heard of this intention, she came to his house and for pity's sake carried off the household gods to look after them, as Mr. Kueh refused to keep them any longer : he said that what at last had brought him to decision, was a dream he had of being visited by five men in shining garments, whom he identified with the missionaries. Two days after the renunciation of his idols his youngest child died ; but he did not allow this trial to reverse his decision. After a long time Mr. Yen, the Chinese evangelist, persuaded Mr. Kueh's mother to allow the idols she had rescued from her son to be burnt in the yard of the house. In another case a Christian woman was dying, and her son wished to hire wizards to exorcise the spirit who was supposed to be afflicting her ; but the father replied : " Not if the whole household dies to a man ! Never again will we indulge in these heathen practices ! "

Pollard found the inquirers at various places very desirous of purchasing or building chapels. At Hwang Ping-chee the people pulled down the temple of Heaven and Earth, and put the idols into a niche in the great rock at the back, and on the site of the old temple they put up a new hall for the worship of Jesus. At Fu-Kuan when Pollard was preaching in front of the *yamen* the mandarin passed out of the gates, and seeing the missionary he ordered his chairmen to halt so that he might listen. He afterwards visited Pollard and discussed some dispute between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. He was insistent upon Pollard's placing a qualified evangelist in charge of the work in this town. It was a sign of a vast change in the mind of China that an officer of the State should make such a request. Pollard told him that he was appointing Mr. Yen to take charge of the work at Lao-wa-t'an and Mr. Lee, B.A., to be pastor at Fu-Kuan.

They took passages on a boat going to An-Pien near Sui Fu. It was by no means a pleasant journey as the boat was crowded with the carriers of the wax insect, and their obscene language made Pollard miserable. At night the inn where he stayed was uncomfortably full and very noisy. He was utterly fatigued and sought to forget the discomforts by going early to bed. But just as he was about to fall asleep a Chinese gentleman was shown into his room : he had come with the sole object of inquiring about the Christian faith. All sense of weariness fell away at once and Pollard sat up to give whatever instruction he could. He was much impressed by the stranger's earnest manner, and his conversation made Pollard think that he had been brought here on purpose that he might give his message to this visitor.

As soon as he got back again to Chaotong he assisted Dr. Savin to acquire a site suitable for building a house and hospital. On the first Sunday in October the church celebrated its harvest festival. Pollard divided all the members into little groups and gave to each a certain part of the chapel to decorate. Having devised a scheme of decoration for the whole, each group devoted its attention to its own segment of the building. This idea of publicly thanking God for the harvest always elicited the interest of the Chinese—Christian and heathen alike—and about seven hundred and fifty people attended the services on Sunday.

For the next six months Pollard was busily engaged in the various activities of the Mission in the city, making only short excursions from time to time to see how Mr. Lee and Mr. Yen were progressing at their respective stations at Fu-Kuan and Lao-wa-t'an. At Chaotong itself he gave willing assistance to Dr. Savin in the erection of the hospital. He also paid considerable attention to the development of the school work. The problems of education were occupying the thoughts of the mandarins throughout the eighteen provinces. Attempts were made to widen the curriculum of students who were preparing for Government examinations. One day in May, 1904, the Chaotong prefect paid a visit to Pollard with that elaborate ceremonial by which the Chinese signalise the importance of an occasion. The prefect in the course of conversation informed him that he was

sending one or two students to Japan. As the students had to be examined in mathematics, he asked Pollard to set the test paper, frankly owning that he knew nothing about the subject. When the missionary consented the mandarin proposed diffidently that Pollard should also examine the papers of the candidates. The Journal has this entry: "May 20th, 1904, I took a set of five questions across—some of the sums which my boy had done: one mensuration, one algebra, and three arithmetic." The following Wednesday records the unsatisfactory result: "Five papers were sent me by the prefect: one candidate answered two questions, two answered one, and two answered none. Badly done." Humiliating as this may have seemed to the Chinese, it was an inevitable result of the absence of Western teachers. The manner in which the Chinese have striven to repair this lack in recent years is worthy of highest praise.

It is due to the Chinese evangelists to acknowledge that the great propaganda which was being carried on in so many towns and villages throughout the prefecture could never have been sustained without their assistance. Both Mr. Yen and Mr. Li (Lee) endured many severe tests, separated from the encouragements of home and fellow-Christians. Mr. Yen had been a silk merchant before his conversion, and as the years passed he found it was a great drawback in his work that he did not belong to the student class; but he had won the respect of the foreign missionaries by the unflinching loyalty he exhibited at the time of the Boxer unrest. Writing to Mr. Pollard from Lao-wa-t'an he tells him that those who first gave in their names as inquirers were not keeping the rules of the church. There were others who were impatient to become members and he had to urge upon them the necessity of being fully instructed before taking such an important step. In his own experience the light had come to him very slowly and after much confusion of thought, and he was unlikely to understand the intuitive appreciation of truth in swifter minds. He relates the story of one of the young converts who was removed from Lao-wa-t'an to another town where there was no Christian church. The young fellow had written to the evangelist saying that even if his family cut him off he would

remain firm. "He knows," said Mr. Yen, "that his soul is ten thousand times more precious than food and clothing; even if he is reduced to hunger he will not go back."

At Fu-Kuan Mr. Lee, B.A., had to meet persecution and misunderstanding. Having rejected an inquirer whose motives were obviously wrong, the man went to the Roman Catholics and by his false statements stirred the priests to anger against the Protestants. Mr. Lee wrote a long account of the matter to Mr. Pollard and concludes his epistle with these words: "The church at Fu-Kuan has just reached the stage of sowing in tears. I respect [admire] the work of the Holy Spirit. When I preach I realise the wonder of it. When I think of it I know that it must be that the prayers of Chaotong have gone right into Heaven." In another letter Mr. Lee gave an account of a local attempt at a place between Sui Fu and Fu-Kuan to revive Boxerism. It was a medley of perverted patriotism, hatred of Christians and beliefs in the power of magic rites. Mr. Lee relates the swift action on the part of the mandarin in sending a company of soldiers to put down this dangerous rebellion. Before the soldiers reached the place, however, one of the Christians was murdered by the Boxers. "In the second moon," says Mr. Lee, "Mr. Parsons went to Mr. Chu's home and helped him to clear away all his idols. There were only two of them in the family—husband and wife—the lute and the harp harmoniously accorded. Morn and night they closed the doors and together sang and prayed. As a man he was loyal and honest; when reviled by others he did not indulge in recriminations; when he was injured he submitted. On the nineteenth of the ninth moon at Ch'ong-t'ien-ts'ao, the magicians and the Red Lantern sect of the Pearly Emperor set up their altars, invited the spirits, saluted the flags and exalted the demons. They arrested Chu and cursed him saying: 'You ought not to have brought that foreign devil, Parsons, to insult the gods and overthrow the images.' Afterwards they told him that if he would worship the Pearly Emperor and bow to the gods they would spare his life and not destroy his house. Chu showed no fear, but answered: 'Only one is true—that is Jesus.' While he was speaking the magician in great anger slew him, cut off his head

and offered it in sacrifice to the Pearly Emperor, scattering the blood on the flags. So this man for the Lord's sake was loyal to the end."

In reviewing this period of mission work in the north-east of Yunnan one marvels at its success. It was the first great opportunity that had come to the Mission.

Even the Manchus now recognised that only a great reformation could save the Empire. The result was a total overthrow of the policy of intransigent opposition to the men who represented Western civilisation and the Christian religion. Instead of scorning the missionaries great numbers of Chinese welcomed them as their best instructors and guides. Pollard found himself *persona grata* with Chinese of all ranks who treated him with the honours of an important mandarin. Had the Mission been ready for this national change, or had reinforcements been sent speedily enough, it would have been practicable to establish a chain of churches from Chaotong to Yunnan Fu in the south, and from the same city to Sui Fu in the north.

There was genuine heroism in the way Pollard and his colleagues grappled with the new situation, in Pollard's sacrifice of all the amenities of home life, in the series of perilous journeys he made on foot with a little band of Chinese Christians to carry the Evangel to the towns, markets, and villages in the north-east of Yunnan. He believed that one of those rare crises in history had come when the destiny not of China alone but of all Asia and Europe might be decided by the answer which the Christian Church made to the appeal of the awakening Chinese. The blindness and apathy of the Churches when face to face with such a unique opportunity, and the failure of his own Missionary Society to arouse the Christians of England to offer adequate response to his appeals filled him with anger and dismay. European nations were obsessed with false ideals of political aggrandisement and were unable to understand the revolution going on in the mind of China, and the grand opportunity of 1903-4 was largely lost.

BOOK III
AMONG THE TRIBES OF WEST CHINA
(1905-1910)

CHAPTER I

The Aboriginal Clans of Yunnan and Kweichow

SUDDENLY Pollard's activities were diverted from his task of evangelising the Chinese to a totally new work among the aborigines of Yunnan and Kweichow. As early as 1888 the Rev. S. T. Thorne wrote of his having met at Huan P'ing with some representatives of a mountain race, unconquered and independent, who lived on the Szechuen side of the Yangtsze. A little later the Rev. T. G. Vanstone, half-consciously forecasting future events, expressed a belief that his young colleague, S. Pollard, would some day be greatly used in the evangelisation of the aboriginal tribes of West China of whose history not much is known. They are recorded to have resisted the Chinese administration at the end of Yung Cheng's reign and also during Ch'ien Lung's rule in the eighteenth century, when they were pacified by diplomacy and clemency and not by force of arms.

In 1877 W. E. Colborne Baber explored Lolo land, whose inhabitants are variously styled, Lolos, Si-fans, and Mantsi, but who should be known as No-Su. This mountainous enclave is estimated to cover about 11,000 square miles. Apart from the missionaries—Roman Catholic and Protestant—the most successful explorer of the Lolo country was Vicomte d'Ollone who crossed the Great Cold Mountains in 1906. He asserts that though all the western provinces of the Middle Empire were won by conquest from non-Chinese populations, yet three sections of the

people invincibly opposed subjugation and still retain their independence. These are the Miao-tze in Kweichow, the Lolos in Szechuen, and the Si-fan in the north of Tibet.¹

Missionaries and travellers have experienced difficulty in discovering the actual political relations between the Chinese and the aboriginal tribes, owing, on the one hand, to the reticence of the Chinese, and on the other, to the tribesmen's dislike of all intruders. The Chinese came to Yunnan during the Ming dynasty in 1380 and took possession of certain plains and valleys. In 1727 the Manchu Emperor, Yung Cheng, sought to extend the conquest of Yunnan, and some of the tribes surrendered and were scattered among the new Chinese settlers. Others of the No-Su race, refusing to live in subjection, crossed the Yangtze and dwelt among the impregnable mountain ranges of Szechuen. From that time these tribes have held their territory with dauntless valour. They live in villages among the Great Cold Mountains—Ta-Liang-Shan—hating the Chinese, and in former days used to pour down in battle array to harry, burn, and raid.

Plains comprise about one-fifteenth of the province of Yunnan, and on them the Chinese outnumber other races ; but among the mountains the aboriginal tribes probably number more than five millions. In the north-west many clans appear to be of Tibetan origin. In the west, where Yunnan borders Burma, are the Kachins and the Pa-laungs. Throughout the interior the No-Su, Li-Su, and Miao are widely scattered. On some plains are the Shans and the Ming-Chia tribes. Clans of kindred tribes are found in other provinces as well—in the mountain villages of Fukien, the hilly districts of Hunan, in Szechuen, Kwang-si, and Kweichow. Comparison of their vocabularies indicates that the non-Chinese races of Yunnan, exclusive of the Tibetans, are principally the No-Su, Shan, and Miao.² The Shans, or Chung Chia tribes, are described as “ a short, but very strongly made race, yellow in complexion, with features of a decidedly Mongolian type.” The No-Su are tall, straight-featured, fairish people, possibly of Tibetan extraction. There are kindred tribes of

¹ “ In Forbidden China,” pp. 11, 12.

² “ The Chinese Empire,” by M. Broomhall, p. 243.

Li-Su, La-hu, La-Ka, and Kop'u. The Chinese call these branches of the No-Su, I-ren or "foreigners." The third great non-Chinese race is the Miao, or Mhong, of whom communities are widely scattered over south-west China. They seem most numerous in Kweichow and are divided into three clans—the Black, the White, and the Flowery (Variegated) Miao, the Black being probably most numerous in Kweichow, and the Flowery in Yunnan. Each of these tribes has its own dialect. Major Davies¹ says they are of medium height, with more regular features than the Chinese. In Kweichow the Miao have a great name as warriors, but in Yunnan are so scattered that they are always surrounded by more powerful neighbours and not able to assert themselves. They are thus shy and timid, and live usually in out-of-the-way places on the tops of the ranges.

In order to render the mass movement which Pollard and his fellow-missionaries directed intelligible, we must distinguish between the warlike tribes of No-Su who live in Independent Lolo land and are called Mantsi, or Babus, and the Miao of Yunnan and Kweichow. According to d'Ollone, the independent Lolos live under the feudal system. All the soil belongs to the seigneurs. The latter practise the art of war before all else, but do not neglect letters. Agriculture to them is the work of Chinese serfs kidnapped from the plains. "The slaves are not ill-treated—provided they are obedient and do not run away. They form several stereotyped classes—usually three. At the end of several generations of good service, the slave is customarily freed and becomes a serf. The class of serfs, which has also its own hierarchy of classes, sometimes contains at the summit broken nobles, generally those who have been defeated in war, and who, refusing to accept the yoke of the conqueror, go elsewhere to seek the protection of some powerful seigneur. Finally, right at the top of the hierarchy are the *nzemo*, or princes," whose power depends on the man wielding it. A rich and active prince can make his authority respected, while another will enjoy no influence beyond his personal estate. These *nzemos* possess the rights of suzerainty but do not in any sense govern their vassals.²

¹ "Yunnan," p. 311.

² "In Forbidden China," p. 62.

Even the aboriginal tribes in Yunnan and Kweichow, though more subject to Chinese mandarins, are governed by their feudal chiefs. The Tu-muh, or seigneurs, often possess vast estates with hundreds or, in some cases, thousands of tenants. These chiefs are nearly all "black-blooded"—i.e., "blue-blooded"—No-Su. No-Su tenants are usually styled "White No-Su." Most of the tenants, however, are Miao, and are practically serfs, who not only pay rent in kind but also cultivate the laird's farms.

Lolo, the name by which these people are widely known, is a sort of Chinese nickname from the *lo-lo*, or tiny basket, in which are preserved the short bamboo tubes containing the names and spirits of their ancestors. Knowledge of their written language appears to be confined almost exclusively to the pi-mo, a distinct class who act as tutors to their chief's children and preserve the books of the tribe. Pollard inclined to think that the No-Su "characters" were modifications of Chinese ideographs. They are read from top to bottom of the page, but begin at the left instead of the right side.

There are No-Su traditions of an earlier civilisation and a more sumptuous and cultivated life. They have no arts and few industries. They are a race of warriors, and a No-Su's first desire is for a horse and rifle. They are men of fine physique, muscular and often handsome. The chiefs build strong fortresses, but the serfs live in hovels of mud or reeds. On festive occasions the seigneurs indulge in ostentatious and lavish hospitality. When inflamed with wine the No-Su are quarrelsome and then fighting begins among them. The No-Su women, however, often stop these brawls by stepping into the *mêlée* and taking hold of the horn which is so marked a feature of the men's head-dress: a woman will only seize her own husband in this way, and as a rule the man yields to his wife's intervention and withdraws from the fracas.

Feuds of almost forgotten origin are handed down from one generation to another. The seigneur leads his retainers forth to fight the hereditary enemy, to burn the houses and the fortress of another clan, not because of any new grievance, but because their fathers had been opposed in the dim past or because the

warriors have grown tired of inaction. Sometimes the struggle is transferred from the hillside to the Chinese *yamen*, and the No-Su chiefs are impoverished by litigation and gradually lose their ancestral estates.

It is often supposed that the No-Su were the original inhabitants of the Chaotong district, but the Rev. C. E. Hicks denies this.¹ They have a tradition that their ancestors came from Tibet and found Chaotong plain occupied by a dark, small-statured race dwelling in caves. Many of the earthen mounds on the plain are thought to be connected with the Yao-ren of a previous age. When uncovered these mounds have been found to contain rough stones and burnt bricks marked with a peculiar pattern. The war-like No-Su are reputed to have driven the Yao-ren into Szechuen, although the Chinese say that the Yao race are the same people as the aborigines in Kwangtung. D'Ollone found traces of these Yao in the north of Yunnan and maintains that they are the men whom he had observed in Tongking. The bearing of such ethnographical discoveries is obvious. "Certain tribes of French Indo-China are evidently representatives of a race which has occupied enormous tracts of territory, and which, according to some Chinese historians, has played an important part in history, and to-day, in all probability, owing to the alliance of the conquerors with the women of conquered races, they still form the basis of numerous populations." At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Manchus drove the No-Su back into the hills, and then built the city of Chaotong, exacting tribute and submission from the scattered fragments of the No-Su tribe.

D'Ollone says that the No-Su are "pure theists. They have no religious worship properly so-called: neither temples, nor priests, nor ceremonies in which people can participate. But they believe in one God, perfect and omnipotent, and in a maleficent spirit. After death the good are called to God and the wicked are tormented by the demon. But, as a rule, the dead man has been neither wholly good nor wholly bad; he therefore spends three years in roaming the earth around his home, intervening in events, and the celestial judgment is deferred until the

¹ *The Chinese Recorder*, March, 1900.

end of that period.”¹ Hicks says that ancestor worship seems as natural to them as to the Chinese though it takes a different form. Instead of ancestral tablets they use the little *lo-lo* or baskets to which reference has already been made. Formerly, the bodies of the dead were burned with wood, and the mourners danced and chanted about the pyre. The Babus, that is, the independent No-Su, still observe this custom ; but in districts where Chinese rule obtains the No-Su commonly adopt Chinese burial customs.

Dr. Lilian Dingle, who stayed about two weeks at the home of a No-Su chief, says : “ The Babus have a curious custom of killing a lamb once a year, and with a bunch of bamboo twigs dipped in the blood they smear the doors of the houses. They remove the head, legs, and skin of the lamb, roast it whole and eat it that same evening, leaving nothing over. They do not eat herbs with it, and if they have cakes they are made of maize and not of flour.” She adds that the *pi-mo* comes to the door to receive the parts which were removed before the lamb was roasted.

Among these people betrothals are made at a very early age ; but when the youth and maiden are prepared for marriage, the arrangements are rounded off with a semblance of armed force ; and the bride has to be taken from her parents’ home by a simulated skirmish. This is a survival of the custom of an earlier age when every man had to win his wife by violence. Now, as soon as the bridegroom and his friends have forced their way into the bride’s home, her party capitulates and they all join in the wedding festivities. Finally, the bride is led on horseback to her husband’s house, and as they approach it her kinsmen attempt to snatch the veil from her face and fling it on the roof, but the bridegroom’s friends endeavour to seize it and to trample it on the doorstep. The whole proceeding is rough play intended to indicate the future position of the bride in her new home.

Of the No-Su that are subject to Chinese suzerainty, Mr. Hicks avers that their lax moral life has afforded the Chinese their opportunity. By wine, opium, and all kinds of riotous indulgence they “ have wasted their substance, and have been very

¹ *The Chinese Recorder*, March, 1900, p. 173.

glad to mortgage, or sell their land to the Chinese. This grossly immoral and drunken life has also greatly reduced the number of the people. Their physical constitutions are weakened and their lives shortened by their continued self-indulgence, so that it is quite unusual to meet with an aged aboriginal, and families frequently become extinct. Lawlessness prevails in the district. The rich and strong tyrannize over the weak and poor. Fighting with modern rifles is not uncommon, and men are killed and their bodies burned, houses are destroyed and people rendered homeless at the bidding of the 'Tu-muh,' who in many cases seems to be the very embodiment of iniquity." In many districts these No-Su are being assimilated by the Chinese whose language and idolatry they adopt. Other branches, however, proudly retain their own customs and language and keep up their connection with the independent tribes of the Great Cold Mountains.

As to the Miao, they are more numerous than the No-Su, but in many ways appear to be inferior in culture and possessions. Major Davies says that their real home was in Kweichow and that they migrated into Yunnan and western Szechuen in recent times. But no branch of the Miao tribes has succeeded in preserving any independent territory. The so-called independent Miao-tze are a different race, whom d'Ollone calls the Tao race, possibly akin to if not identical with the Yao-ren spoken of by Hicks, and both probably related to the Shans. "This race [the Tao people] is," says d'Ollone,¹ "with the Lolos and the Miao-tze, the most important of southern China, and extends over a great portion of Indo-China, notably over Siam; its future may be judged by the prosperous state of the latter kingdom."

For the most part the Miao are feudal subjects of the No-Su and have little land of their own. The No-Su, with their kinsmen, the Li-Su, Laka, and Kop'u, are better off than the Miao. The ornaments worn by the No-Su are nearly always of silver, but the Miao are content to wear copper and brass. Here and there are Miao who are richer, but, generally speaking, this race is

¹ *The Chinese Recorder*, March, 1900, p. 146.

economically dependent upon their No-Su landlords. Their chief occupations are hunting and agriculture. They till the lands of their feudal chiefs ; and also cultivate their own allotments. The seigneurs in turn acknowledge the authority of Chinese mandarins by paying taxes which they have first collected from the Miao. Missionaries describe the doubly oppressed Miao as simple, harmless folk, very ignorant and very immoral. " But that these tribesmen," says Pollard, " have retained their separate existence for all these centuries, refusing to be absorbed by the Chinese, and keeping free from the cruel custom of foot-binding, shows that under their meek, subdued exterior, there rest qualities which the Lord Jesus can use for the furtherance of His kingdom. It is no discredit to them that they are landless."

S. R. Clarke says : " Anyone who could speak three or four of their dialects would in all probability understand and be understood by them all. Originally the Miao were ruled by their own hereditary chiefs, but now Chinese magistrates appoint their headmen from among them, and they are called ' twan,' " who collect the taxes and settle disputes, though more serious litigation is carried to the Chinese *yamen*.

Marriage customs among the Miao are similar to those of the Chinese, but the women have greater freedom and some respect to their preferences is usually allowed in the choice of their husbands. The tribes-people do not show the like serious regard for the sacredness and permanence of the marriage bond which the Chinese do. One of the missionaries' difficulties has been to impress upon the Miao the Christian ideal of an indissoluble union. Trouble often arises from the recurrent triangle which the wife's undisciplined affection for a lover creates. At times the missionaries and disinterested advisers insist upon the errant wife's return to her legal husband ; but often no alternative but separation can be found, and then the lover pays back to the husband what he originally paid to the woman's family, and takes the freed woman to be his own wife.

Though the Miao are far removed from a savage state, their present civilisation is much lower than that of the Chinese. They have impressed the missionaries as simple children of

nature, with many attractive qualities and certain repellent vices. Excessive whisky-drinking is indulged in at all their special festivities. They are a pastoral people as well as cultivators of the soil. Day by day women and girls lead the goats and cattle up the mountain sides and bring them back at night. The men frequently give themselves up to the toils and pleasures of the chase and are glad to kill a wild boar, or an antelope ; sometimes they hunt the leopard or tiger with poisoned arrows. They have music and dancing at their festivals and holidays, their chief musical instrument being a miniature organ made of bamboo tubes of varying lengths, like a congeries of flutes. The music produced is said to be weird, " sometimes like a bird note and always suggestive of nature sounds, yet of nature in a plaintive mood." Their games resemble those of the ancient Greeks, and they are very clever in breeding and training horses.¹

Those missionaries who have become most intimate with the Miao and won their confidence say that they have no literature of their own, but are great lovers of tales. The legends, which have descended orally from generation to generation, relating to the creation, to a flood, and to the King of Hades, are generally recited at weddings and funerals. Mr. S. R. Clarke says that many of the legends are in verse, " five syllables to a line, the stanzas being of unequal length, one stanza interrogative and one responsive. These are sung or recited at their festivals by two persons of two groups." In an account of the creation written down by Clarke from the dictation of his Miao teacher, the first line of the second stanza has the simplicity and dignity of Hebrew : " Vang-vai [Heavenly King] made heaven and earth." In later stanzas " Zie-ne " takes the place of the Maker of things and " Vang-vai " is not referred to again. The tribes-people are too preoccupied with the caprices and hostilities of demons and the rites and ceremonies required to ward off sickness and other misfortunes, to develop the implications of this noble theism.

On one occasion Pollard persuaded the mourners at a funeral to relate to him their beliefs about the dead. When a person is about to die, the wizard or exorcist recites the story of the creation

¹ From a letter by Dr. Lilian Dingle.



A CLASS OF MERRY MIAO CHILDREN.

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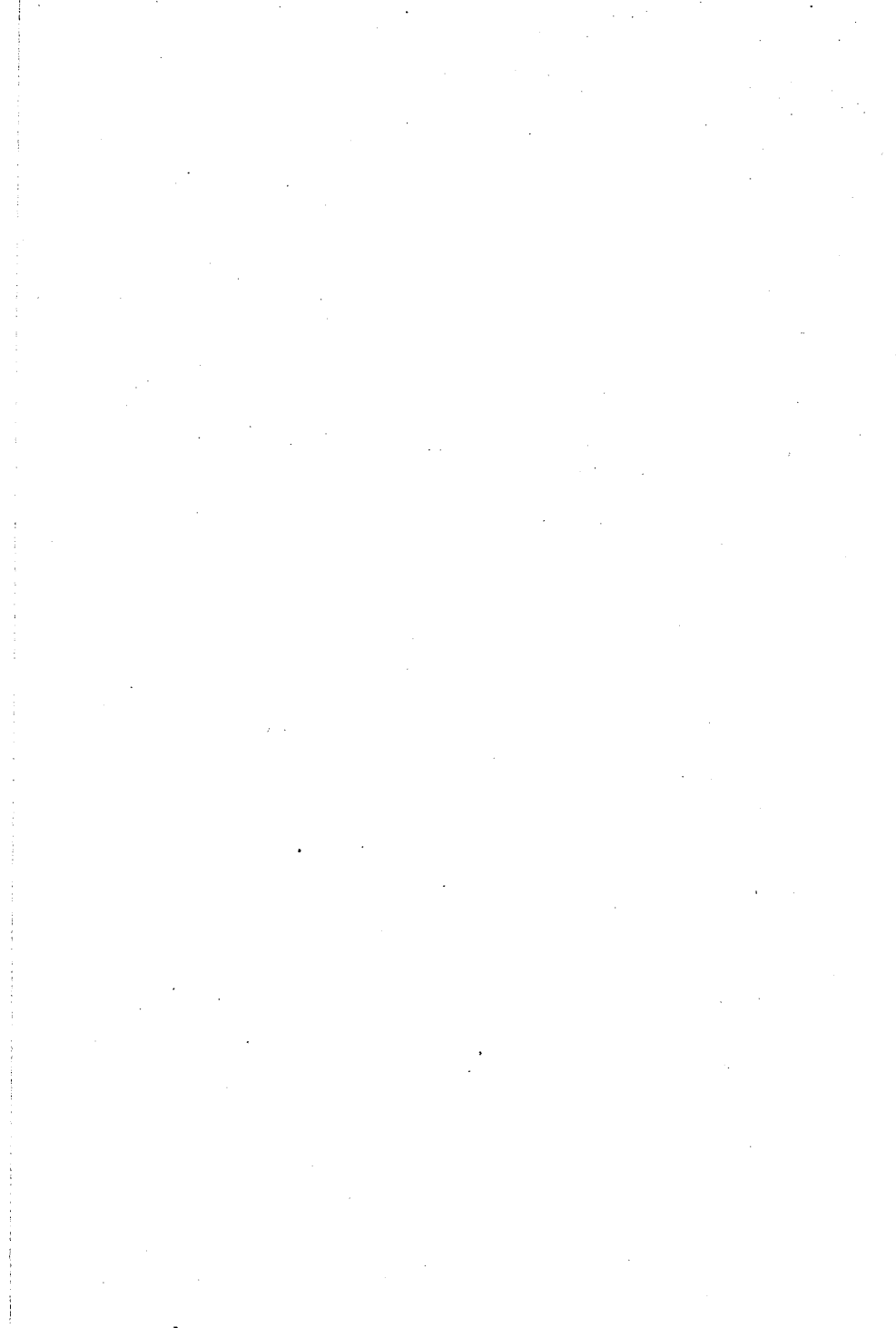
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of the first man and the first woman : when this is ended he tells the departing soul the road he must travel in the future. The dead go to the city of Ntz-ke-niao (the Miao Pluto). While the spirit is upon the road the friends on earth are continually troubled by his visits and the sickness he causes. Upon first leaving the body the spirit encounters gigantic caterpillars which bite and sting and dispute the passage. The wizards exercise their spells and kill the cattle to bribe the keeper of the Way of Death to let the disembodied spirit pass. After this the spirit meets a pack of dogs as big as buffaloes who worry the traveller and, if not prevented, throw him into a lake. If, however, before death the man showed any kindness to dogs then Cerberus and his crew will let him pass on a straight road to Hades. Having arrived at the city of Ntz-ke-niao, the spirit is sent into the body of a fowl, or pig, or sheep, or goat. While this is happening to the spirit the body is carried out in a bamboo mat and put in a coffin. The wizard takes some grass and chops it up saying : " If your brother, or sister, or another relative attempts to follow you, send them back " : he then takes the grass and chopper, and hurls them beyond the grave. There are additional rites with local variations ; but these fairly represent the Miao beliefs and practices in regard to their dead.

Pollard once asked the Miao if they had any knowledge of the dead returning from Ntz-ke-niao's city and they said " No." Sometimes, however, their wizards will take a living man to Hades, and bring him back again. The wizard lies down and the man lies by his side ; a millstone is placed on the wizard's stomach and upon the stone a bucket filled with water, and when this has been done he closes his eyes and chants. In this way the man lying by his side is probably hypnotised and made to see the pictures in the mind of the performer. A Miao friend told Pollard that he had experimented with a wizard, but nothing happened. There were others, however, who had been mesmerised and remembered all kinds of phenomena they had seen.

Of these tribes of West China little was known until the beginning of the twentieth century, when suddenly a " mass movement " began among the Miao which, after a time, influenced the No-Su

to make inquiries about the Christian religion. The atmosphere seemed stirred by mysterious currents of life which set these tribes marching to Anshuen and Chaotong with the startling inquiry : " Where is He Whom we ought to worship as our God and King ? " We scarcely understand the causes of such movements. It seems as if in some unfathomable way these tribes are sharing in the revived sense of nationality, or of new tribal consciousness. What impact the victories of Japan may have had even upon these remote peoples cannot be known. The missionaries state that political sentiment has played only a small part in this awakening. We do know, however, that at Chaotong there was a little white man whose great soul was strangely moved by the unwonted spectacle of a whole tribe turning to Jesus, and we know now how he rose to the greatness of the opportunity and by ten years of unremitting toil and self-denial, laid the foundations of a living Church.

In one of his letters Pollard relates how he once travelled with a doctor who had lost his wife ; and this man told how he was wrecked with his motherless children on the Yangtsze. The youngest child sank to the river bottom and was thought to be dead when its body was brought up again. He did all he could to empty the child's lungs of water and to restore respiration, but he saw no sign of returning life. Then a Chinese woman standing by took the lifeless body and, opening her bosom, hugged the child to her breast and covered it with her gown, and there close to her beating heart it revived and was given back to the father unhurt. This story may serve as a parable of what Pollard did for the poor Miao : he took them to his heart and shared the warmth of his own spiritual faith with them until they revived, and those who were no people became a reinvigorated tribe with the hope and light of a new life shining in their eyes.

*CHAPTER II**A Trip into Lolo Land*

DURING the five great journeys which Pollard undertook to enter the "open doors" in the north-east of Yunnan after the collapse of Boxerism, he was brought into frequent contact with the No-Su from across the Yangtze. Curiosity in these stalwart strangers and the adventurous instinct of the explorer made him long to enter the forbidden country of Lolo land. As time after time he stood on the borders of Ta-Liang-Shan—a region extending two hundred miles in one direction, three hundred and fifty miles in another—he was possessed with a desire to cross the river and climb the "Great Cold Mountains." Whenever he met representatives of the brave clans in the Chinese markets—for they often came across for purposes of barter—he sought to gain an introduction to them. In the evenings around the inn fires he listened spellbound to tales of No-Su raiders and of their carrying off Chinese captives for slavery or ransom.

These talks led Pollard to decide that as soon as opportunity offered he would make an excursion into No-Su land. It is necessary for a traveller who ventures into this unconquered area to secure a friendly guide, or "respondent," powerful enough to exact protection from the aboriginal clans. Pollard, however, would not have been able to carry out his project but for the friendship of a No-Su chief named Long, who, though living under Chinese jurisdiction, kept in touch with his kinsmen across the borders. Having induced Long to become his guide, they left Chaotong together on November 18th, 1903, intending to go first to the chief's house, three days' journey away, and then to proceed secretly to the Great Cold Mountains.

Presently they were joined by two other horsemen, friends of Chief Long. They halted for the night at a place called Pu-tsu and were entertained by some of the Chief's relatives. Many No-Su came to see "the foreigner," and Pollard preached to them in Chinese which his guide translated, and afterwards the head

of the house wished to be enrolled among the Christians as an "inquirer." They had three days' rough travelling up and down precipitous hills before they reached the chief's home at Tao Chee. Concerning the origin of these No-Su, Pollard wrote : " In one of their manuscripts I came across a kind of racial genealogical tree, in which the lamas appeared low down in the scale. My sallow-faced wizard pundit informed me that the lamas referred to were the Tibetans, who were, so he stated, a decadent branch of the No-Su race. Should this interesting statement turn out to be true, then it may be that the No-Su is one of the earliest races of the world."

Pollard learned that the Chief's mother had been a woman of quite exceptional force of character. When Long was two years old the whole country was moved by the great Mahommedan rebellion, and in the upheaval a neighbouring No-Su clan fought against the Longs. In a *mêlée* the Chief's father was killed by a spear thrust and his retainers fled. His widow sent her little son into independent Lolo land in the care of a slave girl. The boy was brought up under an assumed name and guarded for years against the assassin's dagger and the poison cup. During these years his mother fought persistently to recover the lands which by right belonged to them. Gradually she drew the scattered retainers back and hired others. They lived frugally and fought hard. On one occasion her enemies forced their way into the court of the house where she lived, and then the dauntless amazon snatched up a gun and drove them back single-handed. When the rebellion ceased Mrs. Long entered lawsuit after lawsuit to recover the estates and at length succeeded in ridding the land of hostile settlers.

During the few days that Pollard spent at Long's home he learned how this able woman had arranged the order of her son's life before she died : she gave each of his three wives a separate establishment all within the walled estate ; but gave no separate house to Mr. Long, making it incumbent upon him to spend a month at each wife's home in turn. The first wife lived in the house on the right ; the second in one on the left, and the youngest occupied the middle house. Pollard stayed with his host in the

home of the second wife, by whom the Chief had three sons and two daughters. The third wife also had two daughters.

"There does not exist," says Pollard, "among these people the same reserve in intercourse between the sexes as exists among the Chinese, which, while it has many points of excellence in it, leads to women taking a very low place. . . . The freedom which the women enjoy in No-Su land seems to have developed in them self-reliance and respect. . . . The women joined as freely in conversation as the men, and there was none of that stupid fear and reserve which is so distasteful to Europeans."

"From Tao Chee," he says, "we had a magnificent view of No-Su land. . . . We made up a party of a dozen, nearly all armed. Even the missionary possessed wonderful weapons, which may have been the salvation of the whole party more than once. My companions, instead of saying my telescope was a 'thousand-mile glass' described it as a 'thousand-mile gun' able to shoot all that could be seen through it, and never going off unless there were sufficient people opposed to us to make it worth while firing. As to my camera, when that was fixed on the tripod and the missionary disappeared under the cloth, no Gatling gun, nor any of its numerous offspring, could have caused greater consternation. We were going among a people who, with all their bravery and contempt of the Chinese, are absolutely in the hands of the wizards and terribly afraid of magic and demons. I was presumed to be an expert in all matters concerning the black art, and even those who wished to rob our party were too much scared to run the risk."

For Pollard the Sunday spent at Tao Chee was made memorable by the Chief's request that he would take away the tablet of Heaven and Earth as he was now a worshipper not of the powers of Nature, but of Nature's Lord. Another step taken was to make Pollard an adoptive father of the Chief's son: the boy was led in to kneel before the missionary in token of submission. Pollard then gave him an English name William, pronounced "Wei-lien," and made a present to him of a small compass. On Sunday evening the missionary taught his hostess some of the doctrines of the

Christian religion and helped her to commit to memory a simple form of prayer.

On Tuesday morning, November 24th, 1903, they left Tao Chee to descend the steep rough mountain path, and came to the Yangtze in the afternoon. They passed through some fine sugar fields and reached Sin-Chan-Keo, where there was a busy market. Adjacent silver mines once gave great importance to this place, but the poisonous fumes caused them to be abandoned. At this market Pollard met many independent No-Su—tall, fine men who, compared with the black-haired Chinese, seemed quite fair. These I-ren have straight features, large noses, bright eyes: their faces, as a rule, are hairless; yet they impress one as a manly, athletic race. They had grey, felt cloaks fastened at the neck and reaching below their knees. Some of them wore wrist protectors for turning aside a blow of a sword. One man had a strap over his shoulders ornamented with a double row of buttons and large stones; he also wore a sword two feet long which dangled at his left side.

Chief Long had at first wanted Pollard to write to the British Consul-General and get an order of protection; but he knew that his only hope of ever getting into No-Su land was to go without asking permission. The secret of his intention, however, had not been kept too well, and having heard rumours the guardian of the Yangtze defences sent instructions that the ferrymen should prevent Pollard from crossing at all costs. The Chinese were manifestly upset by his arrival. The officials in charge of the ferry brought presents of rice, pork, and oranges, and did all they could to dissuade him from his purpose. Finding warnings useless the Chinese resorted to plots. "There was," says Pollard, "only one boat available. Several miles up stream there is another ferry, but the boat was hauled ashore for repairs. Farther down stream the next ferry would land us among enemies of the tribes we wished to visit, so it was Sin-Chan-Keo ferry or nowhere. The plotters agreed to knock a few boards out of the bottom of the ferry-boat and so prevent our passage. Splendid idea! They went down to carry out their scheme, but here we met with an unexpected ally. The boatmen refused absolutely

to allow this wrecking to be done. . . . Other plans were adopted. We were allowed to cross over, but word was sent to the tribes that they were to capture us and hold us for ransom. It was reported that Mr. Long and I were worth a ransom of ten thousand taels." Later they learned that the Chinese had gone so far as to invite the No-Su to kill the foreigner.

Next morning the missionary took his seat with his friends in the ferry-boat and in a few minutes they stepped into the forbidden land. Taking off his hat, Pollard prayed that the people of this country might have their part in the Kingdom of God.

With positive injunctions to keep together, Long led the party onwards. For a while they walked parallel with the river, and then turned up to the right and followed a silvery torrent through a gorge where the road was execrable. "We had left our horses," says Pollard, "in Yunnan, resolved to walk, and were glad now we had done so. Sometimes the way was but a few ledges cut in the rock. At other times a log was thrown against a cliff and a few notches cut in it to help the climbers. Logs were placed from ledge to ledge, and over these we had to walk or crawl. The stream was crossed by the rudest of rustic bridges, and it was amusing to see Chief Long, who would ride a horse almost anywhere, afraid to trust his legs on these bridges. He crawled over on hands and knees shaking all the time."

During the day Pollard had to discard his English boots, and to wear hemp sandals. By evening they had only covered twelve miles, and had reached a small hamlet where some of the tenants of Chief Long's nephew were living. Tiny as this village was it had a wall around it. On the wall, near the gate, sat two Babu men with a woman between them. The travellers went on farther to Tao-pengtse. Here they were visited by the seigneur, who apologized for not providing hospitality at his own house since it had been recently burnt down by his enemies. Everywhere the people were surprised at the daring of the foreigner, but Long's friendship prevented any hostile demonstration.

Pollard was interested in the difference presented by life in No-Su land and in China proper. The No-Su have no cities, no shops, no temples, no opium dens, no police. The left ear of

each man is bored and he wears an ear-ring with a thread of coral beads and a silver chain. The women have natural unbound feet. A No-Su values his daughters and infanticide is not practised. "There is one custom among these people which was rather awkward for one of our party. If a No-Su young man pays a visit to a family related to him by marriage, then the slave girls are allowed to 'rag' him, and some of them take full advantage of their privilege. One of the young fellows with us was 'ragged' in this way. It was fun to see him run away from the band of girls who, among other things, were splashing him well with cold water thrown with large ladles. The girls enjoyed the fun immensely, and so did the onlookers. . . ."

"Next morning we intended to have started early, but a No-Su chief named Vriha, hearing of our arrival, came to see us, and refused to let us leave until we had partaken of his hospitality. He despatched a retainer for a fat goat. At 9 a.m. the goat arrived. At eleven we were partaking of fine well-cooked goat-mutton and delicious rice. While waiting about, the No-Su had a lot of fun out of a small folding-chair which I had with me and a small iron puzzle. The greatest fun of all, however, was when I showed them a couple of working figures, a Chinaman with a sword and spear and a dancing fiddler. How they roared and roared with laughter! In fact the ten days I spent in No-Su land were days of high fun and great laughter." They discovered later that this chief Vriha had been in collusion with the Chinese in the plot either to capture Pollard, or to kill him; but that when he learned that another No-Su, named Vrinte, had made friends with the missionary, Vriha thought it prudent not to have anything to do with the proposed attack: he turned right round and said that if he had been told of Pollard's coming, he would have sent an armed force of six or seven hundred men to give him protection.

It was high noon when Pollard and his party started to go farther inland. A group of No-Su met them and showed astonishment at seeing a foreigner. They laughed heartily when Long told them that Pollard was a man-bear. Only the day before a No-Su had said that the foreign dress made him look like a

bear and had he met him in a jungle he certainly would have shot him. Learning that Long had called him a "man-bear," Pollard playfully seized his guide and made as though he would beat him with the thorn stick he was carrying. Just then they passed several flocks of sheep, many of which were black, and Pollard wished he could take a couple of the frisking black lambs home as pets for his boys. During the afternoon they had to cross a cliff where the dizzy height and narrow ledges of rock were so perilous that "even the monkeys are said to put on sandals before they venture to walk over its slippery sides!" As they went along Pollard asked his companions what a No-Su seeks for in this life, and the answer was given swiftly: "First, weapons and armour, next a horse."

"At the end of the day," he says, "we came to a large village called Chie-Tsu-leh-Chieh. A strong wall surrounded the village and loopholes were very abundant, showing how the people live constantly prepared for attack. Most of the houses were built low and roofed with grass. The better class are roofed with strips of bark on which moss and grasses grow. I saw no tiles anywhere in No-Su land."

"Entering the courtyard of one of these houses we were shown into the long main room, which was almost devoid of furniture. At one end was a big stone fire-place built in the ground. Around the blazing fire were placed several wicker-work mats and in the chief place sitting on one of these mats the lady of the house awaited us. We also sat down on a mat as near the fire as we could. Falling snow made it very cold. The absence of elaborate ceremony was very welcome to an Englishman. At twenty minutes to seven there was a commotion. Several of the chieftainess's retainers came in, dragging a large goat. This was brought before us and, to my horror, the men there and then proceeded to kill and dress the goat for our supper. It is considered a point of honour with the No-Su to kill an animal for every party of guests which arrives, and lest it be thought that one animal might be used for two parties, the poor victim is always slaughtered in the presence of the guests. This was the most disagreeable experience I had, but I honoured the

kindness and hospitality of my hostess and thanked her. The legs of the goat were the property of the children, who burnt them in the wood fire till all the hair was gone and then ate their share of the feast with evident relish. As soon as possible the heart, lungs, liver, etc., were thrown into the burning ashes and after being cooked for a short time were placed on a plate and presented to Chief Long and myself as a special delicacy. . . . ”

“ As soon as the word went forth that the meal was ready, all was bustle and excitement. Sleepers were awakened. Hungry men began to revive their hopes and the visiting missionary was all on the *qui vive*. Several of the retainers stood round, holding up blazing torches of pine wood or dried bamboo. A small wooden trencher standing about twelve inches from the ground, and carved out of a solid piece of the trunk of a tree, was placed in front of the two chief guests. The trencher was about eighteen inches in diameter. On it were placed three wooden basins. One, nine inches across and five inches high, was for rice, which was piled up like a pyramid. Another, twelve inches across and three inches high, was for meat, and there was a deeper one for gravy. All were made of camphor wood. Two wooden spoons completed the outfit and the guests were bidden to eat heartily. Sometimes the pieces of meat we had were over a pound in weight and only spoons to eat them with. How did we manage ? Let the reader guess how he would manage, and that will be just as we managed. Salt is sparingly used. It has all to be bought at a heavy price from Chinese traders, and many meals are taken without a trace of salt. . . . The retainers of guests eat at the same time as the guests, and all that remains over after the repast is eaten by the retainers of the host. ”

It was eleven o'clock when Pollard showed his lantern slides on a cloth hung up at one end of the long room. Besides pictures representing scenes in the Gospels, he showed a few slides of English life. The favourite was one of an English lady with a long dress. The women approved of this and called attention to the dainty little brooch at the neck as an evidence of kinship with themselves. All the No-Su women and girls wear small brooches of gold, or silver, or of copper. Chief Long explained

the pictures, but what new Gospel he preached Pollard did not know ; judging from the cries of pleasure and wonder and the laughter, his expositions must have been greatly enjoyed. They certainly would never forget the visit of "Nhe-Kia-Kia," the foreign missionary.

Next day they started off in the snow at seven in the morning and did not break their fast till three in the afternoon. After their meal they had another toilsome climb and then descended again until, about ten o'clock at night, they reached See-tieh, a village of a hundred families. As they entered the gate in the wall by the light of torches there was a chorus of laughter at the Lao Hsiong or "Old Bear." They were to stay with A-Pooh, an old chieftain. The host had been described by Mr. Long as a fine old fellow, an authority on No-Su history, and as full of rare knowledge as Pollard himself. Unfortunately A-Pooh had just received a visit from a Chinese—trader or spy—who had made a liberal present of wine to the old man, the consequence being that A-Pooh was drunk when Pollard's party arrived, and gave himself no chance of getting sober the whole of the three days they were there. His wife, A-lleh, however, by her dignified hospitality made up for the defections of A-Pooh. She was sitting by a wood fire smoking a long pipe when the visitors entered the house. The room was fifty-three feet long, and when A-lleh rose to welcome the guests, they saw by the firelight a tall handsome old lady, nearly seventy years of age, in long robes which swept the ground.

On another evening the family and the guests sat around some glowing logs : between the somnolent A-Pooh and the hospitable A-lleh, sat their eldest daughter, a widow with three sons. She was dressed gorgeously ; from her ear-rings dozens of silver pendants dangled over her bosom ; she was smoking a pipe five feet long. Next to A-lleh sat the eldest son—a magnificent No-Su warrior. He told Pollard how nineteen years before a brother of his had been killed in a tribal quarrel and that the blood-feud was still maintained against the clan that slew him. Long was the fount of gossip that evening as Pollard sat tonguetied except when some point was translated into Chinese. Wonder reigned when Long repeated the outlines of astronomy which

he had been taught by the missionary. "I do not know," observes Pollard, "all the stories my guide told about the strange visitor, nor do I know the tall yarns which my other travelling companions related; but I am sure that in the true style of Orientals, they exaggerated very much, and left an impression quite wide of the mark. My new highland friends wished me to remain with them, and offered to become Christians *en masse*, if I would live with them as their missionary."

Pollard's new friends were fully convinced that he possessed great powers of magic: when he slipped under his wadded quilt to change two photographic plates, he was thought to have flown away, until one of them was bold enough to put his hand under the quilt and assured the others that he was still in the room. Another impression, which may have been due to Chief Long's talk, was that Pollard had immense political influence. One of them begged him to write an address which would prove to a rival clan that A-Pooh had an alliance with the foreigner. He had been called "Nhe-Kia-Kia" by the Long clan, and now this household renamed him "Tie-nieh," or "Clear Cloud."

They said "good-bye" at last to their kind friends at See-tieh, Pollard convinced that many No-Su were born gentlemen and no more "wild men" than the cultured Celestials of Shanghai or Peking. On Monday afternoon they had to cross a roaring torrent where the only bridge consisted of five poles laid loosely upon the rocks on the banks. All day long they tramped the boulder-strewn pathway up the mountain-side and down the ravine, and their sandals were worn out long before they came to the end of the journey. "The next place we stopped at," Pollard writes, "was a well fortified village, where the chief is a fine old warrior of nearly sixty years of age. When we arrived he was engaged in a quarrel with another tribe and a bitter conflict was imminent. . . . The old man received us magnificently and after a while begged me to help him in the coming struggle. He had heard that I possessed some magic medicine, which if thrown, would stupefy the enemy and render victory easy. . . . I protested that I had no such magic power. At last the old man said: 'Whether you have it or not, I shall let my enemies know

that you have presented me with some, and we will see what happens.' This apparently worked the miracle. Some time afterwards we heard that the old chief's enemies had sent begging for peace, and their petition was accompanied by a present of cattle sufficiently big to atone for all the injury inflicted in the raid which had stirred up the spirit of revenge."

Another day they spent at Vriha's home. Winter raged outside; and snow and ice were building fantastic structures around. Inside Pollard and his friends sat by a blazing wood fire, and opposite him was Vriha's sister, a handsome girl of seventeen. Says Pollard: "She watched me closely, every now and again, wiping her smoke-troubled eyes. Vriha and Chief Long carried on an animated conversation, of which I could only catch a word here and there. At last I begged that I might share the pleasure the other guests were getting from this conversation. With many smiles my friend told me that Vriha wanted to make an alliance with me. Four of the tribes had been consulting how to win the foreigner, and they had come to the conclusion that it might be done by marriage, and they were ready to offer this young girl as a wife for me. Here was a pretty dilemma for a missionary! I had no wish to offend anybody, least of all the interested damsel on the other side of the fire. I even appreciated the honour intended. They say they would rather give their daughters in marriage to a dog than to a Chinese, so this proposal was evidence that I had won the confidence of some of the No-Su. All that evening the young girl took great interest in my actions. She persisted in examining the magic-lantern when I showed it, standing near me all the time. She looked well at my clothes, even going so far as to see what my necktie was made of. I began to wish I was safe at home again."

That night Pollard confesses he slept but little; he was planning how to elude the proposal without hurting the pride of Vriha. Next morning Vriha and Long pressed the matter, but Pollard explained that the English law did not allow him to take a second wife while the first was still living, and to accept the proposal would be to set dishonour upon the maid. Vriha seemed to understand; but Vriha's retainers said: "Nhe-Kia-

Kia, you came a long way from your native land, and you have changed your skin, and put on black bear clothes : if Long-teh-yuen had not introduced you and acted as your protector, we should have killed you with a shot from a gun. Ha ! Ha ! ”

At a later time Vriha and Long-Teng-hsiao, one of Pollard's friends, quarrelled : Long pursued Vriha and shut him up in a tower and would have burnt him had not a third party come and negotiated peace.

On the last night they spent on No-Su soil they were told that the Lai-lai clan was plotting with another tribe to waylay Pollard and was actually ambushed for the attack. But Long's friends collected a band of warriors who gave them safe escort to the Yangtsze. The ferrymen, however, were in league with the Lai-lai and delayed to bring the boat across the river ; but seeing that no attack was made upon Pollard, they sullenly answered the call and came to take them back. He left Sin-Chan-Keo at once and in a few days was safely home again. The mandarins had been greatly perturbed at his adventure : there was no mistaking the prefect's pleasure at receiving a visit from the returned traveller. An attempt was made to get Mr. Long into trouble for his share in the expedition, but Pollard informed the prefect that if the Chief were interfered with he would insist upon a full inquiry into the plots of the mandarin in charge of the defence of the Yangtsze border between Szechuen and Yunnan. At a later date the defender of the river came to Chaotong and Pollard went to see him. He was an old man of seventy-six who wished to retire. He denied he had plotted against Pollard and threw the whole guilt upon the Lai-lai.

CHAPTER III

Beginnings of the Mass Movement

IN the annals of the West China Mission few days stand out with such significance as July 12th, 1904, for then it was that the first four Miao scouts entered the mission at Chaotong, and stayed

from Tuesday till Saturday morning. They brought a letter to Pollard from Mr. Adam of Anshuen in Kweichow, in which he recounted his own work among the tribes in his district. The few converts he had won were frightened and scattered during the Boxer rising. However, Mr. Adam returned in 1901 and in the following year prepared twenty non-Chinese for baptism. One day in 1903 a band of hunters visited his house, and he saw from their head-dress that they belonged to a tribe of the Miao. When they told him they had been chasing the wild boar, and were tired and hungry, Mr. Adam gave them a meal. That meal proved to be, in a sense, their first communion of the Body of Christ. In a dim, confused way they caught a glimpse of a new spirit of fellowship. Soon after this many of their tribe came to Anshuen from places nine days' journey away. At length their numbers were greater than Mr. Adam could cope with and he sent them to Chaotong with a letter to Pollard.

Throughout the hamlets among the mountains of Kweichow and north-east Yunnan there swept the thrill of a new hope. The simple-hearted, ignorant folk had conceived of a better life than that to which they had been accustomed. Excessive toil, tempered with drunkenness and sensual indulgence, had already impaired their vigour and reduced their numbers ; but now they were filled with wistful yearnings. A few had heard the strange, alluring doctrine of a God who was the Father of all men, and the fascinating story of the Heavenly Father's Son Who was the great elder Brother of the Miao. Talking of these things which the English missionary had taught, their child-like hearts were moved and they began to long for more light. For them life was hard. Oppressed by ruthless seigneurs and scorned by the Chinese, the tidings of a Divine ancestry which made the powerful Hero-Saviour their own Kinsman was like a draught of crystal water to their parched tongues.

These mountain people debated whether they should send some of their men to Chaotong : they knew little of Pollard save that he was highly respected by the Chinese. Several years ago one of their tribe had been drawn by curiosity to visit the Protestant Mission at Chaotong, but when he contrasted the great

buildings with his own poor hovel, and heard the fierce house-dog bark, he thought that the Englishman who lived there might hold intercourse with the wealthy Chinese and welcome the great No-Su seigneur, but would not wish to meet a poor Miao ; so his heart failed him and he went back without prosecuting his inquiry. But it was different now ; their kinsmen in the south had actually met one of these missionaries who had been kind and sympathetic ; and it was decided that four of their elders should go to the Chaotong Mission as scouts.

Writing three years later Pollard said : " When the Miao first came some of them brought wine to present to the foreign teacher, thinking to show their respect. On their way they learned that the missionary hated wine, and so they poured it away. Others worshipped the idols which they passed on the way, asking to be prospered in their mission. Fancy, asking the help of idols in their quest of Jesus ! " After this a steady daily procession of Miao pilgrims came—scores, then hundreds, until the citizens of Chaotong were moved with curiosity and then with alarm. These tribesmen, for the most part, carried bags of oatmeal on their backs, stopping by some mountain stream to mix it with cold water in their wooden basins, and having eaten their meal strode on till night fell, when, wrapping their felt cloaks around them, they slept under the stars without fear of beasts of prey.

Sixteen years had gone since Pollard wrote during a week of special prayer at Yunnan Fu : " I had the promise at that meeting that we are going to have thousands of souls. Mind, I believe that from the bottom of my heart." When the four Miao scouts came and told the missionaries of a whole tribe waiting for the new teaching, Pollard looked upon them as the first-fruits of the promised thousand. So eager were they to learn to read the New Testament, they would not be restricted to certain hours of tuition ; and if Pollard were summoned to some other task, they would appeal to any foreigner or Chinese who might be near, to teach them the characters. They ate their own oatmeal mixed with water at the Mission house and slept on the schoolroom floor.

Pollard spoke to them for some time as simply as he could,

trying to tell them the Gospel story. The Chinese language was the medium of teaching, and only a few of them could understand even imperfectly. "As I spoke of God as the Father and Mother of all races their faces brightened up and they nodded assent. Presently, I was called away, and when I came back I questioned them on what I had just told them; but they answered—'We cannot remember.' It is so difficult to know just how to teach these folk. I asked if they were afraid of us and one answered: 'We heard Chinese and I-ren talking about "Yao-ren, Yao-ren," and we were afraid at first. By and by we came to see and found you are not Yao-ren, but like our own people—one family—only you have come from a distance.'"

Great was the strain of the work and Pollard had to rest at the bungalow. He returned at the week-end and, after the usual Chinese service, gave a special address to the Miao. His method of teaching them was to choose two who knew more Chinese than the rest to interpret for him. He would utter a few words and they would repeat them in their own tongue. By August 14th about a hundred of these tribesmen had visited the Mission house at Chaotong.

In a letter at this time Pollard wrote: "What was to be done? I have often wondered what would happen if the whole heathen world took the sensible plan of demanding a knowledge of Christianity. Suppose in their thousand million they addressed Christendom and demanded simultaneously a knowledge of the Father of all and of His Son Jesus; what would Christians at home do?"

"They swarmed around us everywhere. Directly a door was opened in they trooped with their books, begging to be taught. They began at five o'clock in the morning, and at one o'clock the next morning some of them were still reading. Cramming Christianity! Let a schoolboy but show his nose anywhere and a score of Miao would pounce upon him. When I wanted a bit of quiet, I had to shut up the big doors and retire to a lonely room at the back, where I was safe from attack as long as my three lines of defence held out. I can assure you it was a glorious but most disconcerting experience."

"Then the language was the great difficulty! None of us knew a word of Miao, and these tribesmen knew little Chinese. We found but one man in two hundred who could read. There were some, however, who could speak it fairly well. . . . Our services were some of the most delightful I have ever seen. . . . How were we to begin? These inquirers had only a misty idea of what they wanted. God! Jesus! Sin! Heaven! Hell! Redemption! were all unknown words and ideas to them. We must begin somewhere. The men are all looking up at us and waiting. The Lord help us! Here goes! 'Now then Mr. Chang, you understand Chinese, listen, and when I tell you anything, you turn round and tell it to the others. Ready? We Jesus-men worship one God. Tell them that.' He told them that, prefacing his remarks with an eloquent cough and a clearing of the throat. . . . 'This one God is the great Father and Mother of us all. Tell them that.' He did so, and then we learnt the phrase for great Father. 'Pi-nie,' 'pi-vie,' and so on, and so on. Our interpreters, for we used several, grew eloquent and often moved the audience to shout as with one voice."

Among the Chinese and the No-Su this Miao pilgrimage aroused considerable fear and vexation. Weird rumours were circulated concerning the relations between the Miao serfs and the foreigners. It was whispered that Pollard had given them poison to kill their landlords and Chinese rulers. Three Miao were captured as they were returning from Chaotong and commanded to deliver up the poison, with the threat that if they refused they should be put to death. Magical gifts were attributed to Pollard: it was said that when he dropped water into the mouths of these illiterate people they immediately acquired ability to read Chinese characters. It was also reported that he would smooth down the hair of the Miao and that they would become possessed of marvellous powers of memory. Such tales showed the popular impression of this strange awakening of a tribe which had submitted apathetically to their overlords for generations.

About sixty li east of Chaotong there lived a No-Su chief named Yeh-Kia-Kia, who began to think that it might be a good

thing to form a political alliance with the foreigners. He sent some of his retainers to Chaotong to invite Pollard to return with them as his guest. Whatever political aims the chief of the Heh-t'u-ho may have cherished, the missionary looked upon the invitation as an opportunity to win a friend for the Gospel. With never a thought of protecting himself against possible enemies, he accompanied the men and reached the No-Su's house after nightfall. Writing of this adventure he says: "There are three brothers: the oldest is thirty-four, and he manages all the affairs. His *yamen* is superior to that of our city magistrate. These No-Su brothers asked a lot of questions about the Church, and they gathered their people together on the second night for me to preach to them. Suddenly there was a scare: we heard a banging as if at a door, then a hurried rush here and there. The No-Su took their guns and fired here and there. Fear was stamped on many faces. I was told that a nine-headed monster had passed over our heads; and that where the blood of this hydra, or its excretions might fall, disease and death follow. No one can see this monster and live. The firing was intended to scare it away from the district. After they had grown calm again the chief wished me to become godfather for one of his boys as I had become for one of Mr. Long's."

After the autumn crops had been gathered in the Miao came from scores, even from hundreds of villages: this migration went on until the mission house was crowded. These benighted hill-men had never had books in their hands before: now, all day long they clutched the flimsy books and struggled with the most difficult of languages. Pollard's task was twofold: he had to teach them to read and also to understand the doctrines of the Christian Religion; and it was no wonder that he was in danger of breaking down from want of rest.

Mrs. Pollard grew anxious about her husband's health and one day persuaded him to go and lie down: he did so and locked the door to the stairway, pocketing the key. After a time she crept up to see if he were resting, and was astonished to find a dozen Miao sitting round the bed, reading their books under his guidance and thinking themselves among the favoured of earth to

have the teacher all to themselves. These zealous pupils had scaled the balcony and sought him in room after room until they discovered where he was.

For sixteen years Pollard had spent his life unreservedly in the service of God and the Chinese. He had met every duty as it arose as a concrete demonstration of the Divine Will. This long trying discipline had prepared him for the present emergency, and he was not found wanting. The coming of the Miao was a Divine Call ; and with a will like adamant he rose up to meet the need. One of the first necessities of the situation was to learn the language of the Miao. Pollard and his Chinese friend, Stephen Lee, knew that language is a key to the human heart, and they began their study of Miao with such resolution that after a few weeks' assiduous application, they could give short addresses to the tribesmen in their own speech. He set himself to write simple Bible stories in the easiest Chinese characters he could use. How hard it was to set forth the truths of Christianity for these illiterate people ! There were no words in Miao for ideas of " prayer " and " sin." In his Journal he writes : " Last night while Tremberth conducted worship here, I took it at Dr. Savin's house. I tried to tell the Miao how Keh-Mi (Christ) came and died for us—how wicked men put Him to death. ' Yes,' they said at once, ' the wicked Chinese killed Jesus.' Everything bad they think must come from the Chinese. It is so difficult to explain that Keh-Mi died for all. I have tried to explain it in every possible way, and yet, I fancy, they do not take it in at all ! "

At the close of 1904 he writes : " A few months ago when the Miao first began to crowd around us, I was addressing a large number of them in our ' Edgehill ' chapel. Over a hundred downtrodden serfs were listening for the first time to the story of God's great love. By and by the men grew excited. The men, with their rough heads and dirty-coloured garments, looked at each other and smiled. Here and there they spoke to one another, and . . . there was evidence of a new hope taking possession of these poor folk. I asked : ' Is not that story good ? ' The answer came in a yell—you can scarcely call it anything else—from all over the chapel, ' Zow ! ' ' Zow ! ' ' Zow-da-tay ! '

They smiled ! They laughed ! They shouted all over the chapel ! I stopped and said to Miss Squire, who was at the harmonium : ' If I only knew a little more of their language, I think I could get one or two of them dancing without any trouble.' So excited were they. In such a way did a hundred of the poorest men in heathendom pass their verdict on the story of Jesus after hearing it for the first time. Their verdict is right : it is a splendid story, and it is moving the world."

This strange awakening of the Miao at first occasioned as much perplexity as gladness among the missionaries. It interrupted other important parts of their work. All Pollard's strength was needed to guide the evangelisation of the Chinese in towns and markets between Chaotong and Sui Fu. It is not surprising that the missionaries differed in their judgment at this crisis ; but Pollard never doubted about the imperious call of these needy tribesmen, and faced the situation with courage and hope. He could not help wondering what would happen to the mission in the future ; but he waited upon events and grappled with needs as they arose, and in the best sense was an opportunist. He could not see a want without desiring to satisfy it, and when these people of the hills came for enlightenment and assistance he showed no vacillation. Then having instructed some of these Miao, he encouraged them to teach others what they had learned. In the midst of all these crowds the resilience of his temper and constitution saved him from a breakdown : he went about with a sort of *élan* and a happy smile which grappled these people to his soul with hoops of steel.

With the hearty co-operation of his colleagues Pollard arranged to entertain the Chinese Christians and Miao inquirers at a Christmas banquet. The festival drew the Miao to the city in hundreds. In order to accommodate all the guests they began the Christmas dinner on Friday, December 23rd, and arranged that one party should leave before another arrived. On Saturday the invited visitors sat down at thirty-six tables—eight at each table. On Christmas Day seven services were held—four for the Miao and three for the Chinese. Two of the Miao services were conducted in the large courtyard and three hundred were

present. There were one hundred and fifty more at Tremberth's house. Several of the Miao spoke, one very eloquently. Pollard's sons, Bertram and Walter, were excited by the dense throngs of people. "While I was standing up leading the services B. got on my chair and put his arms round my neck, and every now and again would kiss me. W. worked his way in and out among the crowd enjoying the noise and bustle."

"There were not a great many Chinese during the day. After the first Chinese service in the morning, we cleared the chapel for the Miao. In the evening the chapel was packed with Miao, and we had a fine time. One after another spoke with evident power. What are we to do with all these people?"

CHAPTER IV

The Movement arouses Hostility

CHRISTMAS Day, 1904, fell on a Sunday and, as we have seen, was a continuous chain of religious services from dawn to dark. On Boxing Day the feasting was resumed. In the Mission compound four hundred Miao sat down as paying guests, and hundreds of others came provided with their own meals. In his Journal Pollard records these prosaic details: "There were eighty tables of eight persons. We purchased 371 pounds of pork, 6000 pounds of rice, 28 pounds of salt, 16 fowls, 220 eggs. We provided also 2 pounds of honey, capsicum, and pepper. In copper money I received about 500 pounds weight, that is, about £10 5s., and made an unexpected profit of 29 taels, or about £5."

Among the visitors this Christmastide were some Miao wizards—exorcists and witch doctors. Asked if he believed in devils, my Chinese cook replied: "sin ie iu: muh sin muh iu" ("If you believe in them, then for you they exist: if you do not believe, then for you they do not exist"). But most Chinese and all the Miao believed in devils and employed wizards to protect them from evil and mischievous spirits. Pollard insisted

that all converts must renounce the practice of witchcraft. But it was very difficult for the Miao to suffer sickness and fear the approach of death, and yet refrain from employing the professional exorcists. It is true, however, that the influence of the wizards was weakened when the people began to believe in Jesus, and even some of these priests of magic longed to escape their bondage.

At the festival a wizard came to Pollard, wishing to know how he was to get rid of the demon which possessed him. Pollard invited the man to attend the evening service. Mr. Lee conducted the first part of the service and allowed several Miao converts to testify of their change of heart and belief. Then Pollard took charge of the meeting and called the wizard to him. He told the people that he was about to pray that the man might be delivered from his horrible affliction ; but before doing so he would like to know whether any other wizards desired to be extricated from their spiritual bondage. At this another man came forward, then a third, a fourth, then five of these victims stood waiting in front of Pollard. Before he could begin his intercession, however, someone shouted : " Another." The excitement was intense. Presently nine men stood before the assembly. One of the number had previously confessed Christ ; he now said that since he had learnt to pray and sing his familiar spirit had not troubled him, but he wanted the assurance that his emancipation was lasting. Looking upon these penitents Pollard felt an elation of spirit : " Yes, I felt as if I could treat a myriad of devils with supreme contempt. If God be for us who can be against us ? " He told the men that Jesus was more powerful than their devils. As he interrogated them they promised to abandon all their rites and incantations and to trust in Jesus only. Singly, and then in unison they vowed that they would never again, under any temptation, resort to demon-worship and exorcism. As they knelt Pollard prayed for them, and then told them to repeat a prayer after him. " They were on their faces before God praying for deliverance. We prayed and prayed. ' Lord help us ! Jesus pity us ! Jesus, drive the devils away, and keep us from sin ! ' " With affecting simplicity the penitent wizards said : " Thank

you, Jesus !” Then the entire congregation prayed, clapped their hands and shouted : “ Thank you, Lord Jesus, for saving us and driving the devils away ! ” “ The whole scene,” said Pollard, “ was exciting and wonderful. Some of the faces of the wizards were very repulsive. . . . After a while we concluded the service, having won a glorious victory. How different from everything I have ever seen before ! I fancy it is unique in all Chinese Mission history.”

Both the Chinese and No-Su landlords feared that the adoption of Christianity and the patronage of the foreigners might make their Miao tenants insubordinate and unwilling to pay taxes, or to render corvée. As a consequence attempts were made to stop their visits to the mission at Chaotong. The Rev. W. H. Hudspeth relates that one of the converts, named Chu-t’i, was seized and commanded by his landlord to break off relations with the “ foreign devils.” As the man refused he received three hundred stripes ; but the sufferer felt more pity for his persecutors than for himself. Furious at his obstinacy the seigneur ordered his slaves to give him three hundred blows on the mouth. Although the Miao’s face was swollen and bleeding the Christian, in the spirit of Stephen, prayed that his enemies might be forgiven. Presently, however, the landlord was subjected to some “ seizure,” his own face became distorted and partly paralysed, and he cried out : “ Loose the man ; loose the man, the gods are punishing me for beating him.”¹

At one of the Christian gatherings, a Miao related how his wife was beaten twice and covered with bruises, and his things were stolen. Another said that his nephew was tied up for eighteen days with a chain weighing a hundred catties upon him. They threatened to burn him unless seventy taels were paid for his release. A third witness told how men came frequently and forced the Miao converts to pay money and goods.¹

Throughout the district wild rumours were circulated against the Miao. They were accused of poisoning the streams : it was even said that they were intending to rebel, and that Pollard was not only abetting their schemes but that he was going to lead

¹ *The Missionary Echo*, March, 1917.

the Miao and the No-Su against the Chinese. Foolish as these tales were, the mandarin at Weining was ready to believe them and sent a report to the Governor of the province accusing the missionaries of plotting and training the Miao to fight. Learning of this accusation Pollard took counsel with his friendly and sagacious protector, the prefect of Chaotong, whose good will was further shown in a letter written to the official at Weining advising that the whole matter should be discussed with Pollard.

Pollard reached Weining in September, but as the magistrate was absent his deputy telegraphed to him. A proclamation was drafted and submitted to Pollard : the first line ran—"Whereas we have repeatedly received edicts commanding us to protect the Western men." Pollard changed the last two words to "Christians" so that the Miao might be included in the protection. This alteration was accepted, and two officials were appointed to accompany Pollard in his tour throughout the disturbed district and to assure the Miao of official protection. At one place the Miao had been so frightened that they shrank from talking to the missionary ; but in a short time he had ingratiated himself with the people and dispelled their alarm. Pollard spent the Sunday at Niu-Ch'ang and in the afternoon crossed the bridge to preach in front of a temple. At the gates there hung two large tablets dating from the eighteenth century with the following inscription :

You look and cannot see Him :
He answers when you entreat Him :
You listen and there is no sound,
Yet He responds when you cry to Him.

Pollard made these words a text and set forth Jesus Christ as the true revelation of the invisible, omnipotent God. After preaching he entered a house and about a hundred Miao followed him. As he was talking with the people he noticed a man whose wife stood by his side nursing a baby girl. Presently this man appealed to him for relief, he said his wife had been a medium, but wished to give up spiritualism : her neighbours, however, were dissatisfied ; when trouble came to them they said it was her

spirit vexing them, and she must exorcise it. The poor woman cried bitterly and besought Pollard to deliver her from the thralldom of this spirit. He asked his audience to stand while he prayed for the woman, and at this she seemed comforted and with words of assurance he gave her a Christian book.

This task of suppressing the persecution of the Miao and of conciliating those who were hostile demanded all Pollard's resourcefulness, firmness, tact, and patience. Having dealt successfully with the Chinese officials, he wrote a letter to two men who were stirring up the people against the Christians, warning them that their names would be sent to the Weining magistrate if they persisted. Leaving Niu-Ch'ang Pollard and his escort travelled to Shoh-i-Kia. The seigneur here was a widow about forty years of age with an only son of eighteen. She had forbidden her tenants to visit the Chaotong Mission, and was afraid to receive Pollard. However, negotiation through the Chinese officials induced her to invite Pollard and his companions to become her guests, and after the evening meal he was requested to preach to her retainers. The next place he rested at was the village of T'o-na-i, where the Miao inquirers had been subjected to heartless robbery. For the first time in his life Pollard spent the night in a Miao dwelling. It was a rude structure; but it had been swept clean for his coming. A big iron pan was over the fire in which buckwheat cakes and marrows were cooking. The women were wearing the peculiar head-dress of their tribe—their horns of hair were exalted—and with their kirtles on they looked very different from the Chinese. Finding out who their oppressors had been Pollard sent for them and ordered them to make full restoration of the things they had stolen. He told them he would wait a few days to learn if they made reparation for their crimes and if they did not he would black list them in the *yamen*.

On another day Pollard came to a place called Ch'i-Ch'uh-Kia and he and his party were hospitably received by An-Kwan, a seigneur who boasted of descent from the ancient Nan-Chao kings of Yunnan. Tea was provided for the guests and then they were taken into the smoke-room, where four of the household

were indulging in opium. At a late hour An-Kwan escorted the guests to their rooms, holding Pollard's hand as they went and talking freely. This No-Su chief was a man of great intelligence, and in order to preserve the rare books of his race had ordered new blocks to be cut and fresh copies to be printed. This survivor of a deposed dynasty represented the noblest characteristics of his race physically and intellectually, and set the mind of the traveller wondering what the future had in store for the I-ren.

One valuable piece of Pollard's work on this journey was to trace to its source the rumour that the Miao poisoned the streams. He found out the families in which the sickness was said to have been brought on by drinking the poisoned waters. These are the cases: Several days ago, in the house of Mr. Teng, all six members of the family were taken ill; they felt a burning in the chest and suffered from frequent belching of wind. They at once attributed the sickness to the poisoning of the water by the Miao who had just returned from Chaotong. A Mr. Hong told a similar story concerning his family. When questioned by Pollard these people acknowledged that no one had seen the Miao put poison in the well. Pollard then asked to be taken to the well; he was taken to a cottage in front of which was a heap of manure which throughout the rainy season had been draining into the pool from which they drew water for drinking. It took him some time to convince them that the water was polluted by the manure heaps; but at length he made them wonder how any of them had escaped after drinking from this contaminated pool.

In defence of the poor Miao Pollard acted with swiftness and effect. Wherever persecution began he sought out the instigators and by threats and persuasions checked their malice; and fortunately at this time the prefect at Chaotong gave him cordial support and guidance. At his request the prefect issued a proclamation for his district declaring the liberty of Chinese and aborigines to choose their own religion. Between this chief magistrate and the missionary there was mutual regard and they took counsel together at times. Once Pollard suggested that the wine-making industry should be placed under rigorous restrictions, as it was using up the people's food; and the prefect

adopted this method of guarding the general welfare. When Pollard accused a Chinese official of ignorant hostility to the Christians, the prefect offered to remove the man, but Pollard said this might not be necessary if he were warned to desist.

Pollard did not suppose that all the troubles with the seigneurs were over ; he foresaw that if the Miao became Christians they were not likely to submit tamely to the oppressions of their landlords. The Miao were ready to believe that the favour of Heaven was theirs and that miracles might be wrought for their protection—a state of mind not without danger. At T'u-kai-tsi the headman beat a gong and announced that no Miao were to be allowed to trade there. While he was declaring this boycott a sudden crash of thunder so frightened everybody that the edict was dropped at once. Although Pollard had no settled policy in regard to the Miao, instinctively and whole-heartedly he sought to meet the emergency which had arisen, and by so doing became the apostle and protector of this downtrodden race.

Let us conclude this chapter on an agreeable and human note of missionary diplomacy. In his Journal he records : “ Two days ago Chong-ming-tsai gave me a letter addressed to ‘ His excellency, the merciful Pastor : secret matters inside : let no one pry into them.’ I opened it and found it related to his marriage. His mother has been wishing to get him married to a heathen, because the Christians are too rich for him. He refuses and asks for the hand of T. M., saying that if he cannot have her he will be willing never to marry anyone, etc. After consultation with Emmie, I sent him back a small note : ‘ Mrs. P. and I have been wishing for this for a long time. It is certainly God’s will. Don’t be nervous.’ Chong-ming-tsai was teaching Miss Squire when I handed in the note. She said he was too nervous to write : his hand shook, and after trying this and that pen, he had to give it up till the next day !

“ To-day his mother came and Mrs. P. talked to her about it. She is pleased. The boy came in wearing a flaring red *ma-kua* to-day—a big swell. At night Mrs. P. talked it over with the girl, and while with true Chinese modesty she refused to say she

was pleased, yet she said '*puh p'a*' ('Do not be afraid'): so I suppose it will go all right."

Pollard was never too busy for a touch of romance, and never indifferent to the need of securing Christian wives for the young men in the school and church. He knew that there could be no stability in the future of the church unless they could ensure the likelihood of Christian homes.

CHAPTER V

Facing the Lions

GRADUALLY the missionary acquired ease and fluency in the use of the Miao language, and out of the vague mist of the new doctrine these children of the hills saw the figure of Keh-Mi (Christ), and through Him were forming a conception of the Father in Heaven. Besides these beliefs they were experiencing the influence of friendship with foreigners, with men and women who gave them new ideals of life. They wished that the thousands of their tribe among the hills might see the missionary and receive his message. One day they asked if it were possible for him to visit their villages. They were delighted when Pollard said "Yes" he would go. He on his side wanted to ascertain the scope of this new work. Such knowledge was requisite before the missionaries could decide upon a settled policy.

Taking as his companions Mr. Wang and Mr. Lee, Pollard started on Tuesday, November 23rd, 1904, on a tour of inspection. When night fell they had got a little beyond Heh-t'u-ho and halted at the house of a friendly Miao. Their host was Mr. Chang, an old man with three sons and five or six grandsons. Mr. Chang was better off than most of the Miao, and his landlord had trumped up against him and one of his sons a charge of stealing, and chained them up as prisoners for a whole month. Although the older prisoner was fifty-eight years old one of his thumbs had been pinched with red hot tongs, and he had been beaten on his arm till it was maimed. Before they were released

the Changs were robbed of nine cows, three horses and forty sheep, and still the Tu-muh (seigneur) was demanding twenty-three taels of silver.

Notwithstanding these troubles Mr. Chang treated Pollard with lavish hospitality, and many Miao came in and gladly listened to the preaching till midnight. Before Pollard got to bed three Miao brought him a report that a certain Tu-muh had fixed a date for the murder of all the Miao who were found in possession of Christian books. He assured them that neither No-Su nor Chinese dared carry out such a pogrom.

Next morning the travellers crossed the river by the "Heaven-Born Bridge"; and having passed over it Pollard looked back and saw the huge cliff across which they had just come. At its foot was a cave, the entrance of which was a hundred feet high, and into this the river poured. This natural bridge proved to be over a mile wide, and if he had not been told Pollard would not have known that the river was flowing beneath. After a whole day spent among magnificent, wooded hills, they reached another village, and received a warm welcome. A pig was killed for the evening meal, and a fowl was cooked for the morning. Out of the twenty-seven families only one man had paid a visit to Chaotong. Practically the whole village came to listen to the missionary, many of them bringing presents of eggs.

December 1st opened with snow and the missionary's party could not start till eleven o'clock, but at night they came to San-tao-p'o, where they were received with many tokens of delight by Chang-lao-ta and others who had been to Chaotong. Pollard says: "The grandmother was seventy years of age, and received us with a sweet smile and many kind words delightful to listen to." It was an added pleasure to Pollard, after the apparent invisibility of women in Chinese homes, to see the Miao wives and daughters as busy and friendly as the men.

At this place and at the next the report came of the pogrom which had been fixed by Chu-Wai, and as Pollard was encouraging the Miao and telling them that all their lives were in God's hands, one of their host's relations told them that he had defied his enemies to do their worst: "If you want to kill me, kill me;

just as you like." He also said that those who believe are one family, but non-believers are only like guests. The idea of being made equal members of the one family of God's children has deeply influenced these oppressed people. The belief that God's own Son was their Brother had taken hold of their minds and inspired them with a new feeling of spiritual worth.

Next day they reached Hsiang-Chang-Shu, and at night seventy Miao assembled in the room to listen to the preacher's message, besides a dozen children sitting by the fire. As they spent the Sunday at this place about three hundred came to worship in the morning, and over a hundred at night. Pollard arranged them in little groups on the hillside and taught them to read. It was the first open-air Sunday-school Pollard had held in West China ; and it was the forerunner of many such gatherings. The girls of the village were all dressed in their best clothes. The Miao grow their own flax, prepare and make it into thread, and then make the cloth for their dresses. Often their clothes are works of art. As the boys were all attending the services some of the small girls were entrusted with the flocks that day. How different seemed these fleet-footed shepherdesses from the crippled daughters of the Chinese !

On the Monday morning Pollard noticed the huge camphor tree, the Hsiang-Chang-Shu, which gave its name to the village. A few li away the people of another hamlet wanted him to stay with them, but he only halted for breakfast, and having addressed them briefly he hurried on. Two miles farther they had to ford the Ko-Kuei river, and wending their way up a valley past some copper mines, halted at Teh Choh for a basin of macaroni and a short address ; then they resumed their journey and came to Pao-lo-chai. They had walked thirty miles and were glad to receive a friendly welcome from a " well-to-do " Miao. Here after the evening meal they sat around the fire in concentric circles while Pollard preached to them.

Although it was December the sun was scorching, and three hours' walk left Pollard completely wearied. He was disappointed with his first glimpse of Kuei-hsiang—a small city on a little plain with hills nearly all round it. He entered the city, passing by a

dilapidated *yamen* to his inn. The cool reception contrasted with the demonstrations of welcome which the Miao had given him, but after refreshing himself he made his way to the *yamen*. The mandarin was away but his deputy seemed a sensible man, disposed to be conciliatory. Pollard's object was to secure official protection of the Miao converts, and after a little explanation this was promised. Returning to his inn Pollard now found a complete change of attitude on the part of the innkeeper, who brought him five plates of dried fruits and tea. Some of the people who called to see the missionary said that two hundred Chinese families were willing to join the church if the foreigners would appoint someone to the city. Next morning Pollard inquired about the possibilities of getting trees and stone for building. He noticed a few good houses and some temples in a far better condition than the mandarin's residence ; but signs of the prevalence of opium smoking accounted for the general air of squalor.

The road from Kuei-hsiang was in a very bad state, and after walking thirty li to Ta-shih-chuang, he felt used up. He vividly recalled how Mr. Thorne had travelled this road in a state of high fever and only reached Chaotong to die. At Ta-shih-chuang they found about twenty Miao families. Seeing the teacher's delight in the scenery some of them guided him to a place two li farther on to see a huge pagoda which nature had constructed with layers of rock about a hundred feet high, and crowned with a clump of trees. That evening two hundred Miao came to the village to meet Pollard, and they told him that within a radius of a few miles he could reach a thousand Miao families. He comments : " The greatness of the work frightens one at times. What are we to do with it ? What does God mean us to do ? If He says take up this work swiftly, then I shall have to obey."

In village after village Pollard was received with almost extravagant delight : hospitality was lavished upon him and out of their poverty the people brought him gifts of eggs and fowls. The twelve days he had spent in Miao land filled him with compassion for the oppressed tribesmen. Their naïve trust touched him the more deeply because he had been accustomed so long to Chinese habits of reserve. He had been in their homes and

had found the passport to all hearts ; as he spoke of their characteristics—their “ faded brown hair,” their dark eyes, their peculiar headdress and gaily coloured dresses—an accent of tenderness crept into his speech. They opened their hearts and minds to him and told him their legends and their fears, but now and then a lighter note was struck and he was regaled with an anecdote with a decided touch of humour : A man purposed to steal a cow and besought help from his idol, promising that the calf should be dedicated to the idol if the man might keep the cow. The idol, however, insisted that his share of the booty should be the cow. Having committed the theft the man proceeded to tie the cow to the idol and then dragged off the stolen calf. When the distressed cow heard its calf calling it went off in pursuit dragging the idol after it. The man then took the cow as well, praising the idol for relenting and bringing her to him.

Everywhere Pollard found fear of persecution. The No-Su lords were unscrupulous in the means they used to stop the Miao from becoming Christians. But meek as these Miao had been, they now evinced an obstinacy which baffled their enemies. The new self-respect and signs of moral regeneration in these serfs excited the alarm of their landlords and awakened uneasy suspicions among the Chinese. Pollard threw himself wholeheartedly into the defence of the weak and downtrodden Miao. He availed himself of the Imperial edicts on behalf of toleration and liberty and obtained from the mandarins of Chaotong and Weining proclamations which commanded the authorities to protect Christians. The little, white-faced, frail missionary rose to the magnitude of his task, and with amazing celerity and splendid tact and courage, intervened wherever the Miao were treated wrongfully because of their Christianity. In cases of especial malignity, or persistence in cruelty, he did not hesitate to report matters to the British Consul-General at Yunnan Fu. It was soon recognised by the Chinese officials that Pollard could meet them on equal terms in insisting on Treaty rights and Imperial sanctions for the protection of the Christians. In dealing with the Tu-muh—many of them fierce, ignorant men, entrenched in their strong fortresses among the hills—he would enter into

their houses and meet them face to face. In such interviews Pollard encountered lowering brows and menacing words with immovable calm, and when the first storm had spent itself he would bring into play his conciliatory spirit, humour, and quickness at repartee, and seek to win the persecutor to reason. If these failed he would employ a sterner tone and beat down opposition by a display of the official support given him by the mandarins.

Physically Pollard was not strong, but his moral courage was superb. Every time he entered a castle to interview a hostile landlord he carried his life in his hands : and yet he never flinched from these ordeals. Some of these encounters were difficult, and seemed to end in a " draw " ; but as a rule he was successful. An excerpt from his Journal will illustrate this phase of his work.

March 7th, 1905. About five o'clock we reached Heh Kua Shan, a Miao village, belonging to Loh Kih. Next morning about eleven o'clock we started off to the Tu-muh's residence. It was seventy li and we reached it about 5.30 p.m. He received us kindly and we stayed at his place till Wednesday. He is a strange man ! He told us bluntly that he would rather lose his head than become a Christian. All our efforts to win him were in vain. He refused to accept our books and disputed all our positions. He boasted of his adherence to his religion and defended his idol-worship with great zest. . . . He is fifty-three years old, and drinks wine from a small bottle continually. He also smokes and swallows opium. He has had seven wives : three of them are Chinese and are still living : and he has one little daughter ; his other children have died. He would not allow his surviving child to take a doll from us. He rules his wives and household with great sternness, issuing his orders in a loud harsh voice. He confessed to me that he had led a most immoral life as a young man, and now he would fain make atonement by exhorting others against imitating his faults. . . . His wives have to sit at his feet and prepare his opium for him. He laughed scornfully at the notion of a woman committing suicide, or pretending to do so in order to frighten her family. He said he would cut her up with a knife . . . and there would be no more nonsense of that kind in his house. When he saw me writing to my wife, he ridiculed me as one who fears a woman.

But when I showed him one of Emmie's tracts he changed his mind and said : " If I had a wife with ability like that I should respect her as you do."

The Sunday happened to be the market day on the hill outside. Loh Kih went out with me and sat by my side interrupting me as I preached. Yet he called up all the Miao to listen and also a number of No-Su. He let it be seen that he was no Christian, and yet he seemed to want his people to hear me preach, first begging me, however, not to speak against the idols.

On Monday, the 1st of the moon, Loh Kih fasted from meat and animal fat : he wanted to get meat for me, but I begged him to let me share his meals. My helpers, Messrs. Wang and Hsia, went off to visit some Miao villages, and they brought back the names of seventy inquirers.

Loh Kih's tenants dread him very much. He wanted to know of his tenants how much wine I gave them, and what bribes I offered, and advised them not to become Christians. We wished to leave on Tuesday ; but he refused to allow us to do so : he had killed a pig for us and insisted upon our staying to eat it. . . . He wanted to make a treaty with me about the Miao. . . . He was not very nice about it at first, and we had a lot of skirmishing. He wanted to increase the mortgages and rents of the Miao in return for release from feudal service. I refused point-blank and urged that the customs should remain as before. At last we agreed and a covenant was drawn up : his suzerainty was to be acknowledged, and the tenants were to render him so much service. I wrote a copy for him ; he wrote a copy for me. He then called in two headmen and urged them to put down all adultery among his tenants—anyone guilty of this sin should be beaten with fifty stripes. He rebuked me for eating beef and drinking milk. Then he advised the Miao to avoid opium and drink wine. Sometimes he supported me ; sometimes he attacked me. " We'll be friends," he said. " Medicine ? Yes, I will be glad to buy it ! But your Christian religion, I will not have it at any price ! "

However, the outcome of Pollard's visit to this fierce, strange landlord was by no means a settlement. He seemed friendly at parting, and yet Pollard learned later that on the very next Sunday, when the Miao were gathered for worship, he arrested two of the leaders. One of them he tied up by his hands to the ceiling, his feet off the floor and a stone dangling from them.

The other was tortured differently. This done he taunted them to call on Jesus to save them.

Not only was there danger of direct persecution of the Miao, but sometimes others would be involved in trouble, because lawless men were ready to take advantage of the disturbed minds of the people. "In one district," says Pollard, "where there were no Miao living, some bad fellows spread the rumour that the foreigner and Miao were about to rebel. One wet night when all the people were in bed, these thieves rushed into the village with the cry: 'The murdering Miao are coming, escape for your lives.' In the rain and darkness the frightened people fled into a wood, but in crossing a flooded stream to reach the place of refuge, a number of women and children were washed away and drowned. In the meantime the men who raised the alarm were looting the deserted houses. Justice, however, overtook them later."

At a subsequent time Pollard and his Miao Christians were all but destroyed by their enemies. A messenger had come from Ma-niao-ho saying that the militia and the Tu-muh had tied up and beaten the Miao. Next day it was reported that a Christian named Li Chuh had been tortured. Taking several friends with him Pollard set off to the place. On the way some of the refugees met them. After a searching inquiry Pollard learned the facts which had led up to the outbreak of persecution. There had been a dispute about the ownership of some land rented by a Miao. This old man had in some way thwarted the covetousness of his son-in-law, a notoriously bad man. The son-in-law called in the militia under the direction of the Tu-muh of Ma-niao-ho against his father-in-law on a trumped-up charge of robbery. The old man and his son, who had nothing to do with the quarrel, were taken prisoners, stabbed, and tortured. A stake split at the top was driven into the ground; the younger prisoner had his thumbs tied to each side of it, and then a wedge was driven into the split almost wrenching the thumbs from the hands. The wife of the Tu-muh hammered the wedge, and at each blow she said: "You dare to report the Tu-muh to the foreigner! What right have you to accuse your lord?" In their agony at such torture both father and son were ready to promise anything. While

they were prisoners the militia made a raid on their farms carrying off the cattle.

It was after three o'clock in the afternoon when Pollard and his friends reached Ma-niao-ho. The old man was sitting on the ground near some outhouses in chains, and his son, with his clothes all stained with blood, was tied by a rope, and the torture stake was on the ground by his side. Presently the Tu-muh came out to meet the visitors. He was a miserable-looking man about forty-five years of age, and was nearly blind with disease; he held a bottle of wine in his hand. As Pollard talked to him his evil nature came out more and more plainly; but at last, he was persuaded to admit that, even if the older prisoner had been guilty of offence, the punishment more than outweighed it. But all the time the Tu-muh continued asking: "What right have you foreigners to interfere?" But he was made to understand that Pollard intended to see the Miao Christians treated justly, and it was arranged that the horses and sheep should be restored.

At night Pollard held an open-air service in the moonlight till about ten o'clock and then slept in the house of a brother of the released prisoner, Li Chuh. But about half-past two the whole hamlet was startled by the cry of "Fire!" and hurrying out Pollard saw the adjoining house blazing fiercely. They managed to save the cattle and to prevent the fire from spreading. The Miao believed that although the Tu-muh had put on a mask of friendship at bidding Pollard farewell, he had instigated the crime of burning the house in the hope that the "foreigner" might be destroyed. Mr. Parsons found out that on the night of the fire forty men—No-Su, Chinese, and Miao—armed with spears, surrounded the village. But if they intended to murder Pollard their courage must have failed and they drew off after setting fire to two houses.

Notwithstanding all that Pollard could do, much injustice continued for a long time to be inflicted upon the Miao, and he could not always be sure of obtaining redress. But no persecution prevented these hillmen from pursuing their quest. They continued to wind their way down the mountain tracks with their packs of oatmeal slung over their shoulders, to stride across the

Chaotong plain in single file on the dykes between the paddy fields, and at length to press into the Mission house to the annoyance of the Chinese and the wonder of the missionary. Writing from Chaotong at that time Mr. Tremberth says : " I expect they hardly know why they have come, but something prompts them within. The kind treatment they get is very deeply appreciated ; in all their long history no such kindness was ever meted out to them. Despised and persecuted by their conquerors, the Chinese, the only love they have known is begotten of the Gospel ! Beaten, chained, robbed, tortured, still they come, sometimes wearing Chinese dress as a disguise."

" Our friends at home," writes Pollard, " will rejoice with us in this new move. How thankful we all should be if there were missionaries at Chaotong ready to receive these men when the spirit is leading them to seek the Truth ! Later it is possible that one of us may be set apart for work among these Miao, and that funds will be needed for building a chapel in their midst. They are all so poor that nothing can be expected from them. I suppose the income of each of the families would not be more than three pounds a year, and often it is much less."

CHAPTER VI

The Second Phase of the Mass Movement

WHEN the missionaries assembled for their Annual Meeting in January, 1905, they were faced by difficult questions of policy. The great awakening among the Chinese in the cities north of Chaotong demanded the whole force of the Mission staff. Now a rival work of vaster dimensions was thrust upon them by the coming of the aborigines. Ought they to confine their propaganda strictly to the sphere occupied by the Chinese or try to achieve the impossible task of answering both solicitations ? Some advocated thoroughly specialised work within defined limits, others believed in an extended evangelism. Pollard supported the latter party. For him the degradation and decadence of the

Miao intensified the pathetic force of their appeal. He was fully aware of the need of Christianising the Chinese, but there was the accomplished fact,—the simple, natural, affectionate Miao had already won his heart as the colder, more reserved Chinese had never done.

Pollard's whole-heartedness, his white-hot enthusiasm, his invincible certitude in the Divine call, resulted in the acquiescence of the Annual Meeting in his release from Chinese work so that he might give all his time to the Miao. It was magnanimous of the other missionaries to suppress their own views and take up fresh burdens, although already overtaxed, in order that Pollard might become the apostle of the tribes. They saw that unless he guided it this wonderful mass movement would spend itself and be dissipated without any solid results. Notwithstanding their large-hearted action at this crisis the difference of judgment remained, and as the years passed there were occasions when Pollard felt that he was misunderstood by his fellow-missionaries.

Although Pollard accepted the charge of the Miao he by no means relinquished his interest in the rest of the Mission. In correspondence with the Missionary Secretary, the Rev. C. Stedeford, he outlined a policy for the Committee. He pleaded in a letter, dated June 12th, 1905, that Yunnan Fu should be reopened, since that city must become the base of communication and of supplies for the Mission. This step would save both time and money. For the reopening of this city he held that the best and most experienced missionary should be sent, and with him, if possible, one young man. After four or five years it would be necessary to increase the staff there, but at all times "quality and not quantity" was wanted. Further, Chaotong must be staffed with a pastor, a medical missionary, a teacher for the boys' school, and a lady teacher for the girls' school. He wanted to see two or three Chinese women employed in and around the city. At Tungch'uan he wished a pastor and a lady missionary might be appointed. He thought the schools at Chaotong would serve also the needs of Tungch'uan. For the Miao work there should be one pastor and a young man, "for it

would be impossible for one alone to itinerate two hundred villages."

Great joy was created in the hearts of the Miao when the message was carried from village to village that Pollard was appointed as their own missionary teacher. He soon formulated a scheme of itineration which would turn the tide of pilgrimage away from Chaotong—where, it had been feared, immense concourses of the tribes might endanger the health of all, in view of the inadequate measures of sanitation—to certain centres in their own territory. But in the meantime he retained the Mission house in the city as his home until a suitable house could be erected in Miao land. So Chaotong was still to be the scene of some exciting episodes of the tribal work.

Two objects Pollard set before himself in his early journeys among the Miao, namely, to establish public worship weekly at central places and to secure sites for building chapels. At one village his host, Mr. An, a landlord, offered any piece of land on his estate for a chapel on condition that it did not encroach on his ancestral graves.

On Sunday the Miao came from all quarters to join in the public services on the hillside at Ma-p'ai. It pleased Pollard greatly to observe that some of the inquirers had mastered the first book of Christian teaching before the night had fallen. After dark hundreds of the people remained to a torchlight meeting, standing or sitting around the preachers for three hours or more. Pollard learned that in several Miao villages the inquirers paid a Chinese teacher to instruct them to read the Gospels. Several of these teachers began to send to Pollard for books and he was glad to supply the need. On this particular Sunday he called upon one of the Miao to read the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the man did so, making only one mistake. Such an achievement creates surprise, sympathy, and admiration when one remembers that until a few months before these Miao were totally illiterate.

Pollard took away from Ma-p'ai many tokens of friendship. Mr. An, his host, gave him a magic garment—a waistcoat with No-Su characters worked on it and adorned with dragons and

lions. The wearer of this sleeveless coat was supposed to be immune from attacks of evil spirits. The Miao brought him gifts of eggs which he was glad to receive, as food supplies were uncertain on the unfrequented mountain paths. The greater part of the day Pollard travelled along the river-bed, till after a journey of eighty li he reached the village of Si-shih-wu.

At the beginning of the Miao movement the men had said, "This good news is too good to keep ourselves, let us send the message on to the next village"; and now they began to carry out Pollard's instructions and met together for reading, prayer, and exhortation. Not infrequently Pollard would arrive at some village which he had never visited, and find the beginnings of a little church among inquirers who were meeting week by week at each other's houses. Pollard was splendidly fitted to deal with the situation. He did not create the opportunity; but he was ready to meet it when it came. He was there on the spot—an arresting and magnetic man. And he rose to the height of the new call; he grew daily in stature of mind and heart.

Although in later years the Rev. H. Parsons did heroic work among the Miao, and the Rev. C. Mylne devoted himself to the evangelisation of the No-Su, they would be the first to pay a tribute to Pollard as the pioneer worker among the aborigines. He took up the work with no preconceptions of the task beyond the belief that the Miao should, as far as possible, erect places of worship among the fastnesses of the hills at their own cost. He waited upon events, believing that the hand of God was in the movement, and that his own part was simply to follow the Divine leading.

Pollard's party divided in four for preaching purposes; the foreign missionary spent the evening in teaching twenty-five boys. Next day, after passing through several hamlets, he came again to the home of Mr. An, who was acknowledged as lord over about sixty villages. Once more this seigneur repeated his desire to give a piece of land to the mission, as he was desirous of checking the constant visits of his tenants to Chaotong. A fortnight later, however, he seemed inclined to go back on his own promise. Pollard stayed for a third time at his house—from

Tuesday night till Friday—and only after a lot of skirmishing did Mr. An fulfil his promise and make over to the Mission about ten acres of land at “Stone Gateway” (Shih-men-k’an). On the Friday morning when Pollard was about to leave with the precious deed of gift safely stowed away on his person, his hospitable and generous host presented him with a Babu pony.

He reached Stone Gateway next day, about twenty miles east of Chaotong and just within the Kweichow boundary. At a first glance Pollard was disappointed with the place, which consisted of the broad breast of a hill, so that it would be necessary to level the land before any building could begin. Fuller investigation, however, revealed some good features in the situation ; for one thing, it was right in the midst of numerous Miao villages ; for another, just below the surface was enough smokeless coal to last for a generation. The Miao themselves were delighted, not only with the gift of ten acres of land, but also that their great landlord had signed an agreement with their missionary, acknowledging their right to adopt Christianity. No time was lost in starting the work : the gift was made on March 30th, 1905, and on April 1st they began levelling the site.

Pollard was favourably impressed by the Miao in this district, and appreciated a certain readiness of wit which they exhibited. The Chinese had tried to frighten them with the stale rumour that the foreigner took out people’s eyes. “Yes,” they answered, “it is true : the foreigner has changed our eyes. Formerly, we could not read ; but now with our new eyes we can see to read the Christian books.” When they were told that the missionaries broke people’s legs one of their number replied, “Ah ! it is true, for when we walked towards ruin the foreigner stopped us, and now we are walking the high road to Heaven !”

Building operations proceeded swiftly, and by Sunday, May 14th, the chapel, with its thatched roof, was ready with seats for three hundred and fifty, and standing room for seven hundred. English people would have thought little of that poor little chapel with its mud walls, which had been erected at a cost of about twenty-five pounds ; but to the Miao it was an epoch-making event ; for out of their poverty they had subscribed to build this

first Christian temple in Miao land. Their delight knew no bounds and in that pure joy Pollard shared. Their first service was like an Adult Sunday School at which the Jewish Decalogue was committed to memory. In the afternoon one hundred and fifty men and sixty women and girls were present. After worship a man came to Pollard asking to be employed as a servant, saying, "I will be like an animal to you ; what you tell me to do, I'll do." The missionary's comment was, "Poor beggar ! We gave him more hope than that."

Pollard was not only the apostle of a new faith to the Miao ; he became at once their protector, one might almost designate him their law-giver. It was not enough to build chapels for them ; he had to help them to get rid of evil customs which would otherwise hinder them from practising the Christian way of life. He knew, however, that old evils could be banished only by kindling new interests and higher loves. One of the first things to be done was to change the pernicious character of their most popular customs. He wrote : "When the Miao people first came to us it was realised that there would be a great fight with drunkenness and immorality, especially the latter. The engagement and marriage customs were such that our people do not now care to talk about them, and many are trying hard to put purity and love where in the old days there was gross wickedness. . . . Every year on the fifth day of the fifth moon—a day kept up by the Chinese in memory of the patriot, Chu Yuan, who drowned himself in the river Mi-ho, towards the end of the 4th century B.C.—the Miao tribes have also a great gathering on the hillside. Thousands of people, mostly young men and maidens, would gather together and, to the playing of pipes and the singing of love-songs, they would let loose their passions, and make themselves the laughing-stock of the Chinese. These yearly gatherings were immensely popular and did a great deal of harm. We realised at once that we must keep our people away from such scenes. It was easy to say 'Thou shalt not,' but we thought something more was needed. It was decided to capture that day for Christ and keep it in memory of the greatest Hero of all. We should have a great festival of our own, where the young people could enjoy them-

selves in the presence of the great King, and so find out that Jesus is the source of all true joy and happiness.”¹

It was not an easy task to organise a Christian holiday in place of the “Feast of Flowers,” for it could hardly be expected that these uncultured people of the hills should appreciate English ideas of pleasure. Pollard sought the assistance of the Rev. H. Parsons. He knew that the success or failure of this first Christian celebration of the day must influence all subsequent feast-days. The people accepted Pollard’s invitation : some of them came to Stone Gateway the night before, and by noon next day a thousand men and five hundred women and girls had assembled. They had two services in the new chapel, and when the crowds became too great for the building they held a “camp meeting” in the open air. Besides the Miao about two hundred Chinese were present. In following years all kinds of races and sports were introduced, but on this first festival the preaching of the Gospel constituted the most powerful attraction. When darkness fell Pollard showed his lantern pictures to the women and girls, and then sent them away to lodge in the village houses. Afterwards the two missionaries held a lantern service for the men. During the evening Parsons used a galvanic battery for their amusement. At the close the thatch-roofed chapel was turned into a huge “doss house” and the men were packed tightly on the floor. The day had passed happily without anyone desiring the licentious indulgences of former years.

A few Sundays after the Feast of the Fifth Moon, a thousand people assembled for worship. The rude structure was often taxed to its utmost capacity, and the people would stand massed so that one could scarcely move a shoulder. Day and night the chapel was made use of : the high forms which afforded seating accommodation at worship were turned into desks for school work, and the lower ones were used for seats. At night high forms and low were made into bedsteads. Before a house was built for the missionary, Pollard would get the Miao to place a few boards across the beams in front of the rostrum, and on these he would sleep with two companions. At the day school which

¹ *The Christian World*, August 10th, 1911.

was started in this chapel they soon had an average attendance of from eighty to a hundred, half a dozen of whom were girls. A Chinese teacher was secured, and Mr. Stephen Lee gave lessons in singing and drill. It was practically a boarding-school, as all the children lived and slept on the premises or in the huts around.

Under Pollard's direction, Stephen Lee adapted a number of hymns to Miao chants and taught the people to sing on the sol-fa system. They also learned versified forms of old Bible stories which wielded a great fascination over their minds, and became one of the chief means of propagating the new religion. One evening two girl singers were brought to Pollard. They had come one hundred and twenty miles, over wet, muddy roads, under the protection of an old man, in order that they might get the missionary's sanction to sing their songs to the Miao Christians. The younger girl had become hoarse by so much singing. Like Cædmon, she claimed that the words had been given to her by night in a dream. Pollard thought that she must have heard the Miao inquirers talking of the Gospel and, having brooded over what she had heard, it took the form of verse in her dreams. Pollard was as pleased with her as Abbess Hilda was in her day with the herdman-poet, and gladly gave her permission to become a wandering minstrel if her father or mother went with her. The girl was elated at the sympathy of the foreign teacher and went forth on her mission with a light heart.

The chapel became the centre of a new settlement at Shih-men-k'an, and little whitewashed buildings were put up where the worshippers and teachers might lodge. The house of the missionary erected by the first Miao converts cost about five pounds, and consisted of three little rooms, from whence Pollard directed an extensive and amazingly successful evangelisation of the Miao tribes.¹

¹ A fascinating account is given in "The Story of the Miao."

*CHAPTER VII***The First Baptisms of the Miao**

ALTHOUGH one of the most impetuous of men, Pollard was able to exercise surprising self-restraint, and in grave matters exhibited almost an excess of caution. He allowed fifteen months to pass after the Miao began to visit Chaotong before he would grant the urgent and repeated request for baptism. Even after this long period of waiting his consent seems to have been precipitated by the example of Mr. Adam of the China Inland Mission. One October day in 1905 Pollard met the first baptized Miao of his acquaintance, who told him that a fortnight before, at Kop'u, he had received formal admission into the Church with sixty others by Mr. Adam. When Pollard returned to Stone Gateway two weeks afterwards he examined thirty Miao catechumens: "They all answered intelligently and well. Some with very strong feeling declared their love for Jesus, and almost everyone said there was peace in his heart. How my heart rejoiced at the glorious scene!" He felt he could not deny baptism to any of them much longer.

November 5th was the day fixed for the baptism of one hundred and fifty Miao. Only by exercising the most rigorous tests could the number of candidates be kept down; it would have been easier to double the number. Two thousand people attended the service, some of whom came several days' journey and slept at night on the mountain side. They opened the day with an early morning prayer-meeting. Pollard was awed by the solemnity of the step he was about to take, and tells us that he sought inward cleansing and preparation for administering the holy sacrament. The service was begun immediately after breakfast. Only approved candidates were admitted to the chapel. Eleven elders had been appointed, nine men and two women; they had all been among the earliest converts; some of them, like Wang-teh-tao, Yang-yah-koh, and Chang-Yoh-han, were destined to render eminent service in evangelising the

tribes. Each catchumen was asked, "Do you desire to be baptized?" "Are you willing to be the child of God?" When the elders had been baptized, they were invited to the platform, and all the other groups were re-examined by them. First, the candidates gave their names to be registered by Stephen Lee, who questioned them and passed them on to Pollard, and if their knowledge of Christian doctrine was deemed sufficient, they were questioned about their present and past conduct by the Miao elders. "Many of the candidates were dressed neatly, and their hair was arranged in the nicest way. They looked far nicer than any similar company of Chinese I have ever seen. Six or seven were objected to by the elders, and among them a girl who was refused because it was known that she had lived loosely in the past: but she tried again and again in successive groups till I admitted her: the kingdom of heaven suffers violence." Parsons was with Pollard and took part in baptizing many of those first converts. One hundred and two persons received baptism that morning. As Pollard listened to the responses of the candidates, and saw their frank, honest faces lighted up with new joy and confidence, he tells us that he felt strangely humbled and would fain have stood among those who were seeking baptism. Another service was held later for the women and girls. The evening service lasted four hours, and hundreds of others begged to be baptized, but Pollard thought it wise to delay their reception. Two days later at the market Pollard was accompanied by one of the baptized Miao: they were met by a friendly Chinese graduate who bowed to the new convert and congratulated him upon becoming a member of the Christian Church. "A Confucian B.A.," writes Pollard, "bowing to a Miao and congratulating him on believing Jesus is, surely, as remarkable an occurrence as could be met in this part of China."

One of the impressive features of the Miao mass movement was the readiness of even the poorest to give what they could for the church. On the day of the first baptisms at Stone Gateway they celebrated the harvest thanksgiving. The "collection plates" were three baskets, each large enough to accommodate the

whole of Pollard's family. It took six or seven of the Miao more than an hour to receive all the gifts, and the result was equivalent to fifty or sixty thousand cash. At the close of the first year's work Pollard reckoned that these poor people had subscribed about a hundred pounds.

When, a fortnight later, Pollard told the prefect of Chaotong that he was intending to return to England, the Chinese official turned to Mrs. Pollard and said : " What a pity, Madam, that you must go ! " But Pollard was drawn in different ways ; two weeks later after a great service at Stone Gateway he writes : " My heart has been moved to-day. How can I go home just now ? If God would only give me word to stay, how glad I should be ! " He felt that the time had come for Mrs. Pollard and his children to go to England, and naturally he longed to take them. But he felt that he was needed at this juncture to organize the work among the Miao, and after a sharp struggle he decided to send his wife and boys without him. The attendance on the following Sunday of nearly a thousand people seemed to seal this decision with the Divine approval. They divided the worshippers into two groups : Mr. Pollard taught the baptized members, while Parsons and Stephen Lee conducted the service in the crowded chapel. After eight hours of teaching Pollard sat down and wrote : " What a blessed work it is, and what a joy ! How glad I am not to be going home yet to leave these poor folk ! God bless and save them all ! They say the baptisms have stirred up a lot of outsiders."

From the beginning of the Miao work Pollard was awake to the social needs of the people, and he now proposed to inaugurate the observance of Christmas. It was known to the Miao as the birthday of Jesus. They knew little about the celebration of birthdays, and few of them knew their own ages. As Pollard was expected to keep Christmas Day at Chaotong, the festival had to be put off at Stone Gateway till December 27th. It was a snowy Christmastide, yet so anxious were some of them to attend the first celebration in Miao land of Jesus' birthday that they came three days' journey through the snow. They were dressed in their everyday clothes and carried their best garments over their



HOW "STONE GATEWAY" (SHIH-MEN-K'AN)
GOT ITS NAME.

whole of Pollard's family. It took six or seven of the Miao more than an hour to receive all the gifts, and the result was equivalent to fifty or sixty thousand cash. At the close of the first year's work Pollard reckoned that these poor people had subscribed about a hundred pounds.

When, a fortnight later, Pollard told the prefect of Chaotong that he was intending to return to England, the Chinese official turned to Mrs. Pollard and said : " What a pity, Madam, that you must go ! " But Pollard was drawn in different ways ; two weeks later after a great service at Stone Gateway he writes : " My heart has been moved to-day. How can I go home just now ? If God would only give me word to stay, how glad I should be ! " He felt that the time had come for Mrs. Pollard and his children to go to England, and naturally he longed to take them. But he felt that he was needed at this juncture to organize the work among the Miao, and after a sharp struggle he decided to send his wife and boys without him. The attendance on the following Sunday of nearly a thousand people seemed to seal this decision with the Divine approval. They divided the worshippers into two groups : Mr. Pollard taught the baptized members, while Parsons and Stephen Lee conducted the service in the crowded chapel. After eight hours of teaching Pollard sat down and wrote : " What a blessed work it is, and what a joy ! How glad I am not to be going home yet to leave these poor folk ! God bless and save them all ! They say the baptisms have stirred up a lot of outsiders."

From the beginning of the Miao work Pollard was awake to the social needs of the people, and he now proposed to inaugurate the observance of Christmas. It was known to the Miao as the birthday of Jesus. They knew little about the celebration of birthdays, and few of them knew their own ages. As Pollard was expected to keep Christmas Day at Chaotong, the festival had to be put off at Stone Gateway till December 27th. It was a snowy Christmastide, yet so anxious were some of them to attend the first celebration in Miao land of Jesus' birthday that they came three days' journey through the snow. They were dressed in their everyday clothes and carried their best garments over their



HOW "STONE GATEWAY" (SHIH-MEN-K'AN)
GOT ITS NAME.



shoulders. Pollard printed twelve hundred tickets, and these were not enough : five cooks were brought from Chaotong to prepare the feast. During the three days more than a thousand guests sat down at one hundred and thirty tables, and among them were only a hundred women and girls. Thirty-two fires were kept going, but it was difficult to keep the guests warm. The sports and games planned for the festival had to be postponed till the Fifth Moon.

On the last day of 1905 Pollard examined fresh candidates for baptism and admitted sixty-eight new members. More than forty of these came from the village of "Tiger's Teeth," where the Tu-muh was obstinately opposed to Christianity. So great was the throng at this service that the people had to be admitted in relays. At the close of the service he wrote : "It was a fine day's work to finish up the year 1905."

Pollard fully recognised the value of the assistance of his English and Chinese colleagues, Mr. Parsons and Stephen Lee : without them much of the work would have had to remain undone. After sixteen months of labour among the Miao he was able to see that some of the men and women who had been baptized possessed gifts of leadership which might be used to secure permanent results from the numerous conversions. Already he was turning his thoughts to the training of a native ministry. "It is hoped," he says, "gradually to get a circle of school-chapels around Chaotong, the most distant of which will be only about eighty miles. The missionary in the city can easily visit these out-stations, and with an adequate staff of native preachers and teachers—Chinese and Miao—a great work can be done."

This year was in some ways the most momentous and most successful in Pollard's life, but at its close there were clouds that threw over him shadows of disappointment and anxiety. Great heights have corresponding depths : alternations of joy and sadness came in Pollard's experience, as in the lives of all who live for others. It will be remembered that Hudson Taylor had been influential in leading the Bible Christian Conference to send out missionaries to China, and it was at his suggestion that they were sent to Yunnan. Pollard was naturally moved by the tidings

that in this year of greatest success in the work of Mission, Hudson Taylor had passed away. There were, however, other causes of sadness : suddenly, without any warning, some of Pollard's Chinese helpers who seemed at that time indispensable in the carrying out of the evangelism of the Miao and Chinese became disaffected and one of them wished to leave Stone Gate-way. Another wrote from Lao-wa-t'an that he was homesick and weary. Pollard confesses that the problem which emerged was beyond him, and writes with naïve frankness : " I took it to Jesus and told Him that the responsibility was His and not mine, and that it was for Him to straighten things out." These ebullitions of irritation and indiscipline were soon forgotten in presence of an even greater difficulty : one of the English missionaries suddenly decided that he must return home with his children. When this was known the two recalcitrant Chinese evangelists saw the gravity of the crisis and with penitence promised to remain at their posts. Pollard accepted this swift surrender as an answer to his prayer.

One of the bright occurrences at the Christmas of 1905 was the appearance at the mission house of thirty men of the Heh-i, a branch of the No-Su tribe : they were a strange group, much fiercer and more warlike than the Miao. They reported that eight or nine hundred of these patrician No-Su were ready to receive the missionary's teaching. In conversation one of the visitors confessed that he had doubts about the new doctrine. " Oh," rejoined one of the No-Su converts, " you must doubt before you can have faith." Another No-Su visitor said that one of their books referred to a great Spirit called Ye-so-mo, or Ye-so-sage. He is not God, and yet at harvest time the Heh-i thank him for the ingathering. The No-Su were inclined to identify their own Ye-so with the Ye-su of the foreigners.¹ Pollard writes : " May God open a great door for their salvation ! Does this mean that salvation for the Lolos has come at last ? "

The next important step in the Miao movement was the first celebration of Communion among the baptized converts, on January 28th, 1906. So eager were the people that the chapel

¹ cf. " Among the Tribes in West China," p. 126.

was completely filled by seven o'clock in the morning. At the eleven o'clock service there were seven hundred persons inside, and about four hundred outside. Thirty besides the missionaries were on the rostrum, and Pollard sat at the harmonium whilst Parsons administered the elements—tea and bread. Chang-Yoh-han gave an address, and then the communicants came forward in groups as their names were called from the church roll. As each group retired and another took its place a verse of a Miao hymn was sung, and while the communicants knelt down Pollard led them in prayer. One hundred and sixty-four baptized converts took part and the service lasted three hours. The offertory amounted to about twelve taels ; everyone was amazed that poor people should give so much. It had been their intention to make the afternoon an occasion for an examination of fresh candidates ; but the crowd was so great that the time was spent in preaching. In the evening eight hundred people crammed the chapel. As they sang the sway of the massed audience made Pollard fear that the building might fall, and he asked all the men to withdraw so that the first service should be for the women only. At a later hour the women gave place to the men. There were fifty-seven baptisms that evening. One man, an elder, brought his wife and two children. The wife held the smaller child in her arms, and the older one of three years of age was strapped on the father's back : the man turned sideways bending the child towards Pollard for baptism.

Without any design on the part of the missionaries the course of development of this mass movement reproduced in an amazing way many of the phenomena of the times of the Acts of the Apostles—demoniacal possession, the appearance of pseudo-prophets, anticipations of the parousia which caused the people of some places to give up their work so that they might be ready for the Lord's coming, and the sending forth of missionaries. On February 11th, 1906, the Miao decided that eighteen of their number should go forth two and two to all the villages of the district on a preaching tour. Pollard supplied them with Christian books to sell, but gave them no money. They were to throw themselves upon the hospitality of their hearers ; if at any place

their message was refused they were to use the book-money to buy provisions. All of them were pleased and greatly excited, and started off in high spirits. They were received everywhere with hospitality, but reported that while some heard their evangel with delight, many refused all entreaties to abandon their old customs. The aim of Pollard was not merely to extend the evangelism, but also to train the evangelists.

After the birth of his fourth son on April 16th, 1906, he started off on another tour. A fortnight later he entered in his diary: "April 30th. I returned home and found Emmie and Ernest quite well. The dear little fellow is such a joy to us all." Nearer and nearer drew the time when his wife and children were to go away; but having made his decision to remain Pollard never faltered, and when he bade farewell to wife and children (November 7th, 1906) and remained alone to carry on the evangelism and instruction of the Miao, his influence over them multiplied a hundredfold.

In some measure the men and women of the Miao villages understood the self-denial of Pollard in this voluntary separation from his family, and they repaid him as they were able with love and trust. As some of them said, he was like a father and mother to them: he listened to their confessions; he gave them comfort; he reconciled women to their estranged husbands and husbands to erring wives. Their first impulse in times of trouble was to seek Pollard.

Sixteen days after bidding good-bye to his family, Pollard accompanied by Parsons and Mr. Nicholls—an Australian C.I.M. missionary—went to a Miao wedding. "There were about three hundred guests. They killed a cow and a pig for us. We had a service in the chapel, and used a form of wedding service similar to that which we have at home. Bridegroom and bride answered the questions without hesitation. Then the bride took a cup of water and handed it to the bridegroom: he drank half and passed the remainder to the bride to drink. They then knelt while being prayed for, and rising they joined heartily in the wedding hymn. After the benediction we all bowed to the newly married couple. In the evening, all the young folk, including the bride and

bridesmaid, came up and we had games. It must have been one o'clock before we finished. The bride slipped off about ten. . . . I thoroughly enjoyed the fun with the children : it was a grand time. I went to bed very tired. When we bade farewell the next day, I was impressed by the quiet dignity of the bride, which was very marked. There was no giggling among the young folk who were with us ; no mock shyness ; the bride's demeanour seemed an improvement on the mock modesty of the Chinese."

But Pollard could make himself as much feared as loved. Miao girls and women were sometimes subjected to insult and wrong by the Chinese or headmen of the hamlets. Then his anger would blaze and he would at once take steps to invoke the intervention of the Chinese magistrate. About this time a Miao girl of twelve or thirteen after suffering in mind and body escaped from her captor, but such was her state of terror she could tell no one what had happened. The offence, however, was discovered and the man was forced to confess. "To-day," says Pollard, "the father came with the girl to us. She stood up telling her story and crying bitterly. It made me feel very bad and Mr. Lee wept. . . . We agreed to report the matter and get it seen into by the officials. The prefect was not at home, so I wrote to the Brigadier-General Liu at Chaotong."

In another case Pollard was told that one of the Christian girls was about to marry a man who already had a wife, and he sat down and wrote this letter : "The white teacher loves the people of Mao-ntu-lu very much, and wants them all to be God's good children. I have now heard a matter which gives my heart unrest. At Mi-ri-keo there are people who say that the young woman of Mao-ntu-lu, Wang-Cheng, is coming to be the wife of John. When I learned this my heart had no rest at all. There is no such principle as this. Wang-Cheng, you are God's good young woman and live a good life. We all love you very much. You must be a virtuous woman. Now John has a wife. One man cannot have two wives. Whoever goes as wife to the home of a man who puts away his wife acts like a dog and pig. You must be careful to be pure. Jesus loves you much : He formerly gave His life for you. You must remember this and love Him in return. . . .

Wang-Cheng, you must not be angry at the teacher for writing these words. We all love you much and want you to be Jesus' good maiden. The white teacher writes this to the maiden, Wang-Cheng of Mao-ntu-lu."

Such incidents and records illustrate the variety of tasks which fell upon the missionary; but no adequate conception of the extent of Pollard's new parish has yet been given. He himself says in 1906 that it covered an area of a thousand square miles. "If a day's journey were supposed to be about twenty or twenty-five miles over rough mountainous roads, then in the north-east the mission stretches five days, to the east three days, to the south-east four and a half days, in the north-west three and a half days, westward two and a half days, and in the south-west three and a half days." Pollard could not possibly work such a vast area alone, and he was thankful, therefore, when the Mission appointed Mr. and Mrs. H. Parsons to live at Stone Gateway for six months each year.

"There is still another district," says Pollard, "in which our people are interested. From the north of Yunnan Fu—a district which years ago was our sphere" and where the United Methodist Committee has resolved to take up work again—"Miao came twelve days' journey begging the missionaries to go and teach them. . . . How glad we should have been had we been able to do so! But after prayer, thought and consultation, we decided we could do nothing personally to direct work so far from our base. Then the next best thing, perhaps the best thing was done. Through the Chairman of the Annual Meeting a letter was sent to the Rev. J. McCarthy, the superintendent of the C.I.M. in Yunnan, begging him to take up the work. He readily responded and immediately appointed Mr. A. Nicholls, sending him down to our district to see the work and to learn the Miao language. Having succeeded so far the next step was simple. An appeal was made for native preachers to go back when Mr. Nicholls returned. Several of our best men offered, and when after three, or four months, Mr. Nicholls went to his sphere of work, he was accompanied by four of our Miao preachers who have worked enthusiastically for their fellow-tribesmen."

CHAPTER VIII

"Rice Ear Valley" and "Long Sea"

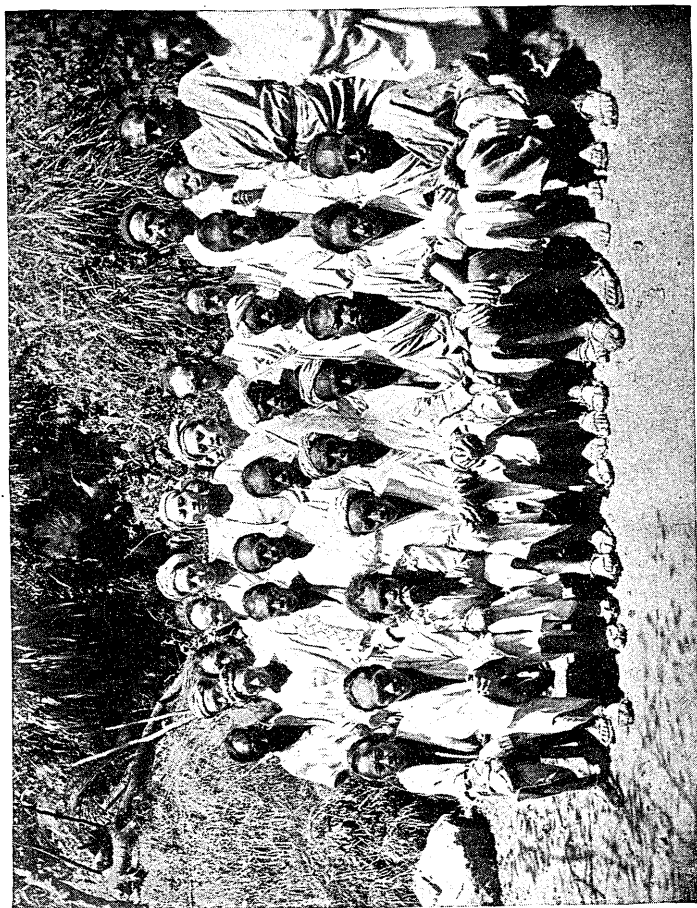
IN one of John Keats's letters is a passage in which he protests against the notion that this world is "a vale of tears" and suggests that it might be more truly called "the vale of soul-making." If, as the poet implied, the moulding of souls is indeed one of the chief purposes of the world's life, then Pollard's work among the tribes of West China, besides being intrinsically beneficent and interesting, has a unique value in that it enables us to look into God's laboratory and watch the process of soul-making. A mysterious influence has descended upon these decadent tribes agitating and impelling them to seek a new way of life, transforming whole groups of village communities. Under the inspiration of the Gospel they are being reinvested with the dignity and hope of high purpose. In this mission the task was thrust upon Pollard of founding dozens of churches, of maintaining pastoral oversight, of directing education, and even of performing a healing ministry among them. He scarcely thought of his own sacrifices; he was too absorbed by the magnitude of the enterprise. His letters and articles read like pæans to the Spirit of Beauty and of Good Who has made the hills of West China a sphere of His operation.

Pollard was on the look-out for other sites where chapels and schools might be erected. It was impossible for the Miao to trudge ten and in some places even a score of miles to Shih-men-k'an Sunday after Sunday. But there were difficulties in securing the sites after they had been selected, as most of the land was in the hands of powerful No-Su chiefs who, even when not active in persecution, were often suspicious and sullenly resistant. We may take the case of three powerful No-Su brothers named Lo who lived at Mao-Mao-Shan, or "Cat's Hill." On a mountain spur they had built a castle, impregnable when men fought with bows and arrows. The eldest of these brothers was a mandarin under the Chinese Government and usually away from his

family seat. The second was chief over a district comprising hundreds of square miles through which were scattered scores of Miao villages. This man feared the encroachments of the Christian Church as an influence which rivalled and limited his control. For long he refused all Pollard's solicitations for a piece of land, but one day the missionary thought he might accomplish his aim through the mediation of another chief, who was friendly with the seigneur of Mao-Mao-Shan and kindly disposed towards the Christians. Pollard told Mr. Ch'ee his difficulties and secured his promise to intercede for him, and also gained assurance that if Chief Lo still refused then he himself would find them land and give them trees for timber. The negotiations took time, but after hopes had been raised and disappointed again and again, Pollard received a gift of land—about an acre and a half—at Mi-ri-keo, or "Rice Ear Valley," some thirty miles north-east of Stone Gateway, situated among a very sea of billowy hills.

Pollard set out for Mi-ri-keo on May 7th, 1906, and halted at the village of Tu-ku-men. Here, although all the people were Christians, were many who were doomed to carry the marks and scourge of past sins, the women particularly suffering from terrible throat diseases. One girl was a leper; another had to be sent into the city to see Dr. Savin. In his dealings with the people Pollard often showed a large and unexpected tolerance. There was tactful liberality in the counsel he gave to the Miao of Tu-ku-men when the No-Su landlady ordered her tenants to gather her opium as in former years. He said that they might do as they were bidden without sin; the responsibility was with her who gave the command.

At Mi-ri-keo the site had to be levelled by the Miao before a chapel could be erected. Chinese workmen were engaged, but they did their part so badly that the walls fell down five times. The Miao grew impatient and undertook to finish the building themselves. The village was only a tiny place with sixty inhabitants, but it became a Christian centre to which worshippers flocked from a hundred hamlets around. The chapel, roofed with red tiles, was like a huge barn in which eight hundred might sit down, or fifteen hundred stand. Pollard persuaded the Miao to

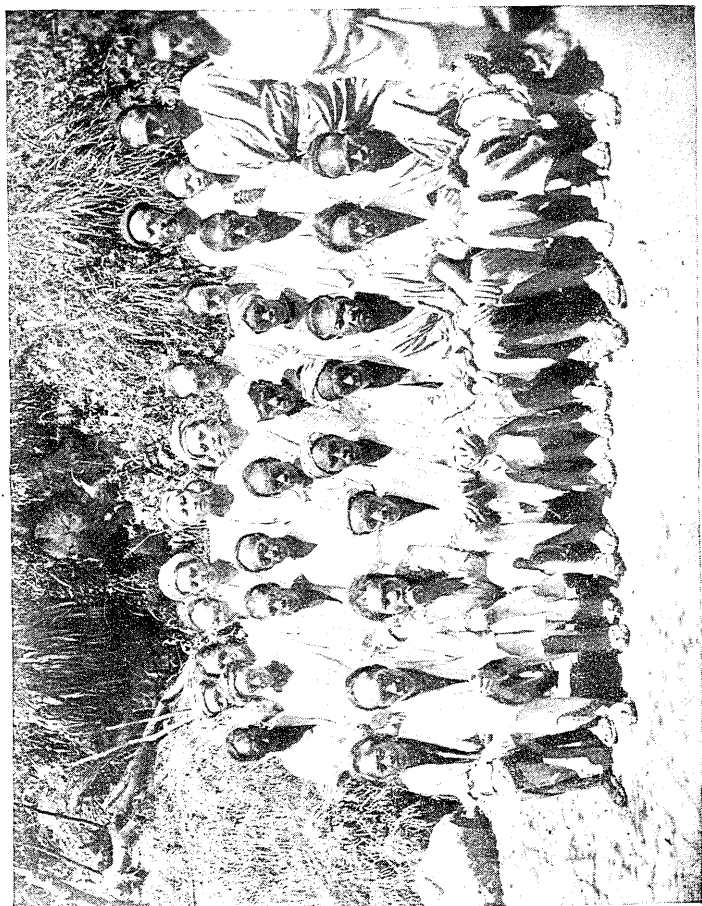


MIAO CHURCH STEWARDS AT "RICE EAR VALLEY" (MI-RI-KEO).

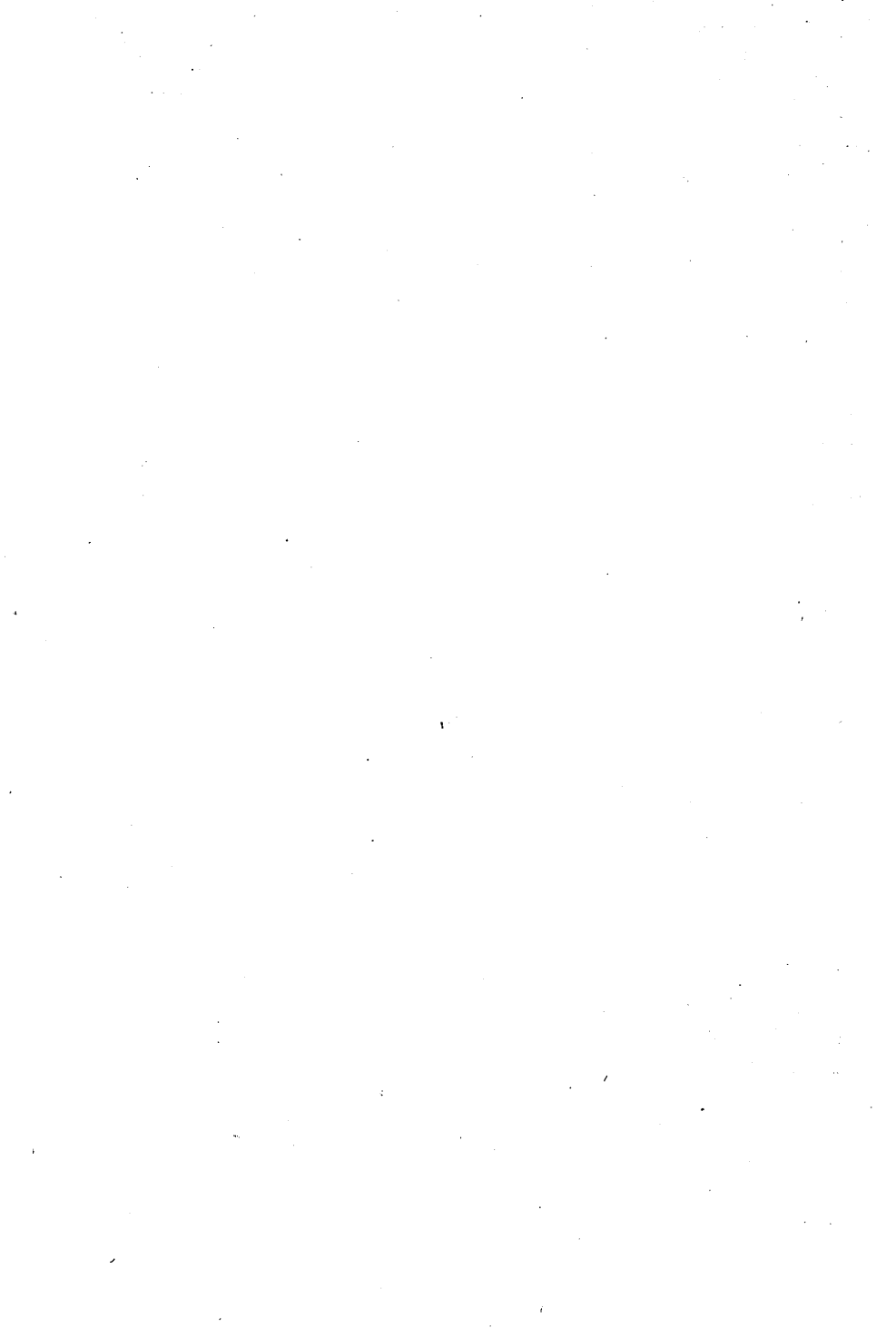
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MIAO CHURCH STEWARDS AT "RICE EAR VALLEY" (MI-RI-KEO).



put up a three-roomed cottage also where he could stay when he came to them. On this occasion he and Mr. Arthur Nicholls lodged with the church steward, T'ao-Loh-Chioh, or, as Pollard calls him, "Mr. Peach." Among the first leaders of the Miao Christians were a few men of strong character and marked talent; Mr. T'ao was one of the quaintest and most lovable. His happiness was in his apiary of twenty hives. The bees were his children and his delight: he loved them and said that they loved him. They brought to his garden the perfumes of the whole country around, and filled the hours with their ceaseless murmur, which he thought the sweetest of all music. During this visit a hive swarmed and the bees settled in a pear-shaped mass on the branch of a tree. Mr. T'ao took a hollowed trunk of a tree about twenty inches long, open at one end, and tying it between two branches scooped the bees into it with a wooden ladle. Fearing to make the acquaintance of the bees during the night Pollard induced his host to remove the hive that was nearest the door. Mr. T'ao then stuck two pieces of white paper on a stone to direct the bees to their new position. Early next morning Pollard was wrapped in slumber and dreamt that he was in Dr. Savin's dispensary chasing a large bee; awaking he found the room humming and alive; some of the bees crawled into the missionaries' beds, and one more angry than the rest stung Pollard's companion into sudden wakefulness. Later in the day the bees were attacked by hornets who carried off the baby bees to feed their own young. Mr. T'ao used a small board like a cricket bat to kill the hornets, and having found their nest he went at night and suffocated them by burning grass. He told Pollard that when the hornets first came he was at work some distance away, but the bees found him out and kissed his face again and again so that he knew they were in trouble and hurried home to wage war upon the marauders. This enthusiast never wearied of talking about his bees to the teacher. He said that they are dependent upon the queen bee; that if she dies the hive falls into disorder, instead of building the cells properly the bees lay the wax in a lump, and then one by one they die of grief and hunger. Being a devout church steward he was ready to moralise, saying that the hornets

are like devils, and as the bees could not drive them away without him, neither could he drive away his secret foes without closing his eyes and calling on Jesus to help him.

At the beginning of July Pollard and Nicholls baptized two hundred and sixty converts and preached to more than a thousand. But the building operations at Mi-ri-keo continued to give disappointment and in one instance were attended by a serious accident. About the middle of December a messenger arrived at Shih-Men-k'an to say that while digging out foundations for the new house two of the scholars had been badly crushed by a fall of earth. Pollard started off at once, travelling two days' journey in one, and reached his destination after night-fall. A service was just closing, and when the worshippers saw him there was a shout of welcome: "K'a nteh ta chioh!" He found that one of the injured scholars had been taken to his home, but the other was being nursed by his elder brother in a corner of the chapel. The little fellow was glad to see the teacher and held out his hands as though he would have embraced him. Pollard speedily arranged that he should be carried in a litter to the hospital at Chaotong. Both boys were seriously injured and bore their pain like Christian stoics; but one of them died at Christmas.

Processions of Miao striding along roads from eight directions to Mi-ri-keo for the Christmas festival made a decorative and charming scene. They came in groups of scores and hundreds: the men dressed in white and blue and darker colours; girls and women wearing jackets of white, blue, black or green stuff, kilted skirts of blue and white embroidered with small pieces of red or chocolate colour. The little children were tied on their mothers' backs and comforted with buckwheat cakes, cobs of boiled maize, or long cucumbers.

"Connected with this place," he writes, "three men stand out prominently: they are Stephen Lee, the Chinese preacher, who is the pastor, Chang-yoh-han, and Chu-to-ma—or John and Thomas, two Miao preachers. . . . I love my native colleagues; I am proud to have their friendship. Stephen and I have roughed it, and enjoyed it in all kinds of weather and

circumstances. He has opened his heart to me as perhaps no other Chinese has done."

"From the first formation of the church the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper has been the service of highest importance in the eyes of the Miao. From long distances, in great heat, in heavy rain, in cold and snow, over slippery roads, across swirling mountain torrents, up steep hills, down precipitous paths, bearing children on their backs, tired, hungry, they come again and again in memory of Jesus and from great love to him. . . . All who are not members now leave the building : then the singing begins and continues till all are quietly settled. The minister 'fences' the tables and points all to Jesus. The stewards take around the baskets of buckwheat bread and the cups ; tea is poured into every cup, while the communicants sing, 'Jesus loves me,' 'There is a fountain,' 'Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed.' When every cup has been supplied, all bend in prayer, confessing their sins and recollecting the supreme sacrifice of Jesus. Then they eat the Body and drink the Blood in communion believing in the real presence. . . . Three years ago these people were all heathen, immoral, drunkards, devil-worshippers, sorcerers—unable to read. Now they are full of the love of Jesus. They used to fear each other ; now they trust and help one another. They read, they worship God, they hate the devil, they have destroyed their houses of sin, and they guard their daughters from temptation. . . . They have passed from death into life ; they have become children of God indeed."

"It is evening now ; large numbers have gone back to their homes and the last service of the day is about to begin. This is often the best : the people are fewer, perhaps a hundred remain, there is more quiet ; it is easier to get close to those who are present. At nine o'clock the service ends. There is a rustling of long bundles of hemp sticks which are lighted at the preacher's candle, and those who belong to other villages wend their way over the hills by the light of the hemp torches. They look like swarms of fire-flies until they are hidden behind the hills. And now Rice Ear Valley settles down : the stillness is broken by the last

hymns of the men who intend to sleep in the chapel : or it may be they will practise some new tune for the next hour."

Mr. Tao's house is not the only one that Pollard visits ; just a little farther is Mr. Liu's home where the missionary received his earliest welcome. There are now only the two daughters ; the elder, eighteen years old, is a fine Christian and a beautiful singer. It had been Pollard's sad duty to bury her father and mother : then the daughter was stricken down with famine fever, and there were great sorrow and much prayer on her behalf. She has recovered and the K'anteh (pastor) tries to comfort her with reassuring hopes of the immortal life. He leaves her to visit the home of her most intimate friend : it is a hut of reeds, just one small room and so poor that Pollard wonders that anyone should call it home. " Miss Wu who lives here has a clear, beautiful voice, such as one imagines Pippa of Asola to have had. These two girl friends are often together on the hills, hoeing the maize, guarding the corn from wild animals, or watching the cattle on the hills, and as they work they sing like the larks from very joy. It is an inspiration to hear suddenly on the hillsides of West China the beautiful words of the Magnificat sung by the Miao women."

At the solicitations of inquirers sixty miles south-east of Stone Gateway Pollard made a journey to Chang-hai-tsi—" Long Sea "—which afterwards became the centre of a new district. It is in Kweichow and nearly half-way between Chaotong and Tung-ch'uan. There were about fifty villages which could be evangelised and superintended from it. The landlord of the district not only gave an acre and a half for a chapel, but also granted permission to the Christian Miao to cut down as much timber as they would require for building. But before beginning to build Pollard deemed it advisable to acquaint the Chinese mandarin at Weining with his project. On the journey to Weining he passed through certain villages where the people looked askance at the movement and he resolved that he would not rest until he had won these surly and suspicious villagers for Christ. Next day he came to hamlets where the first enthusiasm for Christianity had died down because no missionary

was on the spot. He saw clearly that the only effective way of conserving the mass movement and founding a vigorous church was to build chapels and schools and staff them with Chinese and Miao teachers. On Friday he reached Weining after a day's journey of forty miles. He says: "After tea I called on the mandarin and found him a young, wideawake, progressive man who seemed pleased to see us. After a long talk he had lanterns lit and walked back through the streets with us to our inn—about a mile. We walked slowly along chatting as we went, like two foreigners instead of a mandarin and a missionary. We smiled at the novel situation, and I told him that I had never before seen such a Chinese official." Probably this young Chinaman belonged to that enlightened band of men who were preparing for the changes which were destined to come in the next few years.

December 11th, 1905, was the anniversary of his wedding-day: "Fourteen years ago I was married: thank God for all these years of joy and peace!" They travelled eighty li that day and halted at Kan-ho-keo, staying with Mr. Chang, where he had a good room in a log-built house. The family of sons and grandchildren numbered twenty-seven. Next day a wedding took place, and there were about two hundred guests—mostly Miao with a sprinkling of Chinese and I-ren, all dressed in their brightest colours. He saw nothing of the bride and bridegroom, and upon inquiring about them learned that they had been married three years, and that this was the public celebration of their union. He saw no intoxication, but suspected that the guests hid their wine vessels in the straw whenever he drew near! At his host's entreaty he resolved to stay another day, thinking that he might introduce some innocent fun. On Tuesday morning, therefore, he took all the men and boys to the foot of the hill and organised a programme of sports. There were contests in archery, long races, three-legged races, high and long jumps, skipping, cock-fighting, and tug-of-war. Pollard and his evangelists shared heartily in the proceedings. While this various programme was being carried out, the bride and bridegroom passed along with gifts of an ox and a sheep for their

parents. After the games they sat in three sides of a square in the open and were supplied with soup, maize, and pieces of meat. Then came the distribution of prizes to those who had won at the sports : Pollard gave away thirty-four copies of the Gospels, rejoicing in the thought that he was helping the people to a new life and a new outlook.

Some time after this he was on his way to Chang-hai-tsi, but halted for a night ten li away, at the house of a No-Su (Heh-i) widow ; this lady and her son had expressed a desire to join the Church. Pollard visited all the Miao tenants, and in the evening the whole community gathered for worship. His pulpit was a swine's trough which, said one of the Miao, ought not to be despised, as the Lord Jesus had been content to lie in a manger. The moon was riding at the full and cast her light upon scores of upturned faces. Though some of the people were dressed in rags, their countenances glowed with lofty purpose. Tired out at last, Pollard stood aside to listen and to watch, while waves of the purest joy he ever expected to know on earth surged within his soul.

He reached Chang-hai-tsi on June 2nd, 1906 : it was a Saturday, the evening of which day was now used by the aborigines for " preparation " services. About one hundred and twenty Miao came, and as the chapel was not yet completed they held their service in the open air. Pollard afterwards examined the candidates for baptism and was glad at the progress they had made under the catechist's instruction.

On Sunday, June 10th, Pollard held an early morning prayer-meeting in the half-finished chapel, one hundred and fifty being present. After breakfast a thousand people gathered, filling the chapel twice over. He baptized forty-nine and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper. The representatives of five different races were at this service : Chinese, No-Su, Chong-Kia, Miao, and British. The preaching service, followed by the examination of candidates, took about five hours. In his Journal he wrote : " During the service to-day a little boy nearly naked stood up in the rostrum with me. When I got up on a form to preach he got up with me and stood facing the audience. . . .

Now and again I stroked his head. No one laughed. After tea as dark came on we had a romantic service. The chapel was full with about five hundred people. Many were outside sitting about on the ground around camp fires. A few faces peered in at each window. There was a dim flickering light of two candles in Chinese lanterns, one was hung just above the rostrum and the other at the farther end of the chapel. . . . The light was just enough to see the audience, but not to distinguish their faces. The twenty-seven candidates for baptism were at the front : three females, the rest men and boys. The walls of the chapel were only partly up. Standing on the form I could see over the unfinished wall towards the north-west where a light under the clouds showed where the sun had gone down. . . . Away in the south-east brilliant lightning flashed fitfully all the time of the service. The tiles only covered part of the roof : in the middle was an opening where one could look up into God's beautiful heaven. In this dim light we questioned the candidates and baptized them. Oh, the joy of it all ! Why am I allowed to see it ? In the hymns we got the men to sing first, then the women, then all together, and the roar of hundreds of voices sounded wonderfully impressive in the evening air. What a shout of joy and praise ! About half-past nine we finished the service by praying over a poor penitent girl, who had been a witch. She knelt before Jesus and He heard our prayer." " We were sorry to leave Chang-hai-tsi : this has been one of the happiest weeks I have ever had. A beautiful place indeed ! There were a lot of people to see us off. My Galatians and Philippians ! God bless them ! "

It was difficult to understand all the currents of life which were flowing in these village communities. These aborigines had never been caught by the spell of Buddhism, as the Chinese had been ; but they are being drawn by the Light of the World. While the sad serenity and passionless tenderness of Gautama failed to grip their minds, the self-sacrificing love of Jesus triumphed in their hearts and infected them with enthusiasm and devotion. Some mysterious power had come upon them from the Spirit of Life which begets and sweetly guides all living

things. At Chang-hai-tsi a Miao dreamt that there was a great flood and that he was drifting about in the water : he found rest and safety at last, and his raft was the Cross of Jesus. The fact that within a few days of telling this dream the man died, created a great stir throughout the district. It was not unnatural that elements of superstition should mingle with the new spiritual forces which were at work among the simple children of the hills : they were in " the vale of soul-making," but in their case the souls had already been marred and had to be remade under a totally new set of conditions, and in the arrangement of these special conditions may be traced the blessing of the All-Father.

CHAPTER IX

Beaten with Many Stripes

HAVING established churches and schools at Shih-Men-kan, Mi-ri-keo, and Chang-hai-tsi, Pollard arranged to visit a district north and north-west of Chaotong which hitherto had been neglected. Its people had shared the unrest which had urged the tribes to send deputations to the Mission house in the city ; but when no missionary came they relapsed into their superstitions. Their interest, however, was rekindled when Pollard went among them. When one of the landlords of the district gave the mission an acre and a half of ground for a school and chapel the Miao rejoiced and made up their minds that the buildings should be erected in the following spring. Pollard proposed that they should first put up a thatched building and erect later a more commodious structure which might become the central chapel for eighty-three villages with a population of three thousand people. Should this be accomplished he thought another gospel-hall might be built as a centre for the southern half of the district. Inquiring why they desired schools and chapels, he found that some of the boys who attended the school at Stone Gateway belonged to this part, and that their progress in Christian knowledge and character had made a favourable

impression all around. On this he comments : " Villages where our boys live who have learned of Christ are among our brightest spots. The missionary work of these boys has been splendid : again and again we have met people who have been led to turn to Jesus by the Miao boys who have been our pupils at Stone Gateway. This district alone is five or six days' journey in length : it will tax the energies of the missionaries ; only by a rapid and yet thorough training of Miao preachers can these many villages be evangelised."

But amid these hopes a shadow which menaced both missionary and movement was creeping over the prospect. Hitherto he had faced his enemies and, by persuasion, or appeal to the Treaty rights of foreigners and to the liberties granted to subjects by Imperial edicts, had broken down all open opposition. But although thwarted for a time there were Chinese and No-Su lords who " nursed their wrath to keep it warm." Attempts upon his life had thus far failed, but he had presentiments that he would yet share in the sufferings of his Miao converts, though with the buoyancy of inveterate optimism, he shut these forebodings out of his mind.

From the village of Ta-ping-tsi—or " Great Level"—about one hundred and ten li from Chaotong, where the site had been given for a new chapel, Pollard hastened to Yongshan, a city eighty li away, to inform the mandarin of his intention to erect a school-chapel within his jurisdiction. Returning to Chaotong he called upon the prefect and got the deed of gift officially signed and sealed. Two months later he learned that the building was being hindered by the mandarin at Yongshan. The prefect at Chaotong advised Pollard to visit this local magnate to adjust the difficulties. At Ta-ping-tsi he ascertained that the landlord who had given the land had been terrorised, and to appease the officials had refused to allow the trees to be cut down for the framework of the school, and had sought to dissuade his tenants from their resolve to become Christians.

Bent on getting at the bottom of this fresh hostility Pollard went to Yongshan, where he heard a strange story. It seemed that a Miao named Chang, a village elder, hated

Christianity and persecuted its adherents, robbing them of money by way of fines, and taking wine, cloth, and sheep from them until they were thoroughly cowed. "Now this scamp," writes Pollard, "has reported that he is going to kill me and has said that the mandarin has given his sanction to my murder. It appears that this Chang had gone in person to the mandarin and boldly declared his purpose, but the mandarin instead of sitting on him, told him not to kill me, but to bring me to him and he would know how to deal with me. I could not believe this story at first, but it was repeated to me again and again by men who were present at the interview. At last I determined, tired as I was, to go straight to the mandarin and have it out. I was half afraid I had a rebel to deal with, and so took an evangelist with me that he might be a witness to anything which might happen. I went straight in when the *yamen* door was opened and, after bowing, I informed the mandarin that I had come to deliver myself up to him. He was taken aback and protested and protested ; but I told him the story and said I wished not to involve others, and had come to deliver myself up voluntarily. . . . He declared again that there was not an atom of truth in the story, and that he did not know the man who was threatening me. I soon found, however, that this was subterfuge, and that the mandarin was trying to get out of the tight corner in which he had placed himself. I then found I had won my position and helped him out of his difficulty. He suggested that if there were any danger that night I had better sleep in the *yamen*. I refused, but suggested his letting the other man sleep there. While we were talking four policemen went off to keep a watch on Chang-Miao-tsi. The next morning, to our surprise, the mandarin and a big retinue came in full state to the humble Miao house where I was, and here he talked very kindly and promised to do all we wanted.

"Chang-Miao-tsi had forced some of the Miao to join with him, then they had come in a body to the *yamen* and made a charge against me that I was using my influence as a foreigner to compel them to become Christians against their will, and that they were determined to kill me if I came again. When I

exposed the plot and showed that the Miao who had been fined were anxious to be Christians, the mandarin discovered that he had been duped, but he dared not be too hard on Chang lest this village elder should give him away. However, he did the best he could ; he made the plotter pay back what he had so unjustly extorted, and took away his office. . . . The mandarin then put out proclamations for us, invited us to a feast, and sent his man to ask the No-Su landlord to give us the trees we required for our building."

Pollard had succeeded in conciliating the Yongshan mandarin and in defeating the intrigues of Chang-Miao-tsi ; but he forgot that a baffled enemy may become more dangerous than ever. The mandarin may have sent the order that this man should surrender his office as village elder, but the former was no longer master of the situation. The sequel shows that though discharged from office Chang was only exasperated, and unfortunately he still retained power over the militia-men.

Pollard spent a happy Sunday preaching and baptizing the converts at Ta-ping-tsi, choosing leaders and planning further extensions. During the day reports were brought to him that the people of the village of Ha-lee-mee were in a state of terror because of the menaces of Chinese and I-ren against Pollard himself and the Miao who had dealings with him. The threats against himself did not trouble him ; for three years he had been dogged by hatred and plots, and his recent interviews with the Yongshan magistrate made him fancy that he would again escape his enemies. On Monday, April 8th, therefore, he started off for Ha-lee-mee and reached the village about five o'clock, receiving the usual welcome from friendly Miao.

During the evening as he was preaching and encouraging timid inquirers, between nine and ten o'clock, he heard the occasional firing of rifles and was told by his host that a man was sick in one of the villages and the people were trying to frighten away the evil spirits. He learned afterwards that his host had deceived him, and that the firing was a signal for calling together the militia, which had been ordered to make his arrest. However, trusting in the good will of his host instead of making his escape,

as he could have done had he known the facts, he retired with three Miao to the sleeping-room.

In a letter to Mr. Wilton at the consulate in Yunnan Fu, Pollard described the incidents which followed on that eventful night : " At midnight the continuous barking of dogs woke us up, and soon afterwards there appeared a lot of lights around the small house—practically a hut—in which I was staying. The unfastened bamboo door was pushed open and I saw a crowd of armed men with torches. They were shouting for me. I asked a Miao what it meant : he quietly answered, ' Capture ; murder.' I hurriedly slipped on my gown and, as there was no possible way of escape, I went out to them and was immediately surrounded by about sixty armed men. Three Miao had come with me, and these also the enemy were determined to get, and as soon as we got outside they began beating these Miao. The third, a young boy, escaped. They were anxious that one of these Miao should carry me on his back ; why, I do not know. They pressed the point but it did not come off. A minute or two afterwards we came to a bank with a stream below, and they again began to beat one of my men and knocked him down the bank. In the confusion I thought I might escape ; so I jumped the bank and ran down the stream. The crowd rushed after me and forgot my Miao, who went the other way and got clean off. I did not give them a very long run, for they headed me off with cries of ' Beat ! ' ' kill ! ' (' *Ta, ta ! shah, shah !* ') They got me fairly in the bed of the stream and then began to beat me with great force and anger. I expected every blow to be my last : they used iron weapons as well as clubs to beat me."

In a letter to his wife he says of this beating : " Just as I expected eternity to dawn a man with a sheepskin jacket stooped down, put his arms around me, and ordered the beating to cease." Three years passed before Pollard discovered that he had been befriended by a Chinese named Yang-shih-ho, who lived near Ha-lee-mee and had always shown kindness towards the Miao. On this sad night he had done what he could to dissuade the men from beating Pollard ; but when he saw that

they intended to murder him, he threw himself on the prostrate missionary and so risked his own life.

In his narrative to Mr. Wilton, Pollard continues : " Then three men took me, and after fifty or a hundred yards we came to a walnut tree, and here the three leaders were waiting for the band. The armed men lined up. Ropes were sent for, but this order was countermanded, and then my trial began. It was like the Middle Ages with the dreaded Fehmgericht over again. The one great charge against me was that I deceived the people. I had tried my legs before, now I tried my tongue and pleaded for all I was worth. At last the leaders seemed to hesitate, and then they gave their verdict. I was to leave their district and never return. If I came again they would kill me without hesitation ; and if any action were taken against them for this night's work, then they would kill all the Miao in the village. My host was called up and told that if he ever received me again, he would be fined a hundred taels, several pigs, and fifty catties of gunpowder (to go to the militia). The leaders informed me that they were not under the authority of the mandarins, and that they were determined to rule their own concerns and keep all foreigners out of their district."

Pollard was carried back to the hut of the Miao where he lay in a state of collapse, suffering great pain, until Dr. Savin came. A Miao, Chang-Hsioh-shi, heard what had taken place, and sent the news on to Mao-Pie-shon, where one of the people wrote a letter to Dr. Savin and sent it to Chaotong. Dr. L. M. Dingle writes : " We were startled on Tuesday, April 9th, by the arrival of a Miao lad with a letter stating that Mr. Pollard had been set upon and beaten almost to death, and that he was lying seriously ill in a house about two days' journey away. . . . Dr. Savin went at once to see the chief magistrate and obtained a strong military escort. . . . At dusk the cavalcade started and travelled all night, reaching Ha-lee-mee some time next day. . . . They brought Mr. Pollard to the hospital on a litter, lying face downwards as he was too much bruised to lie in any other position."

In his written report to the consul Dr. Savin said : " I found Mr. Pollard unable to move even slightly without great pain.

On making a superficial examination I found that his body was a mass of bruises, the only part that had escaped injury being the head. On more closely examining him I found that he had received a wound in one lung and that air had escaped into the surrounding tissues : one or more ribs were injured, or broken. The wound of the lung was just below the heart. For some days Mr. Pollard was in danger, as some pneumonia followed the lung injury. Mr. Pollard had a narrow escape of his life. If the blow that injured the lung had been delivered an inch higher he would have been killed on the spot. . . . At the time of writing, three weeks after the assault, Mr. Pollard is able to sit up in bed, but cannot turn on his right side. He still has considerable pain at the site of the injured lung. It will be some time yet before he will be able to leave his room, or will have recovered from the shock to his nervous system."

In a letter dated April 18th, addressed to his wife, he says : "Thank God I am a little better. The doctors are gradually patching me up. The only place which gives anxiety is the torn lung. This, however, seems better, or is no worse. Dr. Savin is hopeful and so am I. We have much to thank God for. It is a marvel I am alive at all. Another marvel is that while they set to work to kill me as men would kill a deadly snake, not a single blow touched my head. The right hand is also as good as new. Legs, arms, left shoulder, ribs, chest, stomach, left thigh, they got at ; but my head quite escaped. Thank God with me. The people are all so kind. My poor Miao have been distressed beyond measure. . . . I want to say so much, but I have not the strength. I think all is going on well, and God never makes mistakes. How much I miss you at this time ! Good-bye, my queen. Love to the boys."

To his mother he wrote :—"When lying in the hut unable to turn over, an old Miao came in—he is over six feet high and one of our best Christians—he smoothed down my hair gently and I could feel his tears falling on my bed. Then with a full heart he said : 'Teacher, you must not die : you are like a father to us all. You tell us what to do and we do it. If you are gone who will direct and teach us ? You must not die,

teacher ! Let me die instead of you !' So said the old man : a few years ago he was a drunkard and a terror in his home and to all his people."

Dr. Dingle writes : " For weeks Mr. Pollard needed night and day nursing, and guarding against his too zealous Miao friends. They would steal silently up the hospital stairs and try to find their teacher. They brought huge armfuls of rhododendrons and azaleas, white, pink, red, and yellow, so that our whitewashed hospital rooms were made gay and beautiful with mountain blooms. One Sunday morning as I sat in my study I became conscious of a pair of eyes, and looking up found that my study door was being edged slowly open to admit a very tousled head with a pair of black eyes. ' And who may you be ? ' I queried. ' Zerubbabel,' was the answer. ' Can I see our teacher ? ' So it went on, the Miao seemingly springing up everywhere."

About the middle of July proclamations were posted in the city of Chaotong and district around attributing Pollard's beating to a quarrel between him and a man who was a Shan. This was a grave misrepresentation of the facts and made the leaders of the dastardly attack immune from punishment. Such a miscarriage of justice endangered the whole Mission, and had it been allowed to pass no Miao Christian would have been safe from persecution. Both Pollard and Hicks wrote strong protests and the proclamations were changed. Pollard's thoughts were not of revenge but of adequate protection for Christians—Chinese and aborigines—and he wrote a vigorous criticism of the Chinese version which the acting consul at Yunnan Fu had allowed to pass, and sent it to the British Minister at Peking.

Having dealt in detail with certain falsehoods in the proclamation, Pollard says : " The Governor-General insists that foreigners travelling must before and after their journeys inform the local authorities, and that in case of untoward events any neglect of this rule would absolve the authorities from responsibility. The magistrate in settling the punishment of the criminals wholly ignored all the edicts that have been issued by the central government in reference to attacks on foreigners, and in appealing to the code treated the case as if it were a brawl between one China-

man and another. This entirely destroys the principle of 'extra-territoriality' which is still in force in China." He goes on to contend that in assenting to this document the consul put back the clock of Christian progress in China many years, and rendered the position of foreigners in that land very precarious. "If the central government," he says, "wishes to ensure our safety here it can easily do so by general orders to all the officials, great and small, in the district."

"Three times in twelve months bands of militia have come at night to the villages in which I have been staying to murder me. I reported the first case to the consul. He did nothing in the matter although two houses were burnt down and much suffering was caused to the converts. I protested and suggested that such a policy of *laissez-faire* would lead to further trouble and possibly to murder. The course of events has proved that my forebodings were not baseless. In the district around Chaotong, within a radius of about sixty miles, there are thirty thousand Christians. I suggest that it would be an act of friendliness to the Chinese Government to insist strongly on absolute protection being given in this district to both foreigners and converts. That things are not as they should be I may mention that in the Yongshan district, during the last few weeks, one of the converts has been brutally murdered. Others elsewhere have been cruelly tortured. Threats are still held out to murder me. All this can be changed at once if the officials let it be known that they will have the foreigners and converts protected. For twenty years we have had peace. The district is one of the most easily governed in China, and it is absolutely under the control of the Chinese. . . . In writing as I have written, I have no idea of asking you to reopen the case with the Chinese. I am loyal enough as a British subject to accept your settlement. But in view of future work and possible trouble I have pointed out where I believe the Yunnan Consul-General has been mistaken."

After two months in hospital Pollard again resumed his toils. "He recovered strength slowly," says one of his doctors, "but his nervous system never quite regained its poise." In a letter to Mrs. Pollard, he says: "I have been walking about a little the

last few days. I try to walk straight, but I think the friends here fancy that I walk something like a man partly intoxicated. . . . I often think of you in your little home with four boys, and think of all the work you have in caring for them and training them. . . . How I wish I could spend to-day with you ! ” He thought much of his four sons during his spell of enforced inaction, and expressed the hope in writing to his mother that his life might prove to be as great an inspiration to his boys as the memory of his own father’s life had been to him.

CHAPTER X

Taking Stock

BUT for the skill and devotion of his two doctors Pollard’s work would have ended in the early summer of 1907. Dr. Savin told him to settle up his business and take his furlough in order to secure a complete recovery. But his business took seven months to straighten out, for he was resolved to place the Miao Mission on such lines that its future development might be assured. He was much encouraged when he paid his next visit to Shih-men-k’an and saw three thousand people gather to the great Christian celebration of the Feast of the Fifth Moon. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had helped to consolidate the work at this centre, and he looked upon them as his natural successors. As he left their villages many of the Miao wept to realise that their teacher was soon to return to England. One discerns a note of deepened tenderness between him and his Chinese and aboriginal friends. He is torn in different ways ; he cannot bear the thought of leaving them, and yet he longs to see his home friends once more. In a letter to his wife he says : “ As I rode along I found myself trying to sing ‘ What are the wild waves saying ? ’ and thinking of you all the time. Some day, we will sit by the sea at Sandown and you shall sing to me again as you did at Yunnan Fu in those wonderfully interesting and happy days when Heaven was just

beginning to open for me. Let me keep patient a little while longer and God will bring us together again."

The first service which Pollard conducted by himself after his illness was at Shih-men-k'an when two of the Miao—Wang-ki-tien and Chang-ma-t'ai—were set apart as evangelists to assist Mr. Nicholls (C.I.M.) at Ta-shui-tsing. Pollard read the account in the Acts of the Apostles of the Church at Antioch and the separating of Paul and Barnabas for the mission to which they were called. From Chang-hai-tsi two other evangelists were designated for the same important region. Pollard and many of the Miao escorted the travellers a few miles on their road.

At the beginning of August he made a journey to Mi-ri-keo, and about a hundred people came out to meet him. On the Sunday he baptized some new converts and administered the communion. Mr. John Lee came on Monday to spend the week with him. The following Sunday, August 11th, seven hundred people came to the church and Pollard conducted a memorial service for a hundred and fourteen children who had died in the district during the last six months, the majority having been swept off by whooping-cough. Only sixty children had been born during that time.

On August 22nd he went to Mao-Lee-yu to find a suitable site for a chapel. This village nestles among a cluster of walnut trees, a little group of eleven cottages, the chief one of which belongs to a family named Lee. Mr. Lee had held aloof from the Christian movement for a time, but his attitude had changed, and he now gave Pollard permission to build a chapel and vestries like those at Sin-tien-tsi. There were twenty villages around, an important market near, a tin mine which was being worked, and a disused silver mine.

After a visit to Siang-Chang-Shu, where five hundred people attended an open air service, he made a journey to Weining. Mr. John Lee had gone in advance, and when Pollard reached his inn he found a company of Chinese, No-Su and Miao awaiting him. Mr. Lee said that there were seventy thousand families in that sub-prefecture. Pollard wanted to make it a mission centre from whence the No-Su might be evangelised. These

I-pien people had themselves collected two hundred Christian hymns and translated them into their own tongue. It was proposed that they should use the Miao characters which Pollard had invented for their No-Su hymn-book. He was thrilled as he looked around and saw Mr. Wang's son, who was a leper, leading Chinese and I-pien men in singing "There is a fountain filled with blood." "My heart," he says, "leapt within me." Yet notwithstanding these promising signs the missionaries were not able to open a station at that city until 1918.

From Weining Pollard travelled westward to Chang-hai-tsi, where he inspected the school, finding pleasure in the good work done by Chang-huan-ran. Among the pupils were several young fellows who were already giving promise of future usefulness. The church was prospering, and at a stewards' conference great interest and ability were shown by the delegates in formulating rules for the Christian members. While Pollard sat in the conference he allowed the stewards as much liberty as possible in legislating for the life of the Church, rejoicing in their exercise of independent judgment. He himself sought an interview with a No-Su Tu-muh that he might protect the Christian Miao from exorbitant taxation and from the necessity of fighting in the forays and feuds undertaken by his clan. "It is difficult," says Pollard, "to know how to deal with these powerful chiefs who hold the lives of so many Miao in their hands." On the Sunday forty-four converts were baptized.

On Monday, September 23rd, Pollard and his friends bade farewell to Chang-hai-tsi; there was mutual sorrow at the parting, for the Miao did not know when they might see their beloved pastor again. On the way to Si-shih-wu they had to cross the winding stream about sixty times, and at places where the current was swift the teacher, Mr. Chong, told the boy who was with them to catch hold of his queue: they were all amused when the teacher remonstrated at the vigorous way in which the pupil tugged at his hair. They reached their halting-place after a journey of eighty li. Their landlord was an I-pien Christian who conducted worship in his own home every week. There were a hundred Heh-i (Black No-Su) and many white aborigines at

this place, all desiring to have a chapel. Pollard looked upon Si-shih-wu¹ as another centre for extension.

The next day they resumed their journey to Si-pang-tsing—often spoken of as “Universal Spring.” In a letter to Mrs. Pollard, dated Sunday, September 29th, 1907, he writes: “It is interesting at this place to find some of our Miao children able to speak Chinese and No-Su as well as Miao. One little girl helped us with a lot of No-Su words. . . . Wet weather is still on and the roads are terrible. In spite of this about three hundred No-Su and a number of Miao have attended services to-day. The No-Su are coming on like the Miao, and we are using some of the same plans. To-day we had services in three languages. When I asked all who believed in Jesus to hold up their hands, the whole audience, men and women, Chinese, Miao, No-Su, A-Wu, Min-Chia, and English, held up their hands. In spite of the mud a number of women came in their long robes and big headdresses. The women are believing as well as the men, and therefore the work promises to be permanent. We have met several interesting Miao. One fine old man who is blind is zealous in persuading men to believe in Jesus: he has been successful in getting several tens of families to burn their idols. He says he does not understand much, but he knows that God is true and that Jesus died on the Cross for all men. He is a most interesting old man and seems to have the Spirit of God resting upon him.”

At the very time that he was dreaming dreams and seeing visions of further openings, he received the following resolution of the Missionary Committee, which he heads “*Semper eadem*”:

“That as the commencement of new work directly to the No-Su tribe involves the withdrawal of an agent from Fu-kuan-tsuen, and additional expenditure, and especially in anticipation of the temporary reduction of the staff by the homecoming of brethren on furlough, we are not prepared at present to enter fresh fields, and we consider that special work for the No-Su should be deferred for a few years, when probably No-Su youths now in the training-school will be ready to minister to their own people” (Res. 20, April, 1907).

¹ “Forty-Five”: known to Chinese as Mao-sa-ku.

With a flash of passionate anger Pollard says : " For twenty years I have been in connection with this Committee, and scarcely ever, if ever, has it taken a big statesmanlike view of the mission field here. Always hanging back, always afraid, never showing enough enthusiasm. Money short ! . . . Why is all this so ? Lack of knowledge." But furlough brought him more intimate understanding of the problems which the Committee had to face, and he came to see that as long as Christians in England remained indifferent, or were half-hearted in their gifts for foreign missions, so long would it be difficult if not impracticable to sanction extensions into new fields. Although to the end he cherished an ardent desire to enter every " open door," he came in time to pass a kindlier judgment upon those who were carrying the burdens at home.

Reverting to the mission affairs in a letter from Shih-men-k'an he writes : " We had a ripping convention last Monday [November 11th] with the elders of seventy-one villages. In these villages we have over fourteen hundred baptized Christians. In two years we have lost sixteen by death ; only forty-one have gone back. I think that is a wonderful record. We are on the track of the forty-one. . . . When Christ lost one per cent. of His sheep, He went everywhere searching. How much more must we go after the three per cent. ! "

In a further letter dated December 5th or 6th, he tells how he has conducted three weddings in the Mi-ri-keo district. " When one remembers what these weddings were years ago, and how the devil reigned supreme, one thanks God heartily for all He has done for these people. There are many things to disappoint one ; but there are many things to rejoice over. The last few days I have heard the following : The Mao-mao-shan Tu-muh has given permission to build a chapel in Wang Chih's village, Shu-mu-k'o, just at the back of Mao-mao-shan. Four months ago he bluntly refused me. . . . Thank God for this answer to prayer. That rascal Chang who started the trouble at Yongshan [when Pollard was beaten] was very kind to our preachers when last they went to his village and says he desires to become a Christian. For that I thank God very much. . . . One hundred

and twenty li from Mi-ri-keo and Lao-wa-t'an the folk are building a small chapel which will help that district very much. We have as yet very few believers there. I have never been able to visit that district at all ; but may do it on my way home."

Since Pollard must be starting for England within another month certain changes in the appointments of the missionaries were inevitable. At the Annual Meeting at Chaotong on December 11th discussion about these changes disclosed rival views concerning the policy and aims of the mission. In the transfer of missionaries from one part to another personal predilections and prejudices had to be faced. Against Pollard's wish one of the Chinese evangelists was removed from the province of Kweichow to the district of Yongshan. A deep affection had grown up between him and his native helpers, and in his intense and enthusiastic manner he may have evinced preferences which to colder judgment seemed unwise. "My native helpers," he writes, "are a great comfort to me. I thank God for them. At the Annual Meeting the three native sessions stand out in my opinion as the bright side of the work. The ten preachers spoke of their work and gave advice as to what should be done in a way very pleasing to me. I was proud of our men."

The brief time that remained was spent in making flying visits here and there in order that he might deal with matters of pressing urgency. He vaccinated scores of Miao children and baptized many converts. At parting with the various groups of Christians he tried to prevent their lamentations by saying that he was about to visit his far distant kinsfolk, and to bring his wife back with him : they ought therefore to congratulate him and not tear his heart by weeping. He passed from grave to gay, from scenes of grief to mirthful games with the children whom he tenderly loved.

Pollard was bidding farewell to his beloved mountains and the dwellers in hundreds of hidden hamlets among their fastnesses, carrying away joyous and hope-giving impressions received during the months since he left the hospital a scarred and nerve-shattered convalescent. The mass movement among the Miao was still extending like the widening circles in a lake, and he even

anticipated a time when all the tribes of this race should have become Christians. In addition to this glad vision he saw the proud, virile No-Su beginning to share in the spiritual awakening. The Chinese had turned for solace to a vulgarised phase of Buddhism and had set Gautama by the side of Confucius and Laotsze in their pantheon; but the warlike No-Su were not attracted either by the ethic of pity, or the gross idolatry which had become the current religion of the Buddha. On the contrary, they were laying down their prejudices and turning to Him who is the Light of the World. Pollard thought that the story he had to tell would thrill the hearts of English audiences, and lead them to adopt a larger and more generous forward policy for West China.

CHAPTER XI

The Second Furlough

POLLARD and Dymond were appointed by their Annual Meeting to attend the Conference of West China Missionaries at Kia-ting in Szechuen at the beginning of February, 1908. Leaving Ho-shao-pa, Pollard took with him his dearest Chinese friend, Stephen Lee, and two Miao Christians and struck the main road to Sui Fu at Lao-wa-t'an where he was joined by Dymond. They were surprised as they passed through busy market towns and walled-cities to see how few were occupied by missionaries. Chentu, which was styled "a rich and noble city" by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century, has held its place throughout seven centuries as the intellectual, official, and social capital of West China.

One hundred and ninety missionaries from nine Missions scattered throughout West China assembled at the Conference, all resolute on waiving sectarian differences and aiming to establish one Chinese Christian Church. Among the steps taken was the appointment of a Union Committee, and the sending out to all missions of a recommendation that members of other churches

coming into their districts should be received as communicants without ritual or tests. One discussion of great moment related to the missionaries' attitude to mass movements. It had been found that such religious phenomena were often dissolved by the lapse of time and tended to leave a number of empty chapels as the monuments of failure. Pollard gave an account of his Miao work and improved the occasion to introduce his two aboriginal converts. In his view the results of such movements were determined by the attention devoted to the training of native preachers. "Had we a sufficient number of trained natives," said Pollard, "we could deal with much bigger movements than any we have yet seen." The success which had attended his own methods in Yunnan and Kweichow inspired him with infectious optimism and influenced the Conference.

In *The West China Missionary News* for November, 1915, the Rev. J. Taylor, Chairman of the West China Conference in 1908, recalls the impressive address Pollard gave and then adds: "But the man himself was the best sermon: so unaffected, so genuine and so happy. There was no note of discouragement in all that he said. He believed in God and knew nothing of defeat. . . . He had two Miao with him, and after he had spoken and carried us all to the Mount of Vision he called in his brothers from the hillside and sang with them, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' It was a grey day and the afternoon light was fading as they began to sing, but by the time they had sung the chorus for the last time, the light of the Cross of Christ filled our hearts."

After so many years spent among the wilds of Yunnan and Kweichow, Pollard was encouraged and exhilarated by the spirit and discussions. Differences of creed which would once have influenced him now left him unmoved; to him the Gospel was a dynamic which had already welded these men of many nationalities into a spiritual brotherhood. One of the visitors to the Conference was the powerful Viceroy of Szechuen whose address demonstrated the changed attitude of the more enlightened officials towards Missions. Dr. A. H. Smith, who was elected to reply, stated that as commercial, diplomatic, and military methods had failed to solve the Chinese problems, he believed

the time had come to try the Christian and altruistic method which would not fail.

Pollard's jubilant mood showed itself in various ways—even in his sleep.

"Last night," he writes in his Journal, "I dreamed I was at Sam's school talking with Mr. McCarthy. The examinations were just over. Sam was seventh in the school, but first in mathematics. I think I was very disappointed he was only seventh. It was so real." This dream was a remarkable anticipation of the actual result of the boy's examination made known seven months afterwards when Pollard was at home. In the Oxford Local Junior, he was seventh in England: in mathematics second: in higher mathematics first, and in chemistry fourth.

Pollard arrived in London in time to speak at the May meeting of the United Methodist Missionary Society. It was the day of the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Rev. Charles Stedford, the Missionary Secretary, met Pollard and took him on that gloomy, showery day to see the cortège proceed along Whitehall. In the evening Pollard spoke at the City Temple on "Jesus Christ and what He is doing in Miao land."

In 1907 the Bible Christian Church, the New Connexion and the United Methodist Free Churches, had been formally united, and Pollard now looked forward to the opportunity of telling his story of the Miao to many thousands of his fellow churchmen who had never heard it before.

During the months of his furlough Pollard visited every part of the United Methodist Church carrying the fiery cross of the missionary enterprise. He captured the interest and love of thousands by his thrilling stories and passionate appeals. He gave addresses at the National Christian Endeavour Convention at Nottingham and at Bristol. The Rev. E. F. H. Capey's account of one of these meetings conveys vividly the impressions which Pollard made as a missionary speaker.

The first time I saw Mr. Pollard, and heard him, was in the Nottingham Mechanics Hall, at the National C. E. Convention, June 9th, 1908. Not knowing the man I attended the meeting without special keenness, expecting the usual type of speeches

on occasions such as these. Mr. Pollard's first sentence riveted me, and not for one moment during that remarkable utterance was the spell broken.

He had an axe to grind, he said ; he wanted missionaries, and among the young people of the Churches who had pledged themselves to do whatever Christ would have them do, he believed he should find them. Christ's word, he reminded us, with solemn emphasis and insistence was : " *Go,*" " *Go ye* into all the world." One thousand millions had not yet heard the name of Jesus—who would *go* ?

Why did he ask his audience not to content themselves with praying for missions, or collecting for missions, but themselves to *go* ?

A poor woman living next door to them in China lost her child and, having fortified herself with a bowl of wine, she took up the dead body of her little one and, frenzied with grief, carried it through the streets at dead of night, past the east gate, without the city wall, and there on a lonely hillside, infested by wolves and ravenous dogs, she cut and hacked the beloved body to pieces. How could she ? An evil spirit, she believed, had brought about the death of her sweet little one, and it was to destroy the evil spirit that she dealt thus with the body she had fondled with all a mother's care.

Did he ask the young men and women to go because of the sorrows of Chinese motherhood ?

No.

Scenes may be witnessed, at times, in Chinese streets at midnight which outshine the gorgeousness of scenes depicted in the "Arabian Nights." Winsome, wee lassies, dressed like fairies, are carried aloft among the crowd—laughing children, all ignorant of the fate which awaits them, a fate more cruel than the grave.

Did he ask youths and maidens to go because of the shame and miseries of Chinese childhood ?

No.

The *literati*, the learned men, the scholars and scientists of China walk in grand and solemn procession at certain seasons of the year. They pass through the city gates, and at length fall down upon the ground, striking their foreheads in worship. In worship of what ? A cow—a clay cow !

Did he ask his audience to go because of the pitiable idolatries and superstitions that fetter not only the common people, but even the *literati* of the land ?

No.

This is why he asked them to go. Years and years ago—I wish some artist could have caught the expression of the speaker's face at this point of his address—years and years ago a Friend of his was cruelly treated and betrayed. The *literati* of His day openly scorned Him and sought, by foulest means, His undoing and His death. They stirred up the people against Him, they circulated slanders, and then, with the help of the mob they had maddened, they dragged Him through the gate of the city and nailed Him to a tree.

For *His* sake the missionary asked his young hearers to go. “One thousand millions such as you and I—one Saviour, such as He—GO.”

The breath of the Spirit that passed over us as we listened to this appeal was as the wind in the trees. Only The Day will declare how many missionaries were born on Tuesday morning, June 9th, 1908, in that Nottingham Hall.

Next year the C.E. Convention was held at Colston Hall, Bristol, and the audience was so deeply moved by Pollard's address that the next speaker, instead of following the programme, suggested that they should have a missionary Conference, and again many young men and women rose to offer for service in foreign lands.

The short intervals of rest so much needed were mainly spent at Birmingham or in the Isle of Wight, where his aged mother lived. Although over eighty years of age Mrs. Pollard retained her alertness of mind and strong religious faith: her blue eyes and clear, fresh complexion harmonised with her vivacious manner, and it could easily be seen that many of her son's gifts were an inheritance from his mother. The intercourse between them was characterised by love touched with hero-worship on her side, and by an affectionate and chivalrous deference on his. It was a delight to him to have a few weeks in this beautiful island near the downs and the sea; but most of the time was spent at Birmingham where his boys were at school. In his Journal he records his keen appreciation of the helpful ministry of Dr. Jowett. He counted it a privilege also to attend lectures and addresses given at Woodbrooke by Dr. Rendel Harris.

In a farewell message which he wrote for *The Missionary Echo*

on the eve of his return to China he said : “ And now good-bye and God bless you all. ‘ Here’s for the Far East ! ’ ‘ Here’s for Asia where Christ was born and died ! ’ ‘ Here’s for the great Empire He died to save ! ’ ‘ Here’s for the land I have learned to love, and for the people who have listened to my message before and will again.’ ‘ And here’s for the hills where dwell the children who are the flowers of God’s heart ! ’ ”

On Saturday, December 4th, 1909, Pollard bade farewell to his wife and children and set out again for China. Of this parting we must imitate his own reticence, remembering, however, that it meant a terrible wrench for one who seemed formed for the tenderness and amenities of home life. No man was ever more conscious than he of a great capacity for love ; but he could not shut out the call of the people of Yunnan and Kweichow. The presence of the Rev. H. Hudspeth on this journey helped him greatly : the glowing enthusiasm of the new recruit for the mission captivated the older man, and there sprang up between them a friendship which helped to brighten the crowded eventful years that followed. They travelled by the Hook to Petrograd (then St. Petersburg) and took the Trans-Siberian route, arriving at Shanghai on December 21st.

From Hong Kong the two travellers obtained passages on the s.s. *Triumph* for Haiphong, and on January 10th, 1910, he wrote to his four sons in England :—

MY DEAR BOYS,—

On my map of South China, at a point 108 degrees 20 minutes east of Paris, there is a place marked Cap Hainan ; and just after that there is a strait marked Détroit de Hainan. The map is a French one and so the lines of longitude are all marked east of Paris and not east of Greenwich.

Yesterday afternoon we were steaming straight for the Détroit de Hainan, . . . and then the fog came on. Fog at sea is more feared by seamen than storm. The captain slowed down and every now and then sounded with his lead and line to find out from the bottom of the sea where we were. At last he gave it up ; threw overboard the anchor and we stopped dead. We hoped the fog would clear away, for we were in one of the most

dangerous places on the whole of the China coast. The passage through the strait is very narrow, only between half a mile and a mile wide, and each side of the passage are rocks, or sandbanks which mean destruction for any ship which gets on them. After we stopped, the fog bell was rung every two minutes and each time the quartermaster hit the bell from thirty to forty strokes. Hour after hour passed and at last it was too late to attempt to go on that night even if the fog lifted. There are three buoys anchored in the narrow passage and these can only be seen by day. The Chinese Government has not yet lighted this dangerous place.

Presently the fog cleared, the bell ceased ringing, and looking out we discovered a ship on our north side anchored as we were. Land was seen on the south and evidently the captain seemed troubled: He told us afterwards he had gone as far as he could with safety; had we kept on much longer we should have struck. So he pulled up the anchor and stood out to sea again, so as to put more space between himself and the treacherous rocks and banks. Then, having reached a safe anchorage, we stopped for the night. This morning the fog was still absent and, as soon as we could see, the captain started and we came near the narrow passage and discovered the buoys in the channel. As I looked at the surf and saw the jagged rocks looking sharp as a great razor, I felt so glad our captain had stopped in time and had run no risk in the dark. The other ship near us had never gone this way and waited for our captain to go ahead and show the passage. By following us the stranger ship, which is British, also got through safely. So you see that our vessel, which is a German one, was of use to the British ship which followed us. That is how it always should be, Germans and British should be friends and should help one another, and those who try to make these two nations fight are doing the Devil's work. . . .

I want you boys to remember the Détroit de Hainan and the narrow channel. In the light the buoys can be seen and any ship can get through all right if it has steam power. Sometimes you will find that you have narrow dangerous places to pass through. Don't rush at them blindly in the dark. Our captain said that ninety-nine out of a hundred ships if they attempted to go through the strait in the dark would be wrecked. Look out for the buoys! Jesus has given us the buoys in the Bible to show us the way to go. Always watch for them and however narrow and dangerous the way one can always get through safely. . . .

I wonder if Wally knows what Détroit means. Can Bert give

the French word for "buoy"? If he answers "garçon," I hope mamma will put him on the hearthrug and let the baby sit on him for sixty seconds.

Good-bye, boys. Remember the "buoys." Don't forget the "strait." Always keep straight on the right path.

Love from Father.

BOOK IV
UNFINISHED PROGRAMMES
(1910-1915)

CHAPTER I

A Nation in Travail

FOR years revolutionaries—chiefly student idealists, army progressives, and the discontented among all classes—had plotted to overthrow the effete and useless Manchu dynasty. A revolution was planned to begin simultaneously in eight different provinces in December, 1911. The explosion of a bomb at the Russian Concession at Hankow on October 10th compelled the reformers to strike their blow at once. For a time it looked as if the movement would fizzle out, but as the days passed the revolutionaries were able to reorganize their plans and to prevent the disaster threatened by a premature beginning.¹ In province after province the revolutionaries overthrew their Manchu rulers and proclaimed Provisional Republics.

Lacking both intellectual leadership and military resources the Manchu supporters, in their humiliation, were forced to call in the assistance of Yuan Shih K'ai. Whatever may be said of this great statesman, both Manchus and revolutionaries looked upon him as the only Chinese who could save the Empire. Even had he wished it is doubtful whether Yuan could have saved the House of Nurhachi. In the end he secured for the Manchus a generous allowance and induced them to sign the Decree of Abdication on the 12th of February, 1912.

To Dr. Sun Yat Sen the Republican party had paid the highest

¹ "The Passing of the Manchus," by P. H. Kent.

tribute by making him the President of the provisional government at Nanking. But Dr. Sun saw that China needed a more powerful and more experienced ruler, and with rare moral greatness and self-abnegation he resigned and requested the Nanking Assembly to elect Yuan Shih Ka'i as their President. Before his resignation took effect the President Sun Yat Sen paid a ceremonial visit to the tomb of the Emperor Hung-Wu (A.D. 1368), the first of the Mings, to announce to the spirit of the Chinese hero the overthrow of the Manchu usurpation and the establishment of the Republic.¹ In the West such an act might be looked upon as histrionic, but among the Chinese it meant that New China was at one with its heroic past. Thus at the beginning of the new order, Dr. Sun, the first Christian President of the young Republic, asserted the survival of ancestor-worship.

On the 10th of March, 1912, Yuan Shih K'ai took the following oath: "Since the Republic has been established, many works have now to be performed. I shall endeavour faithfully to develop the Republic, to sweep away the disadvantages attached to absolute monarchy, to observe the laws of the constitution, to increase the welfare of the country, to cement together a strong nation which shall embrace all five races. When the National Assembly elects a permanent President I shall retire. This I swear before the Chinese Republic."

It was a period of moral idealism, but unless the capacity for ethical ideas be wisely and efficiently controlled, communities may be plunged into unseen perils by the very desire for progress. The yeasty state of the Chinese mind at this time may be inferred from the programme of the Social Reform Association. Among its thirty-six articles were "some elements of Christian ethics, such as exhortations against immorality, against concubinage, bribes, witchcraft, and superstitions." Of this declaration Pollard says: "Some suggested reforms strike at ancient institutions in China, such as the advocacy of the independent holding of property after coming of age, which would break up the custom of brothers of a family all living together, and their wives being subject to their mother, which entailed bondage,

¹ "China under the Empress-Dowager," p. 460.

much misery, and frequent tragedies upon the younger generation. Another proposal which cuts deep into the Confucian ethic is the advocacy of full equality of the sexes. Other changes suggested are the establishment of public graveyards in place of consulting geomancers for the discovery of lucky sites for interment. Marriage is to depend no more upon go-betweens and parental bargains, but upon the choice of young people, which means the riddance of child-marriages. The exhortation 'Take no concubines' joins issue with Confucianism and ancestor-worship. The sages taught that of all unfilial sins the greatest is to have no offspring—meaning no male offspring. This more than anything else was the cause of so many men taking concubines and introducing into their homes the evils associated with polygamy. Anything which removes this obligation of raising up sons at any cost, strikes at the heart of the old Confucian morality."

Pollard looked at the suggested programme as little more than a medley of moral platitudes and fragments of extreme Radicalism, adopted by young and inexperienced students with but little understanding of their bearing upon Chinese life. He deemed the lack of a sound theistic basis in this new ethic a weakness which menaced the entire structure. By their failure to give God His place in their policy these reformers, though good sort of men, must fail to achieve great purposes. "There is, however," said Pollard, "another and very powerful party striving hard to bring China to the centre where alone power can be got to carry out the truest reforms. The dawn has broken. Light is in the East again."

There are grounds of apprehension and also reasons for hope in the strange intermingling of new ideas and old customs in the web of Chinese life. It is now plain that Chinese armies can assimilate Western discipline and learn to use Western arms. This may seem a menace of the "Yellow Peril," yet it proves that the Chinese are able to subject themselves to restraints and ways of life which formerly seemed uncongenial. One cause for hope was the demonstration of moral heroism, the most astonishing instance of which is the way in which the Government dealt with the opium.

Pollard describes how the opium habit had fastened on the people : " When in the beginning of the year 1908, I said good-bye for awhile to the lovely province of Yunnan . . . the beautiful but deadly poppy was being grown in many a fertile valley. Nearly all the travellers one met on the road carried among their impedimenta a long opium pipe. In every inn where we stayed at night the monotonous scrape, scrape, scrape of the bowl of the opium pipe got on one's nerves. In the market villages the dried juice of the poppy was the chief article of trade. As the farmers walked up and down the streets holding a bowl or two of this poison in their hands seeking a buyer, they felt they were possessors of much wealth, for one bowl of the juice was worth a cartload of maize or many cartloads of coal. . . .

" Two years have gone by and surely a more dramatic change was never seen in the whole world. A Manchu Viceroy, whose name, Hsi Liang, deserves to be remembered and honoured by all who love humanity the whole world over, was appointed to govern the sister provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow. He set himself to stamp out the growth of opium in Yunnan. Many people thought he would not succeed and some there were who thoroughly detested his methods. The people were bewildered as order after order issued from the Viceroy's *yamen*. At first it was thought that these orders were like others which had been issued from time immemorial by mandarins of all grades. And they imagined that when the ink on the proclamations got dry, and the long official seal had faded under the sun's rays, the people might resume their old ways. But H. E. Hsi Liang was in dead earnest and the people soon found out that his word had to be obeyed. By swift, stern measures he taught the people his lesson, and they learned to obey his commands. When in Tongking I first came across the effects of the new policy. . . . There was great consternation because the opium supply from Yunnan had stopped. . . . At Hokow, the frontier town of China, where there is a branch of the Chinese Imperial Customs, I was informed by the Englishman in charge that absolutely no opium was coming down. . . . When I reached the city of Yunnan Fu and entered by the south gate—which is one of the

finest gates in all the provincial cities of China—I saw on the sides of the long archway under the city wall thousands of opium pipes, all of which had been delivered up by former smokers. I found out that on all the walls of the six gateways of the city similar sights were to be seen.

“ For three years in succession the white fields of the poppy flower have been missing. Where formerly the opium grew now field after field is beautiful with rich crops of beans, wheat, and mustard, from which the Chinese extract a very fine oil. Now April and May come round with their warm sunshine and strong south winds, but the sun shines on no white poppies and the wind never sways the tall heavy-headed flower. Instead we see acres of mustard flowers which make the plains look like fields of the cloth of gold in mediæval story.”

The abolition of the opium traffic was not accomplished without great suffering. “ On making inquiries,” says Pollard, “ I was told of many who had been allured into the indulgence by reason of painful diseases, and who had found temporary relief through smoking opium. When the supply was cut off the diseases asserted themselves with their old force, and this, added to the horrors of a fierce craving which could not be allayed, led in many cases to premature death. I shall not soon forget one poor wretched man whom we saw on the road. He looked up at us with a face on which death seemed to be written and said, ‘ Will your excellency please give me your opium ashes to eat ? ’ There was another case in a small village where we stayed ; in an adjoining room a poor fellow groaned all the night in agony. I shall not soon forget those awful groans. And so the story goes on. Gone are the fields of poppy. Gone is the opium from the markets. . . . Surely, in this twentieth century the world is face to face with a great miracle.”

Some innovations, however, did not promise improvement upon the old ways. Very different reports are current of the actual moral condition of the Chinese people. But it may be assumed that a nation which has continued so long and which has preserved the physique of the people and a fair measure of health cannot be morally rotten. Observers are too apt to suppose

that the life in the great cities is typical of the whole nation. But China is predominantly a country of village communities which govern themselves very largely through their elders and headmen. From the time of Mencius there has been a strong healthy democracy under the patriarchal government. Moreover, China has taught and practised the sanctity of the family bond. It can be understood, therefore, how some new things under the Republic would disappoint many. Pollard writes in 1912: "A number of students who have spent some time in Japan have come back strongly imbued with materialistic notions, and as a result they are instituting changes which must make for retrogression rather than for progress. It was a great shock at Yunnan Fu to find the authorities who are so eager for reform setting apart a portion of the city for public women. In the old days such a policy was unknown in most of inland China. Now it is considered as part of an enlightened programme, and as one of the marks of levelling up to Western ideals. It is to be hoped that when the large number of students who have gone to America and England return home they will have better ideas of what real civilisation means."

One great change which Pollard found on his return to Yunnan was an almost completed railway connecting Indo-China with Yunnan Fu. This achievement arose out of the ambitions of France. Before the Boxer outbreaks in 1900 it was feared by the Chinese that such a railway would be used by the French to pour in their troops and conquer Yunnan. While the project was being carried out articles from French magazines discussing the political advantages of the railway were translated into Chinese and scattered broadcast. The student class tried to influence the people against the undertaking. For years feeling ran very high and the work of survey by engineers was viewed with suspicion. The people of the South at last rebelled and three cities were captured by the rebels before the anti-railway rising was crushed.

But having wrested this railway concession the French steadily proceeded to complete the colossal enterprise. "Laokai," says Pollard, "the frontier town of Indo-China, is about three hundred

feet above the sea. Yunnan Fu, the terminus of the railway, is over six thousand feet. Nearly the whole of this tremendous rise has to be made in a short journey of a hundred miles. It was in this first hundred miles that the severest engineering difficulties were encountered. The line here follows the course of the river Namti, which flows from the Yunnan tableland and joins the Red River at Laokai. Now the Namti Valley is one of the most dreaded places in the whole of West China. The people look upon it as the home of deadly fever, and it lies near, if not actually in the district where the Black Plague is supposed to have its permanent nest. In order to build the line up this dreaded valley, armies of coolies were brought from other provinces of China."

With the arrival of these coolies the tragedy began. The arrangements made for their housing were of the most primitive kind, and when in a short time fever broke out, the contractors were unable to cope with the situation. Fifteen thousand lives were lost in that terrible valley. Of six thousand strong men who came from the north, fewer than a hundred lived to return to their homes. Bands of survivors tramped from south of Yunnan to the far north-east, begging as they went, and telling their story of the railway to all who would listen. Frequently these wanderers found their way to the homes of missionaries.

These stories grew in horror as they were repeated. By and by the Chinese said that little children were offered up in sacrifice to the railway gods. These reports created wild unrest which burst out at length in rebellion. The lives of all Christians were jeopardised. Many Miao villages were destroyed; forty or fifty Christian families were rendered homeless and destitute. It will be seen later how this rebellion affected the United Methodist Mission in Yunnan and Kweichow.

When Pollard returned from his first furlough in 1896 it took him five months to get from England to Yunnan, but now by means of this French railway to Yunnan Fu it is possible to make the journey in five weeks. The distance from Haiphong to Laokai is two hundred and eighty-seven miles—a total from the sea to Yunnan Fu of five hundred and thirty-five miles.

After the revolution had been accomplished in 1912, Chinese statesmen had the harder task of creating the institutions of government which should express and control the new spirit. At first the reformers who had come under Christian influence were leaders in the work of framing the policy of an awakened China. Then there came a reassertion of Chinese nationalism, and strenuous efforts were made at Peking to bring Confucianism up-to-date as the State religion. There were those who were jealous of the influence of Christianity. One of Pollard's evangelists, in his zeal for moral reforms, publicly reflected upon the character of a great and powerful mandarin. It was reported and the man was arrested. Pollard and Dymond visited the *yamen* and pleaded with all their eloquence for the man's pardon, which was granted reluctantly out of consideration for the missionaries.

The national ideal penetrated the churches and the Chinese began to seek a union of Christian societies. "What we aim at," they said, "is to make the Church indigenous, that is, to make it distinctly Chinese—to be manned with Chinese ministers and deacons, and supported with Chinese money." At the National Conference of the Continuation Committee, held at Shanghai in 1913, the Chinese and foreign delegates adopted a common name for all Christian organisations—"The Christian Church in China." This patriotism is one of the dangers and one of the sources of hope in the midst of the divisions and confusions of political life in China. The nation is travailing to bring forth a new state, and many believe that a great future awaits a people who have shown themselves capable of such amazing moral heroism.

CHAPTER II

Resuming His Task

It was about the middle of January, 1910, when Pollard reached Yunnan Fu. In six weeks the Rev. Charles Stedeford, Secretary of the United Methodist Missionary Society, who was coming to Yunnan after visiting the Mission stations in North China,

would require an escort from A-mi-chow. Instead, therefore, of proceeding at once to Chaotong, Pollard arranged to visit Tungch'uan and then return through aboriginal districts in time to get down to the borders of Tongking to meet the expected visitor.

Reaching Tungch'uan on February 2nd, he found Mr. and Mrs. Evans working strenuously in the city and the country around among the Chinese and the aboriginal tribes. After sharing in their missionary labours for two weeks, Pollard and Mylne went to Loh-in-Shan under Mrs. Evans's guidance. They crossed the plain to the "Hot Water Springs," where the Chinese take the baths, and then made a sharp descent into a region which Pollard called "The Valley of Desolation." As they traversed the valley, they felt an indefinable sense of horror. The stream threw out a deposit which gathered in white streaks and accentuated the deathly barrenness of the scene. On one side the bank was a mud wall many feet high. The Chinese who are familiar with the country call it the "Valley of Dysentery." The sun scorched them as though they were in a furnace. As the morning advanced a south wind blew—angry, hot, terrible—filling mouth, ears, and nostrils with sand. This wind increased in violence till it raged like a tornado: it swept down upon the struggling riders like resistless cavalry charges, and having slapped and buffeted them, rushed on with screams of maniacal laughter. The travellers felt dried up and depressed, with their nerves on edge, and as they wound round the steep hills, their horses sank in the treacherous soil on a path not more than a foot wide.

On the third day the scene improved and they were glad to reach Loh-in-Shan about four o'clock. Here they lodged in the little chapel which, after the filthy inns, seemed a shrine of cleanliness and peace. Mr. Evans had carried on a successful evangelism among the two hundred Miao who lived in scattered hamlets.

Three days later Pollard came to Ta-shui-tsing, one of the out-stations of the China Inland Mission. It was to this place that before his furlough he had sent some of his Miao evangelists

to assist Mr. Arthur Nicholls. After their evening meal the villagers took them to the chapel where one hundred and fifty were gathered for a Saturday night's prayer-meeting. "They chose their own hymns and led the singing themselves. The first hymn was sung to the tune of 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon.' . . . The method of lighting the chapel was charmingly primitive: a branch of a fir tree with a double fork at one end was stuck into the mud floor; on the double fork was placed a curved tile, and as the worshippers came in one by one they threw a few resinous pine chips by the side of the upright fir branch. They were soon ignited and there was a splendid blaze which enabled the whole audience to read their books. When the fire burnt low it was fed again from the heap of chips brought by the worshippers."¹

After visits to other China Inland out-stations they came to Sa-pu-shan. Of this district he says: "Three or four years ago . . . some Miao who had accepted the Gospel began to tell their story to the Li-Su.² . . . The earnestness and sincerity of the Miao deeply impressed their hearers and before long the fire which burned in the hearts of the one blazed forth in the hearts of the other. The Li-Su in their thousands came seeking the foreign missionary who, although as yet entirely ignorant of their language, managed to convince them that he deeply sympathised with their quest and would do all he could to satisfy their desires. From village to village the fire spread. Before long the new converts began to build chapels for themselves, some of which will hold seven or eight hundred people."

On March 4th Pollard went by train to A-mi-chow, where he met Mr. Stedeford and thence escorted him to Tungch'uan. But they were not allowed to proceed farther northwards owing to the revolt about the railway tragedies. At this very time one of the Miao evangelists, Chang-yoh-han, was captured by the rebels at Sa-u-ho and sentenced to be shot because he was in league with the foreigners. Whole Miao villages were destroyed and the people hid in caves among the hills. The rebels told

¹ *The Christian World*, May 12th, 1910.

² Li-Su=a branch of the No-Su.



MR. POLLARD AND HIS COLLEAGUE,
THE REV. F. J. DYMOND (1909).



TYPICAL MIAO HOUSES.

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Yoh-han that they wanted to get hold of Pollard. The missionaries at Chaotong were protected and they hoped that Mr. Stedeford would wait a few weeks longer till the Chinese authorities succeeded in quelling the rising. But as both the prefect and city mandarins at Tungch'uan refused to allow him to enter the disturbed region, Mr. Stedeford was compelled to return to the capital and take the train for Haiphong without having seen the important and most interesting missionary work in the north-east of the province.

Having bidden his friend good-bye, Pollard visited the old familiar scenes at Yunnan Fu. On every hand he saw signs of change. At one of the temples some of the idols were being broken up to make bricks. It surprised him to notice uniformed police, and as he walked along he was amused to see one of these guardians of the peace take a stick of burning incense from its crevice in the door of a house and light a cigarette with it. This trifling unconventionality was, in its degree, a plain registration of change. Pollard made a point of visiting a recently erected prison. Although missionaries had gained but few converts in this city there were tokens of the working of Christ's Spirit in moral and social reforms. Pollard was accompanied by Mr. Owen Stevenson, and the Governor of the prison invited both to preach to the inmates. On the following Sunday "soon after one o'clock," says Pollard, "we were led by the Governor into the chapel. . . . We were surprised to find that there were two Confucian teachers attached to the staff as paid chaplains. . . . Here is a New China indeed." Pollard wondered how he ought to address his strange audience, as it is usual in China to adopt a complimentary style in speaking to others. "Possibly friends at home will smile at my dilemma. . . . I did not long remain in perplexity, for the sight of all those men moved me profoundly. Whatever else we did we both determined that they should all hear the story of how Jesus was condemned and executed in a most barbarous fashion. The whole audience listened most intently and watched us most closely as we told the 'old, old Story.' . . . When the preaching came to an end and we were moving away, a man stepped forward from the ranks of the

prisoners and kneeling down begged my companion to try to get him released, as he had been condemned unjustly. It was dramatic, but of course we could do nothing."

Pollard returned to Tungch'uan, but still the mandarins refused to sanction his going farther, so he spent the next six weeks in teaching Mylne and Hudspeth the Chinese language. When at last, on June 25th, the authorities allowed him to proceed he decided to go round by Chang-hai-tsi and to spend five weeks in visiting all the intermediate stations to Shih-men-k'an. "I want," he says, "if possible to spend two Sundays at 'Long Sea' (Chang-hai-tsi), one Sunday and a week at Si-pang-tsing, one Sunday at Mao-Lee-yu, which is called 'Half-way House,' and one Sunday at 'Rice Ear Valley' (Mi-ri-keo), and thence on to Stone Gateway."

At Chang-hai-tsi, on the first Sunday, there was an attendance of two hundred; on the second Sunday five hundred. He was grieved to find some of the young girls growing up without learning to read, and resolved to provide a teacher for them. It was Sacrament day, and not only was the chapel filled but the crowds spread out on the hillside. As the Miao evangelist, To-ma, preached under the open sky it reminded Pollard of pictures of Palestine in our Lord's ministry. Among the listeners were No-Su and Kop'u folk as well as Chinese and Miao.

Between Chang-hai-tsi and Sī-shih-wu, a distance of about eighty li, they passed through a market which Pollard described as the danger-spot of the journey. Guns and swords were in evidence, but happily it was too early in the day for the men to have drunk themselves into a quarrelsome mood. Pollard dismounted and chatted freely with the people and no sign of hostility was shown towards him. At the village of Sī-shih-wu the No-Su had built a chapel at a cost of two hundred taels. Pollard was impressed by their fine independent bearing. He saw great possibilities of mission work in the district, if only there were some foreigner to superintend.

At Si-pang-tsing, an important No-Su centre, they found another chapel. Chang-yoh-han and other old friends met him here. "The No-Su asked the Miao, Yoh-han, to preach to them,

which he did at ten o'clock at night. Think of these proud No-Su listening to a Miao serf. What hath God wrought?" On Sunday three hundred Miao came early and captured the No-Su chapel for a first service. Many brought gifts of eggs and honey for their teacher. A second service was held at one o'clock for the No-Su and the attendance was from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty. In the evening Mr. Mylne showed them his lantern slides, No-Su, Miao A-wu, and Chinese being present.

At Mao-Kao Pollard expressed vexation at finding the chapel in a dilapidated condition, but his disappointment was somewhat counteracted by the welcome given to him. Adults and children came from all the villages around by moonlight to greet their teacher. But the greatest welcome of all was accorded him, as might have been expected, by the people of Stone Gateway.

During Pollard's furlough Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had been in charge of the Miao work, and besides superintending the activities of the native evangelists and teachers over the whole of the stations in Kweichow, they had built a suitable house at Shi-men-k'an for the foreign missionaries. The good work done was manifest in the general faithfulness of the Miao Christians. For the first time in their history these decadent tribes were taught that morality was an essential part of religion. In place of heathen laxity the Christian ethic was inculcated. There were some sad lapses; yet these were amazingly few, though Pollard was deeply grieved by such as did occur. "There are a number of immorality cases here and there among the Miao, and we hardly know what to do. The majority of the people, however, stand firm; but in these cases of relapse, it is difficult to know just how to proceed."

Pollard prized the love of the Miao and, not unnaturally, wanted the first place in their affections. The work had been begun and had grown up under his care. His unremitting toils, his self-sacrifice, his endurance of almost uninterrupted hardship, and his sufferings of the midnight assault had all made him feel that this work was his very own. He had even marked out the lines for its future development. There need be no hesitation

in saying that he was the most necessary man to promote and direct the tribal movement at this stage. He felt that his rightful place was at the head of the Miao Mission. He would have been spared much pain and anxiety could he have acquiesced in a division of the field without experiencing a sense of injury. But Pollard believed that to divide the Miao work into two separate areas under two distinct heads with, perhaps, different, and in some ways opposing ideas and methods, would be a fatal blunder. We emphasise this point of view because without it some of his letters could not be understood.

The District Meeting was begun on the 26th of July, 1910, and, as Pollard had anticipated, views divergent from his own were expressed concerning the fresh appointments of the missionaries. After much discussion it was resolved that the Miao work should be divided. How intensely he felt this adverse decision can be inferred from a few sentences of a letter in which he related the occurrence. "I kept my counsel; said a word now and again. If I had attempted to fight it, or to dispute certain points there would have been fireworks. As it was I let them humiliate me. It was for the time a bitter dose, and I was absolutely alone. . . ."

Looking back now upon this diversity of opinion upon matters of policy, we see that whether Pollard was right, or his colleagues, the temporary division of the work may have fallen out for the progress of the Gospel, as it gave him longer intervals of rest from travelling, and so enabled him to devote more time to the translation of the New Testament into Miao. Four months later, however, through the furlough of his colleague the responsibility of superintending the whole of the vast district once more devolved upon him, and for a time the division of the field was in abeyance.

Two letters written to Mrs. Pollard will best disclose the activities he immediately plunged into.

RICE EAR VALLEY,

August 14th, 1910.

It is Sunday afternoon and the services are over till this

evening. After leaving the village whence I sent the last letter, we came on by the river and crossed over the ferry at the foot of the great hill of Mao-Mao-Shan. I stayed the night at Mao-a-no where there are a lot of Christians. A crowd came out to meet me, James and Thomas among them. I spent a very happy evening there. The next day we came on to Mi-ri-keo and the chapel in ruins is a sight to make me feel very downhearted. The "tired chapel" is dead with a vengeance. To-day we had a service among the ruins and several hundred people were there, some of whom were extraordinarily glad to see me, and some cried with gladness. James, Thomas, John, and Wang-Shih (Gideon) were with us. We had a good time. . . . These people here have been sadly neglected. The sending away of Mr. Lee was a great mistake, the people long for him to come back again, and I hope the District Meeting will permit it. There are nearly a hundred villages around this centre and they badly need more attention. Some of the folk have gone sadly astray, and others are like sheep, wandering around in danger of being snapped up by wolves at any time.

If the field is to be divided later then I shall look after this lone part if possible. There is plenty to be done and one pities the people very much. It is so difficult to know just what to do. While I have been writing the last two sentences a young woman whose father died while I was at home has come handing me a letter written by herself. "Wang-ren-ai writes a letter to the Teacher. Now my father has gone to God's home am I to go to Mao-Keh-nah or not? What do you say, Teacher? When you were going home I told you and you told me not to go. Should I go now or not?" So runs the letter. She was given to a man who does not believe. His father is our bitter enemy. The girl detests the idea of going. Whether she has been properly married or not, I do not know. What can one do? One needs to be so careful to do right and not to be carried away by sentiment. On the other hand, it is ruination for our girls to be married to heathen who drink and are immoral. And yet again they might save their unbelieving husbands. One realises so much that it is not by might nor by power but by the Spirit. I get strongly moved at times when I see these crowds of poor folk who have such a past and who are so stupid in many ways. But when I see Peter, John, James, Philip, and Matthew (Miao evangelists) and see what they are, I realise that God can make a wonderful change even in these ignorant and stupid people.

MI-RI-KEO,

August 21st, 1910.

Night again and it is quiet for the first time to-day. It has been a great rush tiring me right out. It was late last evening before we got home from Mao-tie-ka where Mr. Kuoh and I had a very nice time. Then we held the prayer meeting, and got to bed about eleven. This morning before I was up they were here, and before I had breakfast crowds began to arrive. We were obliged to have two administrations of the Sacrament, among the ruins. Scorching sunshine, and as I stood on the planks over the platform the sun beat down with fierceness. After the second Sacrament we *shang-liang'd* ("talked things over") with Chih Si about the new chapel. Then the case of a young fellow who had got rid of his wife came up—both Christians; she is about five years older than he. Although married five years ago he is only about twenty now. Some meddlesome elders caused a divorce. The girl was sent home with a cow, two goats, and two measures of maize. Fortunately the girl and the young fellow were both here. I got him and the elders of several villages into my room and there we had it out. I sent and called in the girl, and after a lot of talk, etc., we got the two to be reconciled, and then prayed over them as though they were bride and bridegroom. . . . I am giving them two goats to make up for those sent back, and the cow will be returned. We all hope the affair will be satisfactorily ended. This over, I had to dispense medicine for more than a hundred patients. How muddled I did feel before I finished! I hope I have not given quinine for santonine, or vaseline for toothache, or aperient pills for kanch'uang. It was a great, tiring, long-continued rush. Another service was held in my room at night and then they wanted to sit and talk longer. But I cleared them out so as to have a few minutes with you so that this letter may go to Shih-men-k'an to-morrow. The people have rallied splendidly to-day, about seven hundred in all, or even more. To-night it is beautiful in the moonlight, and all so quiet and peaceful.

I had a hundred eggs brought me to-day. I wish I could give you the lot. To-morrow I have a fairly quiet day. Yoh-han, who was to have been sacrificed by the rebels, is here and he will give me his story to-morrow, and I will try to write another "Tight Corner" for the Editor. A lot of children whom I was friendly with have been here to-day. . . . It has been a great day. When we were praying during the first Sacrament with the ruins all about us and the scorching sun shining upon us, the Lord

seemed to be very near and to give us a promise of His blessing.

If my letter is short it is because I am very tired. On Tuesday I go off to Mao-Lee-yu and shall have another week of very busy times, then I may get a few days' rest.

Yesterday I saw the caves where some of our people fled during the scare of March last, right up among the cliffs. Poor folk ! they *were* frightened. For nights they all slept out among the cliffs or rocks.

CHAPTER III

The Back of the Beyond

IN order to avoid a repetition of incidents in the narrative of Pollard's journeys a few typical scenes may suggest the kind of experiences he encountered day by day. In 1910 Mr. Edwin J. Dingle was travelling in West China and spent some time with him. "His work," wrote Mr. Dingle, "took him into unsurveyed regions where ordinary travel entailed the greatest privation. . . . We would arrive at mere hovels where we rested at nights ; we were drenched to the skin for days together. . . . But no matter what the conditions, Pollard was never down-hearted : he would roll into his wet bed after the crudest meal of maize cobs and dirty water, and play on his mouth-organ, 'There's no place like home.' "

This journey was one of Pollard's periodic visitations of churches. They set off on September 16th, 1910, and a day of wandering through gloomy ravines and around the mountains ended by their crossing the ferry to Mao-Ka-p'i-tsao. Immediately upon their arrival a hundred people gathered for worship, while others prepared a meal for the hungry travellers. In the intercessions which followed one Miao woman prayed : "Comfort all those who have lost their little ones ! Send Thy Holy Spirit upon them ! Also give us Thy Spirit and Thy Glory ! Save the whole of China ! Save us, for we are fools and stupid, knowing nothing ! Help us therefore to know Him Who died for us that we may come, O Father, to Thee ! Accept our thanks for bringing

the preachers here—all the more that they have not come tired ! In the sweet fragrant name of Jesus we make all our requests.”

In describing the people Pollard writes : “ Folk came from a neighbouring village saying that Yang-Ying was bewitched by a sorceress and was likely to die. They wanted to know if they might take the sick man and leave him in the home of the witch. I asked if they had any evidence that the witch had done anything to the man. None whatever. I said, if there were any evidence then they could go and report to the mandarin. If they went without evidence they might get a very bad time. It is strange that so many folk live in a world of witchcraft. It must be a funny feeling to have the idea of a world of powerful demons around one. . . . I asked one of my ex-wizard friends whether he were not still afraid of his ‘ demon.’ I shall never forget the smiling face he turned on me, and the wonderful answer he gave. Afraid ! How can I be afraid ? I live in the heart of Jesus and Jesus lives in my heart.’ This man had discovered the secret of peace.”

“ Monday, 19th of September.—A lot of children came and stayed nearly all day. What fun we had ! I had to turn my box out and show them everything. The red handkerchiefs were a great treat—mouth-organ, whistle, photos., pictures ! Then they got hold of my forceps, and there was immense excitement, for they had seen me draw some teeth the day before. I pretended to draw my own under a big red handkerchief and groaned as I did so. . . . What shrieking and laughing followed ! ”

Pollard still suffered from the effects of the nervous shock caused by his beating two years before. “ One morning,” writes Dr. Lilian Dingle, “ Pollard seemed out of sorts. . . . He had had a dream in which some Miao had attacked them and he had seen my fiancé killed. All that day the rain poured down and the next morning Mr. Dingle was ‘ off colour ’ : he had dreamt that both of them had been killed. Still it rained incessantly. At midday a man came running down the hill opposite and told with excited gestures how a band of ruffians were looking for them and that they must get away—rain or no rain. Mr. Dingle says : ‘ I saw that Pollard’s nerve was affected. He ordered the ponies

to be saddled, and hurried me out of the house . . . together we ploughed down the steep incline with mud up to our waists. I remonstrated but Pollard replied : " If you stop, they will have us ; they are just over the hill." The hill was about ten thousand feet above sea level, and the people he referred to were some No-Su who objected to the foreigners' presence among these mountain fastnesses.' " The night was spent at a wretched hovel which they designated " The Waldorf." " In our royal room were nine men sleeping on the floor, one horse, three cows, nine goats, five pigs, one cat, one firefly, and two foreigners. The firefly fluttered all over the place. The goat snored all night long. My bed was too short ; and a sour smell pervaded the place."

Returning to Chaotong on October 8th, Pollard started again for Chang-hai-tsi five days later, visiting Si-pang-tsing (" Universal Spring ") on the way. All by itself on the slope of the hills at " Everybody's Well " there is a large building which the No-Su Christians have erected. The building contains a chapel, a schoolroom, vestries, class-room, dormitories, and kitchen. Here Sunday by Sunday a congregation of " Blackbloods " gathers to worship Jesus. Blue blood counts for nothing in these parts. Black, not blue, is the sign of aristocracy and good ancestry. Tall, well-built, very proud, and often terribly fierce, are the No-Su who live in the castles and homesteads among these hills. Fighting and murder, robbery and arson, jealousy and death, are topics of conversation on every market day, and the stories told are terrible indeed. If anybody needs the message of the gentle, strong Christ, it is these brave fighters of the Western Hills. Strange it is that the idea of brotherhood and eternal friendship should fascinate men who are always ready to fight for their own. . . .

" The sunshine of the day was followed by rain in the evening. Two hundred were present at the service, and this was over by nine o'clock. The missionaries then retired to their room for the night, but . . . when we were trying to sleep after the work of the day, the crowd was still singing heartily. What is the meaning of it all ? Were the five or six hundred tribesmen who came to the service all in earnest in their worship of Jesus ? Have they all

broken away from heathenism and terrible sin? No missionary would answer 'Yes' to these questions. He, however, who sees most clearly and loves most truly, knows that in the hearts of many of the hillmen, the truth of Christ has taken deep root. Among the No-Su also there are some educated men who are worshipping Jesus. The first scholars who bent reverently before the 'Son of Man' were the Wise Men of the East. In No-Su land there are once again wise men of the East worshipping Jesus. When the East discovers Jesus, what will the world see?"¹ Around a charcoal fire at Si-pang-tsing Pollard and a few No-Su leaders discussed the best means of propagating Christianity among them. Mr. An desired that the Rev. Clement Mylne should be appointed to work at this place. He said that the burden falls too heavily upon a few elders unless they have the oversight of a missionary.

About this time Pollard learned that Vrinte, the friend whom he had met with Mr. Long, had developed leprosy. Vrinte offered Dr. Savin a hundred taels if he would cure him, and refused to believe that the doctor was unable to save him. He was in despair and one night at an inn where he was staying persuaded two other guests to go to another room on the plea that they smoked opium and he did not. Then Vrinte hanged himself rather than live as a leper. Mr. Long carried the corpse to the river-side in a coffin; there the No-Su took the body from the coffin and propping it up in a sitting posture burnt it to ashes according to Babu custom.

Pollard's love for children is illustrated by the story of Han-Mei, a little maid who lived fifty odd miles from Chang-hai-tsi. As he sat by the fire drying his feet in her village home, she came and, putting her smooth, warm arm around Pollard's neck, whispered all her secrets in his ear. Then she invited her little friends and coaxed her teacher to play his mouth-organ. Han-Mei told him before they said "Good night" that she intended to accompany the elders to Chang-hai-tsi that she might be baptized and receive the Communion. With the cows at his head and a smoking fire at his feet, Pollard slept that night with a heart full

¹ *The Christian World*, November 3rd, 1910.

of love for the gracious child. And when in the morning he was starting his journey again, Han-Mei called to him : " I'll surely be there, Teacher ; I won't deceive you."

About a hundred li from Chang-hai-tsi, Pollard was glad to meet Mr. Hudspeth and to travel the rest of the way with him. The hills around Chang-hai-tsi are not so high as at Shih-men-k'an ; they are like hillocks, and on one of these elevations, at the back of a pine wood off the main road, stands the new chapel. The country around is the borderland of two provinces and was notorious in the past as a place of resort for outlaws. Pollard and Hudspeth stayed in this place for more than a week. In consultation with the Christian elders Pollard did all he could to put an end to the custom of selling daughters like cattle to men who wanted wives. On Sunday, October 22nd, five hundred people gathered for worship. Pollard administered baptism to twenty catechumens, among whom was the brave little Han-Mei who had come in fulfilment of her promise. Two hundred members partook of Communion. Mr. Hudspeth gave an address in English and Pollard translated it into Miao. It was the harvest festival and the Christians had made their chapel look very pretty.

Anxious that the Miao should think of the Church as their own and not as an institution belonging to the foreigners, Pollard established a preachers' quarterly meeting at Shih-men-k'an. Seventeen preachers attended the initial meeting, the only absentees being James Yang, who was accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Parsons part of their journey when going on furlough ; Yang Chi, who had been summoned to his father's death-bed ; and John Chu, who was assisting the China Inland Mission at Wu-ting-chow. The meeting decided that it was advisable (1) to have men stationed for twelve months at a time at the central chapels ; (2) that the preachers should have a regular course of study with an examination at the end of the year ; (3) that they should hold preachers' meetings quarterly ; (4) that the Christians in each district should build houses for the preachers stationed there ; (5) that the Christians in each district should provide the food of the preachers and their families ; (6) that the wives of

preachers going to districts where unbelievers are many should make no change in the method of doing their hair (it was stated that the "pyramid coiffure" should be taken down only at death by the tribes-people, and that any change of this custom would not be understood. Some missionaries have tried to get rid of the poke, "but I told them," says Pollard, "to please themselves"); and (7) that as to military service Miao Christians were justified in refusing service on Sundays and in cases where Tu-muh were intending to make aggressions upon others.

"Our (first) quarterly meeting lasted two days and did not finish till nine o'clock on the second night. As the meeting separated with prayer, the Miao preachers walked away with glad hearts and a sense of strength unknown to them years ago."

At the New Year of 1911 Pollard heard for the first time that the name of the man in the sheepskin jacket who had saved his life on the night of his cruel flagellation was Yang-shih-ho of Ha-lee-mee. He at once determined to revisit the places north-west of Chaotong, hoping that he might meet his rescuer and be able to thank him for his courageous intervention. Having informed the mandarin of his intention two soldiers were appointed to accompany him. Upon reaching Ta-ping-tsi they saw the ruins of the chapel which the rebels had destroyed ten months before. Pollard set himself to efface, as far as he could, from the minds of the folk the memories of that period of terror.

To the work of the evangelist Chong-Hwan-ran he paid a deserved tribute, commending him for winning the trust and love of the persecuted people. He succeeded in making a contract for the rebuilding of the chapel. The parents in the district then brought their children—fifty little ones—to be vaccinated. At Ha-lee-mee he stood under the walnut tree where his trial had been conducted, and tore off a piece of its bark to send to his boys. "I saw the place where I stood and pleaded for my life with the crowd of armed men: then we came along the road where I was carried wounded and tired. I walked down the side of the stream and saw where they beat me just across the water. The jump I made that night was a big one; but I did not run far. Then we came up to the village, and from the house where I stayed that

night the daughter came and called me in. The place was dirty and looked wretched. The old man who played traitor was there and looked as vicious as ever. But here I am after four years, still alive, thank God ! ” In a letter to Mrs. Pollard, March, 1911, he writes : “ The Miao traitor and nearly all the aborigines of Ha-lee-mee, where they beat me, are now learning our books and profess Christianity. They seem very much in earnest. If God should give me the pleasure later of baptizing that man ! ”

At the beginning of March he visited Hmao-k'ao, seventy li south of Shih-men-k'an and not far from “ Heaven-Born Bridge.” The following Sunday a thousand persons attended divine service. Thirty-seven classes were held in the open and three in the chapel. To-ma was teaching his pupils to read from a blackboard. The Communion was held on the hillside under a sky of cloudless blue. “ It was a great sight and a great service. Hymn after hymn was sung, then followed a silence during which the elements were administered.” The Christian Miao had built their own chapel here at a cost of five hundred taels.

Next day he started for Mao-Chu-nchoh to superintend the laying of the foundations of a new chapel. “ The digging, laughing, shouting, talking, and joy all around reminded me of children's picnics on Sandown beach. I hope the chapel when it is put up will be a crowning of the joy of many lives.” In the evening of that day he held a service by moonlight. About a hundred people were present. Standing on the site where the chapel was to be built he felt his heart swell with rapture. “ Sirius and Canopus shine above me, and Venus glows like a radiant jewel on the bosom of ether.”

At this time Dymond and Mylne came to Si-pang-tsing with Pollard to meet Messrs. Adam and Page of the China Inland Mission. The West China Conference had roughly marked out certain spheres for the various missions. But Mr. Adam had driven a wedge into the district assigned to the United Methodists. In most instances both Missions would have welcomed such proximity as an opportunity for co-operation ; but owing to Mr. Adam's peculiar theological views an estrangement arose which affected the relations of the two Missions. Some of Mr.

Adam's evangelists even refused Pollard's men admission to the Communion. Pollard and his colleagues deprecated such misunderstandings among the native Christians and offered to withdraw from Teh-Choh if they might retain Tu-kai-tsi where they had No-Su and Chinese adherents. Although unable to come to a satisfactory arrangement Pollard never forgot that Mr. Adam had sent the Miao to see him at Chaotong seven years before.

On April 18th, 1911, he was accompanied by Stephen Lee on a visit to one of the great landlords. "My friend arrived yesterday and conducted the midday service with remarkable power. After our interview with the Tu-muh I shall go across to Chang-hai-tsi." The people of the district were full of tales of five tigers which were prowling about. "Last year a tiger ran off with a Miao boy and played with him like a cat with a mouse, tossing him up with one paw and catching him with another. Again and again the boy cried, 'Come and save me, I am still alive.' But at length the beast grew tired of its sport and devoured the unfortunate boy."

They found that the Tu-muh was rebuilding his house. At a glance Pollard saw that the opium fiend had marked him down as its prey: his dress was in disorder and his hair uncombed. He lightly said he was willing to join the Church if he were not asked to give up his ancestral basket. When Pollard begged him to give up opium, he put him off with excuses. Pollard and Mr. Lee refused to stay, as his house was already full of strolling players and a Chinese necromancer.

On Saturday he reached Chang-hai-tsi, and wrote: "The scene to-night is one of great peace and glory. Oh, the wonderful harmony of it all! The sun set with its disc clear and bright as if smiling a last smile on a scene it would soon see again. A little later the whole heavens were a deep blue with brilliant stars hung like lamps in the firmament. There is nothing one can compare them to. Venus in the Bull to the right of Aldebaran, and on a level with it, outshone the red light of the latter by the brilliance of its golden fire: it almost made the Pleiades invisible. There was no moonlight at all. . . . There are many trials, and hard

toil by day and hard boards for a bed at night, but the sunshine and the stars, the cool breezes and *al fresco* meals with jolly companions are rich compensations. . . . Happy and right merry are we as God's own troubadours, and we swiftly glide in our conversation from jocund sallies to grave discourse on God's love and goodness. There is a bright sunshine religion which we realised as we spent an hour at the well. The Miao know the good waters and will not drink of the poor dirty streams."

At Chang-hai-tsi Pollard passed through a week of spiritual triumphs. On the Sunday they had four classes of men and boys and two of women—and a class of gossipers. At the service three Miao evangelists who had been designated to assist the China Inland Mission at Wu-ting-chow gave farewell addresses. In a letter he says : " It was indeed a fine audience and the Lord was with us. Sixty-two people were baptized ; about half of them being grown up and the rest young people, but none of them infants. They had all passed their examination before being sent on for admission into the fellowship of the Church. In this ' Long Sea ' district there are about five hundred church members and nearly a thousand not yet baptized. This in twenty-seven villages. I am very pleased with the little school Liu-si-ko's men are putting up. It will be well built—lofty, up-to-date, and just the thing for about forty children."

One of Pollard's ambitions which was destined to remain unfulfilled was to open a mission station at Weining. In a letter written from that city on May 5th, 1911, he says : " This little city still seems anti-foreign, and resolved not to have our *kiao* (religion) here. Neither the Roman Catholics nor ourselves have been able to get a place. Coming away from the country villages into a hostile town the difference is seen at once." St. Luke has recorded the incident of the girl with a spirit of divination following the apostles at Philippi. At Weining a young fellow who was a lunatic followed Pollard, imitating him in speech and gesture and exciting great merriment by his antics. Pollard was glad to escape from an embarrassing situation by accepting an invitation into a shop. But the lunatic waited for him and took charge of him when he came out, making every one yield the

path for "Peh ta ren" (his Excellency). "You take him in hand and cure him," shouted a man to Pollard, and when the missionary said he was not able to do that, the man rejoined, "Oh, I thought Jesus could do such things."

On his way back to Shih-men-k'an Pollard spent a few days with Mr. Mylne, who had been appointed as missionary among the No-Su. "Coming along to-day," he writes, "we saw a tiny shrine roughly made on the hillside. This is an ancestral shrine of the I-pien family above. After the ancestral spirits have been in the house for a few years the No-Su descendants have a grand recital of masses and kill an animal in sacrifice. Then the ancestral spirits in the little *lolo* (basket) are escorted to their hillside home." Pollard was greatly cheered by the beginnings of Mr. Mylne's work of evangelism among the No-Su and wrote a generous commendation of it to the friends at home.

Pollard reached Mi-ri-keo on May 20th, where he saw the fine large new chapel by the side of the little old one. About eight hundred people came to the Communion. On the following day the little chapel was crowded with women and babies. There he held what he called "a vaccination revel." "It was a crying, howling, screaming, laughing mob. There were two men washing the arms, three pricking with needles; one boiling water, one carrying it, and I came along with the vaccine."

As illustrating the new spirit growing up in that wild region the following incident shows the fresh value placed on child life: "John's wife came in with one baby on her back and one in her arms. I smiled and said, 'How is it you have two?' She said the one in her arms was the child we rescued from burial some time ago. I had told John to get some one to look after it, but he did not succeed, and so the two decided to take charge of it themselves. John took the little girl in his arms and the way he smiled . . . was very beautiful indeed. At the Communion the baby was made a lot of, and women who had milk fed it. Very readily it went to its many foster-mothers. I saw one handing it back to John. As he received it he smiled and explained to me that on Sundays the foundling got 'free drinks all round.'"

In his account of a journey lasting forty days he enumerates

the flowers and trees he had noticed, and the bare catalogue assists imagination to appreciate the conditions of climate and soil at the "back of the beyond." Heliotrope, daisies, buttercups, marsh mallows, white anemones, blue, white, and yellow violets, white briar roses—scented—white and scarlet azaleas, pink, white, and crimson rhododendrons, white and golden raspberry blooms, primulas, irises, purple and light blue, and St. John's wort. The trees were oak, giant and dwarf, several kinds of firs, lacquer, walnut, wax-insect trees, pear, peach, apricot, apple, quince, chestnut, magnolia, plum, and others that he did not know. Pollard loved the splendour of the hills and had a sort of mystical sense of Nature's meaning, looking upon the land as an appropriate setting of the great tribal mass movement. "God . . . hath made everything beautiful in its time : also He hath set eternity in their heart."

CHAPTER IV

The Arthington Trust Fund

As one follows step by step the remarkable work into which Pollard was plunged in West China, there grows up the conviction that the day of small Missions is over. If Christian Missions are to be carried on with adequate response to the necessities of non-Christian nations, there must be complete co-operation of all the Churches. In Yunnan and Kweichow neither the China Inland Mission nor the United Methodists have been able to keep pace with the progress made. Missionary labour is a more tremendous task than the inaugurators of the Mission in Yunnan ever dreamed of. Pollard promptly recognised that preaching the Gospel is only one part of the manifold functions of a Missionary Society. Without a well-organized and efficient system of education, under enlightened Christian control, for those who are to become ministers and teachers, the great awakening in China may lose its Christian significance and dwindle to comparative nothingness.

In 1905 Pollard learned of the "Arthington Bequests for Missions"—a sum of £130,000 "earmarked" for new work among hill tribes and peoples who had not yet received any translation of the Gospels into their languages. Mr. Arthington, a citizen of Leeds, had bequeathed his fortune for the special form of missionary enterprise which appealed to him. A hope sprang up in Pollard's mind that he might receive help for the Miao from this fund. He wrote first to Mr. S. Southall, one of the trustees of the Arthington Fund, giving a statement of the facts concerning the Miao movement. This led to correspondence between the Secretary of the Trust, Mr. Edward Little, and the Rev. Charles Stedeford, Secretary of the Bible Christian Missions. On August 23rd, 1906, the Trustees adopted the following minute: "Min. 8.—Letters from Rev. C. Stedeford, on behalf of the Bible Christian Methodist Mission, were read, dealing with the work of the Mission in Yunnan. The clerk was directed to write offering a grant of £250 a year for five years, if some arrangement could be made, agreeable to the Trustees, under which a fresh missionary might be sent out to this region under the auspices of the Bible Christian Mission Methodist, who, while assisting in the needful work of the mission field, would look forward to devoting himself in the main to the translation of the Scriptures into the local vernacular when he had gained the requisite knowledge."

Further correspondence convinced the Trustees that, in view of his unique qualifications, Pollard would be the best missionary to the aboriginal tribes. In 1908, while on furlough, he wrote to Mr. Little, saying, "Is there any chance of your helping us in the No-Su work as you have done in the Miao? . . . We are anxious to train a hundred native missionaries from among the Miao converts. Day schools have been opened to do work preparatory to the choosing of the native missionary candidates. When I return to my work, if God so please, in 1909, I hope to build a training school, or rather settlement for the missionary candidates. Around it we expect to put up a number of small, clean cottages where the students and their wives can live much as they live in their own homes, but with additional cleanliness

and proper sanitation. If land has to be purchased for this £100 will be needed for it. From £500 to £700 will be needed for the buildings. . . .

"We have no hospital or nursing home among the Miao, and the doctor, in her visits, is sorely handicapped by the absence even of a dispensary. For a long time my bedroom was used as the room where patients of all classes were seen and prescribed for. It would be a work of love and mercy if the Trustees would grant a sufficient sum, £500 or £600, to build a small hospital and nursing home for the use of the tribesmen."

In answer to this appeal the Trustees of the Arthington Fund offered the Mission another sum of £250 a year for five years, on condition that a special missionary was appointed to work among the No-Su. The request for a grant for a training institute was left in abeyance. Mr. John Town, the Chairman of the Trustees, however, was so deeply moved that Pollard wrote a detailed statement of the actual needs. He pointed out that the aim of such an institute was, first, to provide teachers, evangelists, and pastors for about four hundred villages with a population of twenty thousand people, and, secondly, to provide native missionaries for the evangelisation of the heathen population.

"In each village," he writes, "where there are Christians, we wish to get one or two men, who, having been trained in the institute, will among their own village people look after Christian interests and conduct the nightly services held in each place, whether in a separate room kept for this purpose or in each house in turn. These men would support themselves by attending to farming. Over each small group of villages we wish to put a trained evangelist, or teacher-pastor, who will give elementary teaching to children or adults on week days, and be responsible for the Sunday services and such missionary work as falls to the lot of a native pastor. These [students] will be principally gathered from the elementary mission schools already existing. We should probably begin with twenty-five or thirty students and increase the number as the work grows. Curriculum: Ordinary subjects, such as arithmetic, geography, simple science, such as can be illustrated by the surroundings; Scripture,

theology, elementary church history ; how to teach, preach, and organize church work ; mission methods. The curriculum would of course expand as the institute advances and would be in two languages—Miao and Chinese.”

On July 5th, 1909, the Arthington Trustees decided to grant £500 for the purposes indicated. Pollard was overjoyed by this generous gift.

We may now resume the story where it broke off in the last chapter at the conclusion of his forty days' wandering. Once again there was a clash of the two rival policies. Those who contended that the attention of the missionaries should be given mainly to the Chinese work advocated the reopening of the Mission at Yunnan Fu, but they were not in a position, either as regards men or money, to carry out such a project, though had it been possible it would have been an immediate obligation. Pollard thought that his colleagues were afraid lest Shih-men-k'an should be made the actual centre of the whole Mission. At a special District Meeting in June, 1911, various matters affecting Pollard's work were considered in a manner that caused him great vexation. One of the decisions was to restrict the cost of the buildings at Shih-men-k'an so that part of the Arthington grant should be available for assisting the village schools from which the pupils were to be selected for the training institute. But whatever irritation Pollard felt at the modification of his plans, he never allowed it to interfere with his fidelity to the main work entrusted to him. It is plain, however, that as the years passed and his special mission acquired such vast dimensions, Pollard desired—and in the circumstances, not unreasonably—to have entire control of his own work among the tribes. Meanwhile he had organized a great midsummer festival (1911) as to which he writes to his wife : “ The crowds are enormous and the boys drilled splendidly. I guess the Chinese in Chaotong would open their eyes to see our Miao boys drill. They look nice in their dark blue suits with red trimmings. On the left arm there is a red Maltese cross just below the shoulder—a reminder of the Cross in their flowery garments. We have two big school flags and they did very well indeed in their drill. About eighty of the boys

have the suits and there are still forty or fifty without. They pay for the cloth and I pay for the tailor. The boys from Chang-hai-tsi came, about twenty of them, and they also drilled well. Not the same kind of drill, but really a clever lot of movements. Also the school from Mao-K'ao was here, and these boys taught by other Miao from the school here did fairly well."

From another account by him of the proceedings we learn that "At eleven o'clock the Communion service began. It was like the open-air Highland Communion services. . . . Missionaries and preachers were gathered on a raised platform, and a thousand communicants were standing in rows near them, the men to the right and the women to the left. Between the two bodies a band of catechumens was waiting for baptism. On the slope just over a thousand people keenly watched the ceremonies, taking part in the singing and prayer with the others. These are the times when the missionaries seem to live. When two thousand voices sing harmoniously 'My Jesus, I love Thee' to the tune of 'The Lion of Judah,' and when the sounding-board is the blue heavens, and the walls of the chapel are the limestone hills, and the spirit of God blows softly over all, as the gentle wind from the south, then the hearts of the missionaries forget all homesickness, and the days of loneliness appear to have gone for ever, and memories of the Master on the sweet hills of Galilee come to one. . . . I do not think in that great crowd anyone wished for the old hill-side revels, with their aftermath of sorrow and unrest. . . .

"When night came the big chapel was crowded twice over with people wishing to see the lantern and to share in the worship. It was nearly midnight before the missionaries retired. The chapel was like an old-fashioned East End doss-house. Men were lying down sleeping everywhere, packed like sardines in a great tin. When morning light came the crowds disappeared, and at five o'clock the aspect of the place was almost normal. Then came the aftermath, and it was a very disagreeable one. There were one hundred and thirty sick people who had come with the crowd, and the missionary had to attend to all these before breakfast. How they do press on one at such a time and tire one out! Depressing are the stories they tell, and sorrowful

are the windows they open into the lives of the suffering ones. They were in the province of Kweichow with its seven million people and no doctor. . . .

"The one hundred and thirty are gone. Breakfast is over. Now the Quarterly Meeting begins, and reports are received from the preachers. Christ is still at work. Men are coming to Him. Love is turning out hatred. Purity is killing impurity. Light has dawned, and the story at the back of the little cups and small pieces of buckwheat bread is no fiction."¹

Pollard built great hopes upon his country schools ; he writes : "Ten schools now and five hundred scholars : we must get our thousand in our mission schools this year." From Shih-men-k'an he writes : "There are one hundred and twenty children in the school here. I have gathered in all the big boys from the other schools, and I should think I have more than fifty young men over sixteen here. Chong is doing well. Tsuen Mei is helping with a few girls and little boys. When you are here you will be able to take the girls in hand and all the others as well if you like."

Pollard fully realised the indebtedness of the mission to the Arthington Fund, and regarded himself as an Arthington missionary. The Trustees appreciated his self-sacrificing labours and, on the 8th of September, 1911, renewed the grant for Pollard's support, though finding it necessary to reduce the sum to £200 for the next five years.

In order to carry out his engagements with the Trustees, Pollard had to get plans for the Miao school, to purchase timber and get it seasoned, and to set up brick kilns in the neighbourhood of Shih-men-k'an. In a letter to Mr. Stedford, 5th September, 1912, he says : "Herewith the plans for the Miao school. The expense shall not exceed the £500 granted by the Arthington Trustees, including the furnishing of the school. On Saturday I went up over the hills at the back here to see some trees and to-day I have bought them for one hundred and twenty dollars. The pillars we need for the big Miao school will be found among those trees. We shall have some fun bringing the wood here as it all has to be thrown over a huge hill. Luckily there is a place

¹ *The Christian World*, August 10th, 1911.

where the slope is fairly gradual and so we hope the pillars will not break in the descent. I feel so glad we have got these trees. The majority are not yet large enough to use, but they will keep growing and we can use them in years to come. We estimate that there are two thousand trees in the grove and one hundred and fifty of them may be used now."

To Mr. Little he wrote on the 4th of September, 1912: "Since 1909 events have moved rapidly and the aborigine work has developed in a wonderful way among several tribes. I have been preparing for the Training Institute for the last two or three years, and next year, when I hope the building will be up, I shall be greatly disappointed if we do not begin with fifty students (instead of twenty-five proposed in 1909). We may have even more than that. In the present school at my headquarters there are about one hundred and forty boys and men. About seventy of these are from fifteen to twenty-two years of age.

"I have ten stonemasons at work cutting stones, and a tile kiln is turning out tiles and bricks all through the summer and autumn. The kiln is only a small one, but it will produce all we need. Trees are being cut down, planks sawn, etc., and next spring I hope workmen will commence on the building, which will be a credit to the Arthington Fund and a great help to the Miao for many decades. . . ."

In order to present the growth of the school work under Pollard we must anticipate the events and insert a letter and an article of a later date. In a letter to Mr. Stedeford on February 18th, 1914, he says: "In resuming control I have reorganized the whole work, and I think the field is in a healthy condition. Hundreds are being baptized and new Miao are joining us. The preachers at their various stations are doing good work, new chapels of a better class are being built, school work is in an entirely different condition, the Arthington school is nearly finished, and will have a hundred students when it is opened in a few months' time. We are facing the problem of this school by trying to train up some of our own boys to be tutors. You remember the attempt we made to send some to Peking. That failed through no fault of ours, but owing to disturbances at Peking.

Now we are trying to solve the problem at Chentu nearer home. Our head-master, Mr. Chong, our head-preacher, Mr. James Yang, four schoolboys and Mr. Hudspeth are now at Chentu seeing what can be done. We are trying to raise the expenses on our own without troubling you. An outside friend promised a good donation towards the Peking scheme and we hope he will keep his promise in case Chentu is chosen. There are eight hundred in our schools and from these the central Arthington school will be fed. The schools are organized as a whole, all looking to orders and direction from Stone Gateway. Work among girls is being organized in the same way, and we hope to put up a girls' school here at no expense to you. Training in school-teaching, home work, cooking, washing, babies (with real babies borrowed for the occasion), sewing, Sunday-school teaching, elementary hygiene, etc. etc., are all in the girls' school curriculum."

This brief account of Pollard's work in organizing the school and in erecting a Miao Training Institute may be concluded by his description of the last great festival he attended at Shih-men-k'an on June 17th, 1915. The crowds were greater than ever before, some estimating the numbers at three thousand, and some at more. Chinese, No-Su, Miao, Kop'u, and Mohammedans were present. "The mandarin of 'Double Star' had expressed a wish to attend on the day, and though he came merely as a friend we think he was also anxious to see all that was going on, and to report to the Provincial Government. We are sure that he was surprised at some of the things he saw. . . . Three hundred scholars with flags and four cornets went out to meet him, and give him a welcome to the largest mission centre in the two South-West provinces. Our official visitor expressed great surprise at the number of scholars who came to meet him. . . . Were it not for the schools we have opened, there would be very little opportunity for the children in this district to get any education at all. In the Weining district, where Stone Gateway is situated, the United Methodist schools are many times more numerous than the Government schools. In one division of this district, with a population of fifty thousand people, there is not

a single Government school, whereas there are nine United Methodist schools which are of very little expense to the Mission. Each school is a centre for mission work, and the aim is not only to make Christians of all scholars, but also to win all the folk who live in the neighbourhood."

During the morning addresses were given in the open air, in Chinese by the Rev. F. J. Dymond and a Miao evangelist; then an address was given in Miao by Chu-Fei-lih, and one of Mr. Dymond's students spoke to two hundred No-Su in their own language.

"At two o'clock there was a novel feature which was quite unique in Miao experience. A number of certificates had been prepared to be given to scholars who had passed their examination with the requisite number of marks. . . . Mr. Hudspeth asked the mandarin to present the certificates to the students and he willingly consented to do so. In fact the whole day he played our game and did us good service. A fine open tent had been erected on the lowest of our three playgrounds. The tent cloth had been woven by the scholars who are in our weaving school, and had been dyed the colours of the Chinese national flag. Under this tent sat the principal guest of the day, and in front all the scholars were arranged in lines. The crowds were on the hill-slopes eagerly watching. After a short religious service the mandarin stepped forward and presented the certificates to thirty boys and one girl. He then made a speech and spoke very kindly indeed. It was a cheering experience for all our scholars, who have to stand much ridicule because they are students of what the people often ignorantly term 'foreign' books. As the mandarin spoke so kindly to them, they got their own back again. After three cheers for the Republic, for the school, and for the great Church of Christ, the rest of the afternoon was spent in drill and games."

The mandarin took tea with the missionaries and talked freely of their work. He told the boys that in years to come when education had thoroughly taken hold of the nation, they would remember the names of Mr. Pollard and Mr. Dymond as they now remember the names of the great men of old. In the evening, as there was no building to accommodate thousands of people, a

lantern service was held in the open. "We cannot beat the idolaters in numbers yet, but we have got hold of a dynamic force to which they are strangers. Three thousand people joining in a Christian festival on a hillside in West China where a few years ago just a few scanty crops covered the fields is something to thank God for. The wilderness is blossoming."

Although it forms no part of the main story of Pollard's life, the No-Su work was begun at his prompting and urgency. In answer to his request the Arthington Trustees made a special grant for a missionary to the No-Su people. The Rev. Clement Mylne was appointed, and several of Pollard's letters show that the choice was justified by results and a new and promising chapter was opened in the history of that virile and intelligent race.

CHAPTER V

The Pollard Script

IN giving financial assistance to the West China Mission the Arthington Trustees stipulated that Pollard should spend part of his time in translating the Scriptures. It was plain that the progress of the Gospel among the tribes would depend upon the diffusion of sound knowledge. At the beginning of the mass movement he taught the Miao to read St. Mark's Gospel in Chinese, but this was only a temporary expedient. Both he and Stephen Lee resolutely studied the Miao language and soon acquired a working vocabulary. The great difficulty was that the Miao possessed no written characters. The No-Su people have books in their own language but the Miao tribes have no tradition of a system of writing.

Pollard was thus confronted with a practical problem. There were three possible ways of enabling the hillmen to read the New Testament; one was to teach them Chinese, the second to teach them a romanised version of the Scriptures, the third to provide signs to represent Miao sounds and to use these for

translating the Bible. Pollard chose the last expedient. He put aside the difficult Chinese characters because he knew that the words heard in our earliest years twine about our hearts and fit men's natures, moods, and experiences as the skin fits the body. He also rejected the idea of using a romanised system, believing that it would be unable to convey accurately the subtle differences which variations in tone make in the speech of the people. He shared the Chinese scholars' distrust of the romanised style of writing, believing that it would lead to ambiguities and obscurities which would sadly mar a translation of the New Testament. Pollard has himself told the story of the Miao Script: "The Miao people being so low down in the intellectual scale, and never having been accustomed to study, it was felt that we must be as simple as possible, and hence we looked about for some system which could be readily grasped by ignorant people. It was necessary that the written system be absolutely phonetic and easily understood. While working out the problem we remembered the case of the syllabics used by a Methodist missionary among the Indians of North America and resolved to attempt to do as he had done. Mr. Stephen Lee assisted me very ably in this matter, and at last we arrived at a system which has so far been of great use in our work. The Miao language is monosyllabic, and in nearly all cases the vowels end the words. By adapting the system used in shorthand of putting the vowel marks in different positions by the side of the consonant signs we found we could solve our problem."¹

Mr. Amundsen of the British and Foreign Bible Society described the "Pollard Script" as an adaptation of Braille, Pitman's shorthand, and Roman signs; "it appears," he says, "to be of the nature of a temporary, remarkably useful expedient. It is quickly and easily learned by the Miao people, and they have become proud of having their language in a written form which they can call their own." With the help of Stephen Lee, Pollard used this Script first of all for a few passages of Scripture, some hymns, and simple Christian doctrines which were printed by means of wooden blocks cut at Chaotong. Then they prepared

¹ "The Story of the Miao," pp. 174-5.

the first Miao primer, of which a thousand copies were printed and sold at once.

In a letter to his wife in 1907 Pollard says : " On Saturday we came on to ' Camphor Tree ' village and stayed till to-day. Mr. Chen was with us and he asked me to preach at midday to an audience of five hundred who had come to see us and have *li-pai* (worship). We had an interesting service and an instructive experience. The hymns—some in Miao and some in Chinese—went well. The women especially sang well. The Chinese (hymns) they have learned off by note and they sang them with a swing ; but Mr. Lee rightly said it was like *nien king* (*i.e.*, reading prayers in a dead or unknown language), for they do not understand what they sing. S. Lee, Yah-koh and I spoke in Miao and the people attended well, answering our questions with a vigour. Then Mr. Chen spoke in Chinese, and I have never noticed before such a remarkable collapse of attention. The women and girls at once resigned themselves to hearing sounds and understanding nothing. . . . From Mr. Chen I learned an interesting fact : between here and Anshuen are a lot of Miao called Shui-si Miao ; sometimes they are called Hwa Miao. They are ten times as numerous as our folk and perhaps more. A few of them have become Christians, but are credited with being more riotous than our folk. They are landowners, some of them are very rich and very *luan* (disorderly) in their relation. . . . Mr. Chen knows their language, but does not know the Hwa Miao. We got a lot of Shui-si words out of him and found that about ninety per cent. were the same as ours. . . . I expect our Gospel translations with a little alteration will do for them also. I had no idea there was such a close connection between these Shui-si Miao and our Hwa Miao."

His *modus operandi* was to paraphrase the original, then with the help of Chinese and Miao assistants, to put this paraphrase into Miao colloquial, and having secured as near an approach to accuracy and as great clearness as possible, he would write it in the Script which he had invented. Before long Mr. Endicott at Chentu placed the Canadian Mission press at his service and he prepared two books with outlines of the life of Christ, the Lord's

Prayer, and a few hymns ; these were printed and sold by the thousand. The demand for these books made Pollard decide to translate the four Gospels.

As early as the beginning of 1905 he began to wonder whether the British and Foreign Bible Society would be willing to give him assistance. Accordingly he wrote to the Rev. G. H. Bondfield, its managing agent at Shanghai. Mr. Bondfield reported the matter to his Society : " In March (1905) I wrote to Mr. Pollard to know if I could assist him to give the Scriptures to the Miao in their own tongue. His letter crossed my letter. The cost of five thousand Gospels is estimated at six hundred taels, *i.e.*, from eighty-five to ninety pounds."¹ " N.B.—March 26th, E. W. H. called at the Bible House and after discussing the question with the editorial superintendent handed him a cheque for £50. The editorial superintendent sent both Bondfield's and Pollard's letters to E. W. H. In reply he left it to the Committee to judge the question of advisability, enclosing a further cheque for £40."

Mr. Bondfield encouraged Pollard to ask the Committee to provide a font of type in his Script. His point of view was that " Mr. Pollard is using his special script without any difficulty and . . . it is meeting an immediate demand." Again Mr. Bondfield says : " It seems as if his special Script has come to stay. The Hwa Miao learn it rapidly and use it with great readiness. This is its justification, and if the C.I. Missionaries also use it, the question will be settled for a long time to come. At all events we must let these thousands of new converts have the Scriptures as quickly as possible." To the authorities of the Bible Society it appeared that the romanised system would have been preferable and that later it would have given the Miao access to a wider, more varied range of literature. In a letter dated July 4th, 1906, Pollard wrote : " It is quite possible later to turn our system into romanised when there is a successful romanised system in use which will solve the tone difficulty." He admitted that probably a time would come when the Miao would learn Chinese,

¹ I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Kilgour of the Bible House, London, for allowing me to read the records of the correspondence with Mr. Pollard.

but he contended with his usual intensity of conviction that the people needed the Gospels "right away" and that his Script ought to be used to meet that want. True to its traditional magnanimity the British and Foreign Bible Society waived the judgment of its experts and the Committee recommended that authority to print the Gospel (St. Mark) be at once cabled to Mr. Bondfield.

His eagerness to circulate the Scriptures was about this time stimulated by the experience of Mr. An, the No-Su landlord, who exercised great influence in the district of Si-pang-tsing. "He had heard," says Pollard, "that the Jesus of the Church cared nothing for the 'five relationships' of life which are taught by Confucianism; so he resolved to read the Bible for himself. When he came to the story of Lot in the cave he shut the book up and said: 'That is what they say and it is true.' But he saw the book was a big one so he determined to read on, and by and by got into the New Testament and was convinced that the story was true and what he wanted. So he believed and became a Christian. He told me how he had tussles with folk who wanted to dissuade him from being a Christian. The magistrate of Shuen-Wei wrote telling him he believed 'too much' and advised him not to take it with such desperate earnestness. Mr. An is the leader of the district and for several miles around there are no open heathens. In this Chang-hai-tsi district there must be a thousand families who have broken with idolatry."

Once more the question concerning the relative merits of the Pollard Script and a romanised version of the New Testament in Miao was raised by the action of Mr. Adam of Anshuen, who translated St. Mark's Gospel in romanised and got the China Inland Mission to print it. Soon afterwards the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John and other parts of the New Testament were printed in the same way. This seemed to confirm the judgment of the Bible Society Committee and further inquiries were made as to whether it was advisable to proceed with the use of the Pollard Script. In reply to a query Mr. Arthur Nicholls wrote: "You ask me for my opinion about the Script. I have been brought up on it, and see the utility of it. It is a real boon."

The Pollard Script was first in the field and it had been easily and quickly learned even by girls who had received no previous education. Pollard says : " We who have tried it are satisfied with it. It works."

The point of view of the Bible Society is clearly put in a letter which Pollard copied into his Journal. " The only question raised in our Committee is that of the Script. This question is raised not only in view of the publication of the Hwa Miao Gospel in romanised characters by Mr. Adam, about which we corresponded last year, but specially in view of the whole principle involved in devising an entirely new and foreign form of writing. Our Committee, while sanctioning this tentative edition of these Gospels in the Hwa Miao Script, hope that before long it may be found possible to use some other form of writing. In addition to the principle stated above, your present difficulties in the way of getting the printing done, and also of getting proofs read, weighed largely with our Committee. We would like you to lay our point of view before Mr. Nicholls and urge him to reconsider the whole question. If it is absolutely impossible to use the roman letters (though we fail to see the impossibility) it has been asked whether the use of Burmese characters could not meet the need. I may say that this last suggestion was made by Dr. Grierson, the great authority on Oriental languages. We should like if you would pass it on to those concerned. . . . What our Committee do deprecate is that the books for these people should be printed in a character which, we understand, is in no sense their own, but has been invented by a foreign missionary. We do not question the ingenuity of the Script, but we do feel that if, in order to use the printed books, an unfamiliar character has to be taught to the reader, it would be far better to use for that purpose a character which would at the same time open the door of other literature to them. The fact that other missionaries working amongst the same people have found it necessary to print an edition in roman character just adds to the strength of our argument."¹

Without committing itself to any judgment upon the relative

¹ Dated London, January 18th, 1912.

merits of the Pollard Script and the method of romanisation adopted in Kweichow, but deciding the matter simply on the ground of immediate usefulness and expedience, the British and Foreign Bible Society Committee resolved to recommend that the publication of the remainder of the New Testament in Hwa Miao be editorially approved. Credit will undoubtedly be given to Pollard for thinking out the whole question with a view to rendering the largest assistance to the Miao. Having reached his conviction he held it tenaciously; the vehemence with which he discussed the matter was temperamental, and was not due to any resentment at criticism. He did not claim any great virtue for his invention, but, as he said, "it worked." When therefore, the British and Foreign Bible Society sanctioned the printing of the Miao Script for the whole New Testament, his heart overflowed with gratitude, and he wrote to Mr. Bondfield: "We are all deeply indebted to you for the great work your Society is doing for all peoples. Especially are we aborigine missionaries indebted to you. Our people lived not long ago in darkness. Books and a library were unknown to them. Many had never handled a sheet of writing-paper or a pen in their lives. The whole world was a very small place to them, lengthened out a little by imaginary over- and under-worlds where dwelt demons and fairies. Now on rough shelves in many rude and poverty-stricken homes you can find a bundle of books, tiny libraries, and in this bundle the chief books are those supplied for our people by your great Society. . . . The coming of St. Matthew's Gospel has meant a lot to the people. Fancy the Sermon on the Mount, known now for the first time! And that wonderful invitation, 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary!' We are looking forward intensely to the time when the whole New Testament will be opened to our people."

As regards the nature of his task let us turn to his Journal. "February 5th, 1906, I stayed on all the week translating St. Mark into Miao. Yang Yah-koh [James] helped me. . . . It was very enjoyable work indeed. It was interesting to see how he took in the details of the stories. The one of the uncovering of the roof and letting the sick man down took his fancy very

much. The determination of the men—they would not be denied—they would have healing. They almost forced Jesus to cure the man. He realised, too, how Jesus was pressed by the crowd, and how trying it all was. No wonder He longed for a little quiet. It was natural that the people should wish to be healed, but they showed no consideration whatever for the comfort of Jesus.”

“ July 5th, 1907. Yah-koh and I did the ninth and tenth of St. John. The story of the blind man was delightful. Yah-koh laughed heartily again and again at the way the man showed that he was more than a match for all the people who bothered him. I wished I could tell this story as it appeared to James. I enjoyed the work very much.”

“ James (=Yah-koh) and I are working hard every day translating St. John. We have got to the end of the eighteenth chapter to-day. I enjoy the work intensely. The picture of Jesus, as He appears to one who carefully and slowly reads the Gospel, is wonderful. My heart sometimes is full of amazement at our glorious Jesus. What a gentleman He was ! What a hero ! How tender ! What a match for all His bitter enemies ! ”

“ When translating the passage describing how Jesus took a child into His arms and used him as a text to teach the disciples from, my Miao assistant pressed me to add the word ‘ kissed ’ to the translation. I said it was not there. My friend said : ‘ It must be there : Jesus must have kissed the little one ; He could not have helped it. “ And when He had taken him in His arms and kissed him,” He said,’ so would my friend have rendered the verse.”¹

Pollard delighted in the unexpected turns and adaptations of Christ’s parables in the preaching of this original Miao ; writing on May 25th, 1913, Pollard gives an instance : “ James was speaking on the treasure hidden in the field : the idea, he said, did not appeal to the Miao, for such never came their way. They cannot buy land from the Tu-muh : therefore he would change the figure . . . and call it the parable of the Musk Deer. If a Miao were out and saw a musk deer anywhere, he would leave

¹ “ The Story of the Miao,” p. 117.

all and go off to hunt and capture it. He thought of the valuable musk worth twenty taels. He would prepare his sandals, his food, and leave home, fields, crops, and work, and bend all his energies to the capture of the valuable prize. So for the Gospel of Jesus we should leave everything, for it is the greatest prize of all."

Occasionally the translator was at a loss to find proper Miao equivalents for certain words. "In our version of the Lord's Prayer, instead of the words 'Thy Kingdom come' we have 'Thy Heavenly Home come.' None of the Miao ever remembered a time when they had a kingdom, and no one knew the Miao word for such an idea. . . . We were baffled also by the word 'Comforter'—'Paraclete.' At last one day Yah-koh came to me saying he would not be able to study that day, as in a village over the other side of the hills a woman had lost her little child, and he was going to the home to 'get the heart of the parent around the corners.' . . . Questionings and explanations proved that the prize was indeed ours. Eureka! . . . I found out from my Miao friend that the word to 'comfort' might be rendered 'to get the heart around the corners.'

"One finds there is a way out of most of these difficulties; if one is patient enough and hunts long enough the word one wants, or a fairly good equivalent is usually forthcoming. The man in dazzling clothing who appeared to Cornelius becomes the man whose dress 'sparkled like bubbling waters.' Paul advising Timothy to be courteous to everyone is rendered 'to treat all men with smiles,' and the charge to keep a clean conscience becomes 'Don't rot away the white part of your heart.'"¹

When sending the manuscript of the Acts of the Apostles to The Bible Society agent at Shanghai in May, 1914, Pollard wrote: "With the efficient aid of the best Miao teacher we have, I first went carefully through the whole book, using Greek, English, and the Chinese revised versions of the text. Then the book was carefully copied out and sent to Wu-ting-chow, where Mr. Nicholls and his Miao teachers revised what had been done. When the MS. was returned to me I chose other Miao teachers and again went through the translation. Then I carefully copied

¹ *The Christian World*, November 6th, 1913.

the manuscript again and gave it to two teachers to correct. Finally, I have been through their corrections and now send the result to you. Headings of paragraphs have been inserted as formerly ; but no explanations of any kind have been inscribed." Pollard had enjoyed the task, and in the midst of it had written to a friend : " Here in the little room, with the door-window open, we sit two or three of us working away at the old, deeply interesting story. To-day it has been Saul's journey to Damascus and back. One has perforce to go very slowly and so the beauty of the chapters dawns on one. It is a picture to watch one's companion as he follows the hero setting off with a heart full of hatred and jealous patriotism, the all-powerful writ in his pocket, and in his heart a vision of the change he is about to work in the Jesus communities of the great Syrian city. It must have been grand to have felt like a great charge of thunder ready to burst and blast with devastating power. Then came the lightning changes. The flash by the roadside ! The days of blindness ! The timid Ananias ! The changed hero ! The watching at the gates while the hunted one was sitting in a big basket and giving his enemies the slip over the wall ! He wondered how long those men kept the gates. Then the return to the starting-place, not to the schools of the distressed Pharisees, but to the houses of those whom he had set out to kill. It is a wonderful story to those who sympathetically hear it for the first time, and has enough plot in it to make a great novel."

Perhaps for the first time Pollard realised all that centuries of moral and religious training had done for the Jews in preparing the foundation on which could be built up the mighty spiritual conceptions of the New Testament. The Miao had no such preparation for the Gospel. Christianity had to create the ideas in their minds and spiritualise the words chosen to express them. Into this grand task Pollard put his whole strength of heart and brain, and again and again we read his earnest longing that he may be spared to complete his translation of the New Testament.

His letter dated September 5th, 1915, probably the last he ever wrote, was in acknowledgment of a consignment of the " Acts " from the British and Foreign Bible Society : " A day or two ago

there arrived here among the hills two packages of the ' Acts ' in Hwa Miao. We are all charmed with the appearance of the book. We feel deep gratitude to your noble Society for its deeds of love and mercy which encircle the whole world. In a year when the claims on you are so great, and when the warring soldiers are giving their lives as sacrifices for various motherlands, and all are looking to you for some help and strength to enable them to face the terrible risks, you have time and heart big enough to care for the tribesmen of West China's hills whose great fight is against hunger and disease. Under the sheltering wing of the Bible Society, not only do the Russians and Galicians, Prussians and Poles find some refuge, but Miao and Kop'u, Li-Su and Laka, can also feel the fact that the Bible Society thinks of them and loves them. We all thank you very much for all the Society is doing for these people. Undoubtedly the Miao ' Acts ' is the best thing you have done for them ; and now our people will be able to read the stories some of them have longed to read. Is it not wonderful that the first books these people are getting are the books of Jesus ? That makes me glad and thankful to you all, and to the Master who is at the back of your great Society—nay, in its very heart."

To Pollard belongs the honour of being the first to begin the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Miao tongue. His intense longing to finish his translation of the New Testament was realised, and his beloved colleague, the Rev. W. H. Hudspeth, took the MS. to the Bible Society house at Shanghai after Pollard had entered into rest. It seemed a fitting expression of loyalty to Pollard's memory that his young pupil and friend should proceed to Yokohama to read the proofs as they came from the printing-house. Early in his missionary career Pollard had expressed the opinion that every idea could be translated into other languages, but his work of preparing the Gospels for the Miao disillusioned him. Still, whatever the faults in the " letter " of his Miao New Testament, he succeeded in conveying to the tribesmen the Spirit of Christ. Pollard cordially agreed with De Quincey that " the great ideas of the Bible protect themselves. The heavenly truths, by their own imperishableness, defeat the

mortality of languages with which for a moment they are associated."

CHAPTER VI

In the Year of the Revolution

POLLARD's letters in 1911 show that he was vaguely aware of the highly charged state of the political atmosphere throughout the Empire, but he had no anticipation of the great events that were impending when he started, on September 12th, 1911, to cross Yunnan to meet Mrs. Pollard at Haiphong. Before he could tear himself away he felt constrained to pay another visit to Ta-ping-tsi, where he had been beaten. At this place the Christians were building "one of the nicest chapels in Yunnan." On the Sunday two hundred and fifty persons assembled in the unfinished structure for worship and teaching, and he had the joy of administering baptism to twenty-three new members. In the audience were the son and daughter of the headman at Ha-lee-mee who, four years before, had betrayed him to his enemies. He returned to Chaotong on September 18th and started his long journey on the following morning. He was buoyed up with the expectation of meeting his wife, and cheered by the news that his eldest son had won the general proficiency scholarship in his school.

At Kan-lo he saw the baby chapel of the Miao Mission, the walls of which the poor people had plastered with their own hands without tools. Each of the four windows was about a foot square. He spent a week-end at "Long Sea" and then journeyed on to Ch'a-si-ho, where he was touched by the friendliness of the people. He was amused when the innkeeper's cow made a partial entry into his room; but confessed that he was irritated when the cock which was roosting beneath his bedstead began to crow lustily and the hens to cluck in sympathy. After a few days he came to Hong K'a: here he found an old lady in a disturbed state of mind. She had given a house to the church on the understanding that she should receive her burial outfit.

The missionary had sent her a red box with two quilts—one to put under her body when she died and one to cover her. The quilts were faced with velvet, wadded and lined inside with yellow material. She was chagrined, however, by the omission to send the burial clothes with the quilts. Pollard comforted her with the promise that he would persuade the Church to send the garments she wanted.

On Monday, October 2nd, he started with Mr. Hudspeth for Loh-in-shan, where they administered baptism to thirty-nine catechumens. After the service Pollard had a long talk with members of the Kop'u tribe: eleven of them had come from a village sixty li away to ask him to visit them. One of the Kop'u visitors proudly exhibited a book in the Miao script which Pollard had got out for converts. On Friday, October 5th, the two friends bade each other farewell, all unwitting of the great events which would transpire before they met again.

Leaving Loh-in-shan Pollard crossed the lower slopes of a mountain nearly twelve thousand feet high. For two hours the party climbed in mud through a sort of jungle. As they passed along they saw hundreds of leeches swaying on twigs and grasses, uncannily waving their long bodies about until they could lay hold of something, biting the bare legs and the feet of the men, so that the coolies had to beat the bushes and grasses with their sticks. Pollard was delighted with the profusion of edelweiss. "The young flowers," he says, "were just coming out, and this is one of the finest sights we ever get among the multitude of flowers which adorn the hills of West China. The full blooms were beautiful and the young gossamer star flowers were exquisite in loveliness. I have never seen the flower looking so fine as we saw it on the hill of the leeches."

Emerging from the jungle they came to a narrow ridge overlooking a magnificent valley and here they halted for lunch. In this district the people sometimes lure deer within shooting range by making a squeaking sound with grass which is said to resemble the cry of a fawn. Yangchi had just been indulging them with this sharp, shrill music when suddenly four cream-coloured wolves came over the slope. Pollard and his men took cover,

some bleating like sheep, others imitating the cry of deer. The decoy appeared as if it would succeed, but soon the old wolves showed they had sensed danger by the lift of their heads, and in a moment they had turned and were bounding towards the valley.

That evening Pollard reached Kan-i and was entertained by a Kop'u family. Their language was very nearly the same as the speech of the Heh-i, a branch of the No-Su tribe at Weining. The guests were supplied with a meal of buckwheat cakes and sliced melon. The room was soon crowded with neighbours who came to see and hear the teacher. "Excluding English we had three languages and an extra dialect between us. . . . We did, however, the best we could, sometimes using one language and sometimes another. We kept on preaching till eleven o'clock : our audience would have stayed up all night. . . . A great problem faced us—all the aborigines of West China are noted for drunkenness : amongst these spirit-drinkers some give the Kop'u the first place. They are also reputed to be recklessly immoral. They have no literature. They know very little Chinese. Drunken, illiterate, immoral ! Is it an easy task to save such ? "

On the road the next day they were met and welcomed by successive groups of Miao and Kop'u. When the Miao girls saw their own evangelist Yangchi they clapped their hands and danced with gladness. Pollard was pleased to see how his pupil had won the hearts of these simple people. One of the beautiful things in Pollard's ministry was his power to mould men to his own pattern. Of Yangchi he wrote : " He is a good, patient, loving brother, and I always feel safe and happy when he is with me. He will deny himself for the sake of others and smile while he does it, as though someone were doing him a kindness."

By the time they reached Ta-shui-ting, Pollard had an escort of about a hundred people. " Best of all," he says, " was the brotherly smile and hearty handshake from the Australian Methodist missionary, the Rev. A. Nicholls. He looked just the same as when I saw him last, signs of self-sacrifice and arduous toil all over him. I think his brave mother would open her eyes wide were I to tell all I know of her son who lives to win these

people to Christ. . . . At Ta-shui-ting the pulpit was like a rude cattle-pen ; inside sat the missionaries and in front of them was an altar—two flat stones upon which the pine wood was burned to light the chapel. It was significant that these people who had wallowed in immoral orgies preferred above all other hymns ‘ There is a fountain filled with blood.’ The Communion service symbols of coarse buckwheat bread and cups of tea carried our thoughts back to the first institution of the fellowship of Jesus on the night of His betrayal. How strange that these men—many of whom had tattooed their foreheads and lips with dots to prevent them from turning into monkeys at death—had come to catch glimpses of the Holy Grail ! ”

On the following day Pollard was introduced to Wang Fu, a young aboriginal maiden who had become a Christian. It had seemed strange to her pastor that this fine healthy girl should have refused suitor after suitor, but at last he found out that she had fallen in love with a youth of eighteen and was waiting another year to marry him. Meanwhile she was going to Sa-pu-shan, to take a course of Bible study. As she walked along the rough muddy roads, shoeless and hatless, she was the life of the whole party. “ Nobody,” says Pollard, “ could feel downhearted while she marched at our head and talked to us. She was a match in repartee for the best : her laugh was like the splashing of a waterfall in bright sunlight : her smile was like that of Minnehaha, and her good temper was so contagious that the men forgot their burdens and soon got over the muddy, slippery roads.”

Upon reaching Sa-pu-shan, his Australian host provided Pollard with a bath and a complete set of clean Chinese clothing. Three hundred of the tribes-people arrived at this station on the same evening for their annual Bible school. On Sunday, October 15th, Pollard preached and administered the Sacrament. Next evening James, the Miao evangelist, gave a farewell address. “ All day,” he said, “ I have been talking to you about the Cross, to-night I shall speak again of the Cross. The moon and the planets are shining in yonder sky ; but it is not their own light they shed ; it is light from the sun. We have a little light,

but it is not ours ; it is the light of God shining on us. We ought to make the Cross our badge (*Chao pa'i*). It must always be on our heads that men may see it, and always in our hearts : I do not mean the Cross of wood, for that has no power ; but I mean the principle of the Cross of Christ—that must always be in our hearts.”

They left Sa-pu-shan on October 11th to go to the capital. The air was rife with rumours of revolution in China and of war between Turkey and Italy. He observed several mounds of fir cones along the roads ready for burning as flare-signals. At the village where he halted for the night eighty people gathered from seven hamlets to listen to his teaching. It was a quaint assembly ; one woman was manifestly absorbed in her baby and oblivious to all that Pollard was saying ; while his discourse was proceeding a tiny child slipped off her clothes and lay down on a sheepskin and was soon asleep. Unembarrassed by these things Pollard continued to instruct those who showed themselves eager to learn. The Li-Su people of this district a few years before had been immersed in the worst phases of heathenism and none of them could read. Now they were worshipping God and reading the Gospels. The evangelist, one of Pollard's first converts, taught the people a hymn which he had composed and which they sung to the tune of “ I have a Saviour.” This man had been a great hunter and now he was a hunter of men. “ Give James half a chance to get into a non-believing village and he will not lose his opportunity. I wonder what would happen to the world if all Christians were keen hunters after souls, watching, pursuing, eager, taking advantage of every opportunity, keeping on and on, and never giving up until the wonderful game is captured. James and I are working hard every day at our translation of the New Testament.”

Arriving at Yunnan Fu on October 21st they found the north gate shut on account of the incessant rains. The city was full of rumours, but no one showed unfriendliness towards the foreigners. Once again Pollard surrendered himself to the charm of Yunnan Fu and wished that they had a mission established there. “ What a grand centre for the United Methodists to resume work in !

All the great forces of modern life and some of the powers of civilisation are making themselves felt here. There are numerous institutions for the study of Western subjects—military, agricultural, mining, silk culture, and normal colleges. . . . Thousands of the best young fellows of the province gather here in this centre and are almost untouched by Christianity.”

Many were the improvements that had been made in the capital since he lived there—a fine general Post Office had been added, a railway constructed, and the telegraph and electric light installed. He went to an exhibition of school products, and in connection with it was a museum where were regal robes, shoes, hats, coats of mail, Wu-san-Kua’s marble table and picture of his wife, paper flowers, expensive vases, stuffed birds, a huge turtle, Japanese pictures of the war with Russia, coarse drawings of the aborigines; besides, there were an art gallery of Chinese paintings and a reading-room: in fact, here were the things which threw into bold contrast the old China and the new.

“Another thing I saw outside the south gate: on a vacant piece of ground a large number of soldiers were drilling. They were dressed in the latest military style and were artillerymen. They were practising with a large battery of quickfirers from Krupp’s works. . . . If these men prove loyal and ammunition is plentiful they could sweep any street rising and make it a desperate venture for revolutionaries. But will they prove loyal? . . . The killing forces are well to the fore; when are the churches going to wake up to the duty of evangelising the whole world?”

On October 27th Pollard was up at five o’clock to prepare for his journey; as he was wont to do he observed the positions of the stars and planets. “Venus,” he says, “was like a small sun; Mars and Saturn were brilliant; Sirius and Canopus were very clear. Not far above the horizon away in the west, a little below Venus, was a comet—where last year we saw Halley’s Comet. This will mean a lot to the revolutionaries and may be worth five army corps to them. Every Manchu will quake at the sight of that comet. . . . The masses will believe that the comet is Heaven’s

messenger of change. The very stars will fight in their courses against the Manchus."

He caught the train to Ch'en Kong forty li away and there had to get out, as the railway was unfinished, and ride on his horse for several days' stages. Describing this part of his journey he says : "After leaving Kiangch'uan we came to a beautiful lake, and for some hours rode along its banks : it was like being home again : gently the waves beat on the shore ; the sunlight kissed the waters, slowly, persistently the boatmen dipped their oars and away in the middle a great flock of birds watched for fish."

When they reached the railway station at Po-si, they heard that on Monday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the soldiers of General Tsai Piao-Tong had risen in rebellion at Yunnan Fu. Pollard went on to A-mi-chow, where he left his two Miao friends, Yah-koh and Ma-ko. "I hope they will be at A-mi-chow when I return ; but I am not sure, and this uncertainty made the parting in the early morning a very trying one. . . . God bless those dear fellows ! I hope I shall see them again. . . . After leaving A-mi-chow we began our great journey from the tableland of Yunnan to the banks of the Red River—one of the most remarkable journeys it is possible to take in the whole world. Down and down, in and out twisted and turned that strong little engine driven by trained Annamites. At one place just across the valley, and below us, we could see a station which we were to pass : it took us thirty minutes to reach that station although it only seemed a long stone's-throw away. To reach it much twisting, winding, and tunnelling had to be done. . . . Just at dark the train slowed down at Hokow, the border town. Then a few puffs and a bridge was crossed, and we were on French territory at last. . . . In front were wide streets, electric light, settled government, polite Frenchmen, clean hotels, Western civilisation. Behind were muddy roads, dirty inns, ignorant people, uncertainty, revolution. But my heart was behind, away in the highlands of Yunnan !"

On Thursday, November 9th, he bade good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Owen Stevenson who had travelled with him from Yunnan Fu to Haiphong, and shortly afterwards he had the joy of meeting

his wife, his little son, Ernest, and his fellow-missionary Mr. Evans. Next day they entrained for Po-si and arrived there on Monday, November 13th. Three weeks before when Pollard was walking to a Sunday service in Yunnan Fu, he was stopped by the procession of the all-powerful viceroy, Li-Ching-Hsi, nephew of the late Li Hung Chang. Pollard had often thought of this mandarin's almost regal powers in Western China, for his sway had made missionary work at Yunnan Fu almost as hard as it would be at Constantinople, or Khartum. And now he sat in his sedan chair—placid and sphinx-like, apparently possessing absolute control over the lives of millions. Yet eight days later, on the afternoon of Monday, October 30th, the anti-Christian viceroy was sentenced to banishment.

Then came the strange part in the eventful drama : Yunnan was proclaimed a republic, and the leader of the revolt, General Tsai, was declared President. It appeared as if at that stage it was part of the revolutionary plan that each province was to have its own legislature, thus forming a miniature state which was to be incorporated in the United States of China. Only three weeks had passed and Pollard saw the viceroy again—a prisoner and escorted out of the province by republican soldiers. He was waiting at the station hotel at Po-si. "I saw," says Pollard, "a little boy with a partly shaven head and no queue come out with a servant—it was the youngest son of the once powerful viceroy. The secretary of Li-Ching-Hsi, sat disconsolately at a table in view of a crowd of people. The viceroy had been brought in a shabby sedan-chair. He wore an ordinary long gown without the jacket which every scholar wears when properly dressed. His queue had been cut off and his locks fell untidily over his neck. As he left his rickety chair and went into the shanty which was called the 'Station Hotel,' no one showed him respect. . . . Grimly, silently, the young revolutionary officers, with an absence of all arrogance, went about their duties. One of them had an especially hard face which made one think that he would have had no hesitation in using his revolver on anyone who might stand in his way. . . . Presently the train was ready to start. Li came out and walked slowly across the line. No one bowed or

paid him reverence. No one wished him a prosperous journey. One of my companions whispered 'Wolsey,' and that one word seemed to sum up the situation. The ex-vice-roy and his family took their seats in one compartment, and in the next sat the young men with revolvers. The escort of soldiers was accommodated in a fourth-class carriage. In 1900 this viceroy instigated a riot and burnt the foreigners' houses at Yunnan Fu and the guests of the Chinese Empire were then escorted by soldiers to Laokai. As he sent them out so went he out to-day—a broken, crestfallen man."

Nearly every house at Po-si—Mohammedan and Chinese—hung out its little flag with the magic character "Han"—the name of the most popular dynasty in China's history; the Chinese always styled themselves "the men of Han."

The coolies who had brought down the viceroy's luggage were engaged to carry the Pollards' impedimenta up to the capital. With them travelled Mr. and Mrs. Hanna and Miss Katie Graham of the China Inland Mission. There were places where the railway was still out of repair, where the travellers had to debouch, but all the way great kindness was shown to them. "It was a new, free China, friendly to foreigners." They were not permitted to enter the city of Kiangch'uan, because the gates were shut to prevent a hated official of the old régime from escaping. On Saturday, November 18th, they came to a station thirteen miles from Yunnan Fu, and caught a morning train. But when they reached the city Pollard was met by a messenger from the British Consul-General with an order to go back. Their hopes of proceeding northward were crushed: they could only return to A-mi-chow and hold themselves in readiness to cross over into French territory at a moment's notice. The foreigners were guarded by an escort of five hundred soldiers; but when the news came that rioters were on their way to A-mi-chow from Mengtsi, the officials feared lest the soldiers might refuse to obey orders, and Pollard's party were forced to proceed to Laokai and then to Haiphong. After staying at this place for five days Pollard took a house at Doson, a seaside town about thirteen miles distant, where he and his friends stayed for about two and a

half months, during which time he was consumed with desire to get back again to his work among the Miao.

CHAPTER VII

The Day

POLLARD and his party arrived at Doson on Tuesday, December 12th, 1911, and took up their residence at a house facing the sea. With its miles of firm, clean sands and facilities for bathing, the town has become the summer resort for the French residents at Haiphong and Hanoi. Opposite this watering-place is the famous bay of A-Long with its curious rocks which rise out of the water in all kinds of fantastic shapes.

On the 27th of January, 1912, he made the following entry in his Journal: "Twenty-five years ago Frank and I left England for China. What mercies God has given us in this quarter of a century! How little I have really done for Him who has done so much for me! It was worth coming. I would do it again if I had to go over it once more. The end of twenty-five years finds us out in China—exiles in Tongking by the ocean again. . . . Broch, Russell, Darroch, Folke, Dymond, and Pollard. The Lord has blessed us. Thank Him sincerely."

While here the good news came that his eldest son, now seventeen years of age, had won a scholarship for Trinity College, Cambridge. His father rejoiced and looked upon it as an answer to many prayers.

Pollard and Dymond left Doson on February 28th, but the consul refused permission for the ladies to travel for another sixteen days. They reached Yunnan Fu to find the streets crowded with excited people; a lantern festival was to be held that evening in honour of Yuan-Shih-Ka'i, the new President of the Republic. On Sunday, March 3rd, Pollard and Dymond attended the great State function celebrating the establishment of the first Chinese Republic. Among the guests were French,

Japanese, English, Americans, and Norwegians. "General Tsai, the governor of the province, is young, clean-shaven, and short; he talks French, Japanese, and a little English. The reception was held in the open under an awning of fir branches. The Governor stood under a canopy put up especially for him. The programme took two hours; band music and addresses. Women of the Red Cross were there." In the afternoon they met at the Y.M.C.A. which had been started at Yunnan Fu by General Tsai's secretary, Mr. Tong. Pollard imagined that this influential Christian was an aborigine as he was able to speak the Min Kia language. He told Pollard that the stripe in the new flag of the Republic for Tibet signified the inclusion of all aborigines. He said in a public address that he wanted the spirit of Jesus—the spirit of self-sacrifice—enthroned in the hearts of all the adherents of the Young China Party. "In the evening there was a great procession of scholars all carrying small paper lanterns with the five colours of the flag on them. It looked like a long rainbow. A band was playing and the children were singing. There were also Mohammedan children with Arabic badges on their clothes."

General Tsai was in favour of the Christian religion, and his secretary told the missionaries that he was presenting the Temple of Literature for the use of the Y.M.C.A. "Years ago," says Pollard, "I was there, a stranger among strangers, preaching and selling books. What does it all mean? May the Lord purify our hearts and make us full of faith! One of our Chinese newspapers came out the other day with an article in favour of Christianity, ending with these words: 'From this we can divine that the church of Christ is going to prosper!'"

It was the day of the iconoclasts. Pollard and Dymond visited the Temple of Hell and saw the mud of the idols turned into bricks by a gang of convicts. "The empty altars looked strange as did also the great gaps where formerly the gods had stood." Pollard had changed since the time when he so unsparingly denounced idolatry, for he now queries: "Do they not know that the temples express the loneliness and misery of the people, and that to these places they come for help and pity? If they remove these gods

and give them nothing else the people will be worse off than before."

"How I wish," he writes on February 22nd, 1912, "we had Yunnan Fu opened [to our Mission]. It is one of the finest centres in all West China and it is the largest city in the district. . . . It will be the meeting-place of four great railway lines—one from Tongking already constructed, one from Burma, another from Canton, and the fourth from Szechuen. It is the educational centre for a district larger than the British Isles. . . . The young men of that place need our Mission, and no British Mission can do better than our United Methodist Mission could. There is no place equal to it in opportunity; it is without doubt the most needful centre in all our China Missions and it is our duty to open it."

In another letter dated Yunnan Fu, 10th of March, 1912, he writes: "We called on the Consul-General the Monday after our arrival and after some talk he gave us his consent to send for the ladies, permitting them to go with us as far as Tungch'uan. . . . In the meantime we are holding daily services in connection with the Y.M.C.A. in a hired hall, and these services have gone well. . . . To-day a great gathering was held in the same hall and it was full. Two galleries were full of women and girls, some of whom were dressed in semi-European fashion with hair done *à la* Japanese, and also having unbound feet. Governor-General Tsai and some of his chief men attended, and there were gentry of the district, editors, military officers, and many students. The Governor-General gave the first address and referred over and over again to the religion of Jesus in the friendliest and most sympathetic terms. Then a Mr. Chen spoke for fifty minutes and gave a very crude address with theology all awry, but with an intense desire for China to adopt a religion with God in the first place and none of the old idol worship. . . . Then Frank spoke. He woke up the audience at once. The Governor-General who sat near me leaned forward and took in with great interest all that was said. The meeting lasted three hours. Two ladies who had been in Japan sang a duet. In the old days this could never have happened.

"All the small temples about the streets have been destroyed. . . . The daily papers have had articles favourable to Christianity. Now is the chance of a lifetime ! The old days have gone ! Temples destroyed ! Idols overthrown ! Officials favourable to our work ! A Viceroy (or the Republican equivalent) speaking favourably of Christianity on the same platform as your two missionaries ! . . .

"What are we to do ? As the result largely of Christian teaching in many places this state of affairs has arisen. Are we now to leave the people to go on alone evolving possibly a religion akin to Mohammedanism ? . . .

"Unless Christianity be given to these people now, there may soon be such a reaction against this idol destruction as will overwhelm us all."

In another letter, dated March 22nd, he says : "The opportunity here at Yunnan Fu seems more exciting, fascinating, and imperative than ever. Frank ought to be stationed here. . . . Oh that you could send us the longed-for word ! Can anyone do the work better than your men ? Frank knows the province : he has the language as not one missionary in fifty has it. He has the ear of the people ; and he is keen for the work. The people would like him. At a meeting of the young men composing the Y.M.C.A. (native) they all held up their hands expressing a wish that he would come here. . . . I do not think that Wen-chow, Ningpo, Tientsin, Yongshan, Chaotong, or Tungch'uan, can present such a great, fascinating, yet terrible opportunity as Yunnan Fu does. Why in this hour of awful need are our home friends failing us ? Why are they losing faith in the Christ Whom these people so need and must have and shall have ?"

At one of the Y.M.C.A. meetings Pollard said : "Formerly men kotowed to the idols : now the idols are kotowing to men." His Chinese friend, Stephen Lee, says : "In his speech, Mr. Pollard was always able to use appropriate figures and to make arresting points." He would use current events to lay hold of men's minds, but his message was applicable to all times. Those who listened to him were delighted at his wit and sagacity : none ever went to sleep while he addressed them. . . . In denouncing

the opium habit he contended that while "men think they eat opium, it is really the opium that eats men." Pollard's imagination was captivated by the magnificent opening presented in the city of Yunnan Fu, and he would have rejoiced if Dymond could have been appointed to open a mission there.

When Pollard and Dymond found that it was impossible to appoint a foreigner to work for the Mission in the capital they decided to send Mr. Stephen Lee to try to maintain the interest evinced by the young Chinese in Christian teaching. After six months Pollard wrote: "Mr. Lee is undoubtedly working very hard and doing some good. No one out here is pursuing a dog-in-the-manger policy. We have made efforts to induce the Canadian Methodists and the Y.M.C.A. to open up work. We shall rejoice if the 'Primitives' come. Whatever may be your policy at home we here are anxious to see Yunnan Fu thoroughly evangelised. It is the finest opportunity in all our China missions, but also the most difficult, and probably the most expensive."

Mrs. Pollard and Ernest, the youngest son, reached Yunnan Fu on March 16th, but they were not allowed to proceed farther for another three weeks. On April 1st they were permitted to start for Tungch'uan, and great was their joy some days later to meet two Miao evangelists who had come out to welcome them—bringing milk and biscuits. Two miles from the city they were met by a great number of Chinese friends bearing four banners. The following Sunday, April 7th, was Easter Day, and two hundred and fifty communicants assembled at the Communion service. Writing from the Mission house in this city he says: "Mr. Evans is bravely toiling away trying to overtake all the work that crowds on him. The Christians are in good heart. The Sunday services are well attended and at the five out-stations there is much to thank God for."

In a letter written from Tungch'uan on April 7th, Pollard says: "I consider that the past year is in many ways the best we have had for a long time. We could have done much more had we better plant and more assistance. There have been signs that now is our great day of opportunity. The indifference of

the people has given way in some places to a spirit of friendliness and inquiry. . . .

"The Chinese section of course stands at the head of all the work. Brilliant success among the aborigines would not make up for loss among the leading race in the country. It is, therefore, a great source of joy to us all to know that the Chinese work is healthier than ever it has been before. Great crowds attend the services at Chaotong, and were the chapel there twice as large, it could be easily filled. . . . Preparations are being made for such a building and the Chinese have given liberally towards paying for the site which has been purchased next door to our present premises.

"The Chinese work in the north is as unsatisfactory as ever, and in my opinion we should cease to attempt what naturally could more easily be done by the mission at Sui Fu. . . . It is wiser for us to do the work which we can readily do. With the opening of the railway to Yunnan Fu our natural line of development lies in that direction, and right down to the borders of Szechuen where are many strong and vigorous missions."

"During the year I had the privilege of spending a fortnight with Mr. Mylne among the No-Su and am more than ever convinced of the great opportunity we have there. Thousands of people want us and before long scores of chapels will be built. . . .

"Several new chapels have been erected by the Miao during the year and more than two hundred have been baptized. During the enforced exile of their pastor the native preachers have done noble work in keeping things together and preventing the spread of panic."

"A larger number of scholars have attended the different schools of the Mission than ever before. . . . We shall soon have a thousand boys and girls under our tuition. . . . Our difficulty all over the Mission has been to obtain good teachers. The government pays high salaries to their men and that naturally attracts most of the best men."

A little later when all reports of the work had been given at the Annual Meeting he says: "A good step was taken towards

unifying the schools. Our schools are becoming increasingly useful. Possibly we shall have fifteen hundred young people under daily instruction this year. It seems as if we shall soon be the largest of our four Missions in China. If you will only open Yunnan Fu and send us a Redfern, or a Chapman—with a college like theirs we should become a great power in the whole of West China.”

“Next week we shall send four Miao preachers to evangelise the Kop’u in the Tungch’uan district, and two Miao to help the China Inland Mission at Wuting. I am also making the experiment of sending two Miao colporteurs to sell Scriptures at Chinese markets in our district.”

“The executive meetings went off well and several good pieces of work were done. The District Meeting, at which the native delegates were three times as many as the foreigners, was a great success. The men did well and there is a bright outlook for the future. The stationing committee was composed of three Chinese and one foreigner, and nearly all its suggested appointments were accepted loyally. This was a great improvement on the old style, and was far more acceptable to the native preachers.”

He was greatly concerned at this time that nothing should be done to disturb the unity of the Miao work. It had become plain to him that it would be far better to depend upon the assistance of his native workers than to divide his vast parish between himself and another foreigner who might differ from him on matters of policy and method. It was not that he feared rivalry, but he dreaded the effects of such division upon the Miao church. The Mission had reached a stage of development, so he believed, when the whole future consolidation and extension of the movement depended for its success upon supreme authority being vested in one superintendent. He felt that he was the natural head of the Miao section of the Mission, and he reiterated his appeals to the Committee to secure him in this position.

He took great interest in the progress of the young Miao preachers whom he trained. On the 9th of June he heard Mr. Chang preach at Shih-men-k’an to four hundred and fifty people on the parable of the Mustard Seed. “He made two points

which were new to me. . . . He referred to the common practice of hoeing and weeding the Indian corn without which it would never come to perfection. But whoever thinks of hoeing, or weeding the mustard seed? When it takes root it has power in itself to grow in spite of all obstacles. So, said the young tribesman, there is no need for fussy interference, or anxiety, as to the growth of the Kingdom of God in the hearts of the people after it has once taken root there. It has power within itself to grow.

"The second point was, that after the mustard seed had once got really into the field, it was practically impossible to get it entirely out again. No matter how the crops might be varied, when the season came round again the mustard plant would certainly make itself evident in some part or other. No amount of ploughing or rooting up will entirely eradicate the mustard. So, said the preacher, the persecutions we suffer and the troubles we endure cannot destroy the Kingdom of God within us."

Two Sundays later he heard Yang Yah-koh say that the soul is like the vowels, while the body is like the consonants. If there are no little vowels put with the big consonants, then the big consonants have no sound or meaning. So the soul must be associated with the body, or it will be unexpressed.

During September and October Pollard spent many weeks among the hills visiting the villages and markets, during which time he received four hundred members into the Church. He writes on November 11th, 1912: "I have just had two rounds among the Miao visiting a number of the churches and outlying villages. Some of the roads I went over beat all I have ever travelled on horseback before. Sometimes I had to do it on hands and feet and with difficulty then. In some places I found preachers and Christians working amidst discouragement and failure, but on the whole there was an immense amount to rejoice over. I admitted new members nearly every day and the total for the first round was about two hundred. The harvest festival at Rice Ear Valley was a crowded occasion. The preacher there has done his work well. The Sunday after at Stone Gateway harvest festival Mr. Dymond was present. . . . Thirteen new members were baptized. On the following Sunday I was at

'Heaven-Born Bridge,' for another harvest festival. Great crowds again. I had to hold the service in the open air and all the forms were occupied by candidates for baptism who had passed their examination. In glorious sunshine with a soft south wind blowing I walked up and down the ranks, and one hundred and seventy-six times in succession I repeated the words so dear to an old missionary's heart : ' I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.' It was a glorious occasion. Not for several years have we had such an ingathering. Two days afterwards at another place I admitted thirty-eight more."

In another letter dated December 31st, 1912, he says : " Frank writes saying he baptized sixty-five Chinese on Christmas Day, making one hundred and seventeen for the year. Fancy that for dark Yunnan ! We have nearly reached the thousand for the year and shall apparently go beyond it before the March returns are made up. And there is a bright prospect for next year as well. Whenever you see old B.C's. tell them to watch the West China Mission and their hearts will rejoice. I feel that we are on the eve of great extensions the end of which cannot be foreseen."

Pollard held a preachers' conference in October which was attended by about fifty evangelists. " After some discussion they agreed not to recognise infant betrothals. If such are made they must be remade when the girls are seventeen and the boys nineteen years of age." At a quarterly meeting the Miao resolved to send four successful students to Peking University. In a letter dated December 31st, 1912, he tells the secretary : " I wrote Candlin a few weeks ago asking if there were any chance of our Miao boys being received into the Union College where he is at Peking. He wired back a reply which set all our Miao in a great excitement. Our men will be welcome on the same terms as the North China men. For about a hundred dollars a year (including travelling expenses) our Miao students can get a year's training in one of the best colleges in China. We talked it over and agreed that we would send four fellows at once and get the money from somewhere. The Miao are to give one hundred and twenty dollars a year towards the cost and Mr. Hudspeth and

I are to be responsible for the remainder. So that in four years' time at no expense to the Mission we hope to have four good tutors for our training school. They are fine young men who are going, although not so forward as Chinese students, as they began late and their studies are all in Chinese—a foreign language. But they work like Trojans and beat the ordinary Chinese students hollow for steady and persistent application." But this ambitious scheme for some reason had to be given up and instead several of the Miao students were sent to Chentu University.

Everything at this time seemed to compel attention to the amazing change in the attitude of the people—Chinese and aborigines—to the foreign teachers and the Christian religion. In November Pollard visited Chaotong to conduct a Chinese service in the enlarged chapel. Whilst walking through the city "Mr. Dymond pointed out to me a wonderful placard about the fire which destroyed fifty houses. The people at first thought they must worship the fire god ; but others persuaded them not to do so. The new Chent'ai told his predecessor that it was throwing money away when he gave five dollars for the worship of the fire spirit. The placard announced that for ten odd days they would confess their sins and pray at such and such a place to 'the True Spirit, the True Lord, the Only One, the Peerless, the Eternal God.' Who would have expected to see such a placard on Chaotong city gates? The Chent'ai here is very friendly with Mr. Dymond, and sends his daughter to Miss Squire's school."

The Christmas celebrations at Shih-men-k'an (1912) were attended by two thousand persons. It was a memorable day ; the sun shone gloriously and Pollard administered baptism in the open air admitting many new members. Among the notable guests were two Tu-muh who had been persecutors of the Christian Miao. On Christmas Eve the united schools went out over the hills with banners flying to welcome Mr. John Graham and Mr. Hudspeth. The chapel was illuminated with thirty little lamps. The Christmas morning was ushered in by a great prayer meeting. During the day a sale took place of the things

which the school girls had made under the instruction of Mrs. Pollard. One of the Tu-muh gave an order for eight jerseys. In the evening they had a dinner in Chinese style with eighteen tables. On Boxing Day the weather changed and the next morning they found thirteen inches of snow.

The older Christian Miao love to recall their first visits to Chaotong and, as lovers talk of their first meeting and first impressions, they delight to speak of those early days when they began to come under the spell of Jesus. "We were talking over this . . . and they told of the days when every village was moved and folk started tramping from everywhere. No one went to carry the news : it carried itself." Mr. Hudspeth asked Yoh-han why the folk went : he replied : "In those days the words 'Father' and 'Brother' went abroad, and these two words stirred the people wonderfully. It made one people of a scattered and disunited tribe. Yoh-han further said that when he first heard rumours of the power of Jesus to heal, his sister was very ill. He went outside his home, for he imagined that one must pray in the open air, and he cried aloud : 'If there be a Jesus of God, let Him be pleased to make my sister better.' Suddenly the groaning in the house stopped and Yoh-han thought that his sister must be dead, and felt almost afraid to re-enter. Upon going in, however, his astonishment was great, for his sister was sitting up and had already recovered her strength. This event changed Yoh-han's faith into a dominating life-force, and henceforth he believed in Jesus as Healer and Saviour."

CHAPTER VIII

Sunrise in the East

IN 1913 the Chinese nation had come to a great spiritual crisis. Pollard and his colleagues realised that, with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" a union of the various Methodist missions might accomplish untold, permanent good. Accordingly he formulated certain plans, not too ambitious but

thoroughly practicable, to achieve this splendid result. "Here," he wrote to the Missionary Secretary on February 4th, "is what I should like to see :—

"(a) Let the Primitive Methodists send an educationist, a doctor, and a preaching missionary to Yunnan Fu to work in connection with Mr. Dymond. The chief training-school of the Mission ought to be there, and it should be fed by the other schools at Chaotong, Shih-men-k'an, No-Su land, and Tungch'uan. (b) Let them also send a missionary to Chaotong to join in the aborigine work that they may feel that they have a share in this great work and be ready to push it in other parts of the province. A similar addition to the staff at Tungch'uan would be helpful. (c) As the way opens up start a new centre south or south-west of Yunnan Fu so that that great tract of country, so far unevangelised, could be reached. . . . Our China Inland Mission friends in Yunnan Fu and in the north and east among aborigines and Chinese are Methodists, English Wesleyans, Australian Methodists and Primitives. . . . By and by in Yunnan we can get a great Methodist Church known, please God, for its purity and missionary fire."

Just before Easter Pollard made another of his long preaching tours in the direction of Chang-hai-tsi: Mr. Hudspeth and a company of native workers travelled there by one route, Pollard's party went by another. It took four days to travel fifty miles and to visit all the villages where they had little communities of Christians. Ten years earlier there was neither chapel nor believer in the whole district; and now they passed ten chapels, in eight of which day schools were held, attended by hundreds of scholars. At Hmao-tsi-ka they were met by a score of girls who had come out to welcome the teacher. Pollard expresses the pleasure he felt in meeting them: "What wild attractive little fairies they are, knowing more about sheep and cattle and the open air than half the 'grown-ups' in England! With merry faces, infectious laughter and absolute fearlessness they soon make one feel 'at home.' A swift scamper down the hills in midst of a score of these pretty, noisy, half-clad children of the fir lands makes one forget all the difficult problems of the

missionary enterprise and all the grey hairs that will come where they are not wanted. These little ones make me feel very young and very happy." Farther down the valley the schoolboys were drawn up in two files with flags flying. A few years before they were wild and untaught ; but now they are disciplined and receive the longed-for visitor with military honours.

" It was Good Friday," says Pollard ; " the moon was full, and the skies were beautiful and the air so warm and bewitching, that it was resolved to hold the evening service out of doors on the drill-ground. Forms were brought out and a congregation of over a hundred was soon singing some of the old hymns. How much more pleasant it was to be out of doors, and the tragic story of Calvary lost nothing from being told there. It is an open-air story which was first told on the hillside."

On Sunday morning before the missionaries had risen, their bedroom was invaded by two little visitors, bringing a gift of a dozen Easter eggs. Suddenly the weather changed ; the warm spring sunshine gave place to a cold, piercing north wind. The chapel, however, was crowded and seventy-eight persons were received into the Church by baptism. At the evening services the decorum of worship was disturbed by the presence of two men of influence who had conceived the idea that it might be worth their while to join the Church. They took their seats on the platform and one of them asked Mr. Hudspeth when the " theatre " would begin. When a native preacher brought a basin of water for the baptism of other candidates, Mr. Wu went forward, smelt the water, and then took it up and drank some. He left enough, however, for the baptisms, and returning to his seat began to smoke. Amongst those received into the church were an old lady, an octogenarian, and a little girl of five who still received the breast.

His journey to Chang-hai-tsi had brought him into contact with many No-Su families. In his Journal he remarks : " The No-Su and the Chinese do not like each other ; but both combine to ill-treat the Miao. If an elder brother dies (without a son), his lands do not go to his brother, but one half of them is confiscated by the Tu-muh. They say at Long-Kai-tsi that all the

land reverts to the No-Su seigneur, and the survivor must go to pay court to him before he can inherit even a half. Evidently these feudal lords have been little emperors and tyrants, and it is time their rule came to an end." Another entry is: "The Leader (church leader) of the I-pien at Tseh-Choh is An-shi-nan. Now he has become a Christian all the I-pien will join us." "At Leng-tsi-ho a number of Chinese and I-pien came to the Miao service. I told them that I should be glad if all the different races would join the (same) church. They said they would be willing." Not only did Pollard dread the division of the Miao work, but he also advocated the union of No-Su and Miao Christians in common worship. The various races overlapped one another in this district, and unless they were joined in one church, they would have an excessive number of buildings and the missionaries would be making identical journeys to their separate little groups of Christians.

No doubt the question at issue was complicated to some extent by the relations of two unequal races—No-Su and Miao—in the Christian church. The No-Su were socially, and probably intellectually, superior to the Miao. But Pollard held that racial and social differences ought to be ignored in the Christian church. He loved the Miao and was sensitive to any reflection upon them. Others might be unable to see anything to admire in these downtrodden people; at best they seemed to them like big children, stupid and rather dirty. Pollard, on the other hand, saw in them fine qualities and delighted to speak of them. "At Hmao-na-chu," he writes, "I watched a girl weaving braid with coloured woollen threads. The pattern was the same both sides and the border was red: the groundwork white and the pattern blue. The long threads were stretched out as for the cloth in weaving and a part was tied around the waist to the girdle. Then the other was tied to one of her toes. This made the loom. The hanging threads which make the pattern were fixed on by themselves with a loop at the top. The lifting of this loop by the hand and the running of the fingers along the upper and lower threads made the space for the cross thread to be thrown over. This was thrown, pulled tight, and then the loop was lifted again in

the reverse way which opened up a second way for the cross threads. This braid is used as arm braids to loop up the sleeves, or as a girdle. There are many patterns and the girls are very smart at it." From this instance of ingenuity Pollard reasoned that people so meagrely furnished with machinery achieved marvellous results. He saw the good in them because he looked with sympathy, and under his tuition they had made quite astonishing progress.

Not only did he insist upon the necessity of regarding the whole aboriginal work—among both No-Su and Miao—as one, but he realised that the Chinese sections and the evangelisation of the aborigines were interdependent. While he devoted himself to the great task of dealing with the mass movement among the Miao, he was ready at any time to assist in attempts to capture the mind of the Chinese for Christianity, and gladly co-operated in a great mission at Chaotong.

Mr. Dymond, who was superintending the church at Chaotong, believed the time opportune for bold aggressive propaganda. The vast assemblies of people from time to time in the temples to witness the enacting of popular plays suggested to him that it would be a wise experiment to attempt a Christian demonstration on an unexampled scale. Through the friendly offices of certain merchants he secured the Kiangsi Guild temple for an eight days' mission. He invited Pollard to come into the city to assist in the contemplated venture. "The object of the mission was not merely to preach, but also to make a definite effort to win as many new converts as possible. Appeals were to be made day by day for decision, and those who made up their minds to become Christians were to be requested to sign papers giving their names and addresses."

Seats were taken from the chapel and placed in the auditorium of the temple. Big-lettered texts were hung around the balconies. The organ of the church was also carried there, and a choir of a hundred scholars—boys on one side and girls on the other—was trained. The mission was lavishly advertised and special invitations were sent to the prefect, to all the Government officials, civil and military, to the scholars, professors, police, and

merchants. The whole of Saturday was set apart for women's meetings.

On Sunday, April 13th, 1913, the missionaries preached about the mission, and then the church members were divided into ten bands and sent to various parts of the city to announce the meetings at the Kiangsi Guild theatre. On Monday at noon about fifteen hundred citizens assembled for the opening service. The choir gave immense delight ; the No-Su scholars sang with magnificent effect, and the sweetness of the girls' voices was admired. Pollard says : " Even great outside crowds hushed down and listened as the choir sang out songs which are strange to those who do not know Christ and His story. I stood in the courtyard at the back of the audience and listened to a pentatonic setting of ' All hail the power of Jesu's name.' It was thrilling and the surroundings made the thrill almost a miracle. Hanging down from the roof of the piazza were long, beautifully carved wooden scrolls in black and gold, and many large Chinese lanterns, on whose sides were painted poetical quotations or scenes from nature. The graceful temple roofs, with their many curves, were silhouetted against the deep blue sky, and looked like broken ranges of mountains from whose tops the southern winds had just blown away all the clouds. . . . The men who built the beautiful roofs of the temples and guild houses of West China must have been men who in old days had lovingly and sympathetically watched the hills and mountains in the sunshine after rain, or on moonless, starlit nights of winter."

At night the services were aided by the use of lights and lanterns. On the platform the lanterns were " of the usual pretty style with pictures and scenes painted on the hexagons. Red candles within gave out their light. Also a row of square red lamps around the three balconies. The platform in this profusion of lights looked like a bit of Oriental fairyland. Every now and again a man and a boy handed round tea to the assembled guests and speakers. . . . Nearly all the invitations to the prominent people of the city had been accepted, and as those distinguished guests came in they were welcomed by addresses from the missionaries, and in some instances replies were given. The

spokesman for the merchants told the people that it would be a fine thing if all the inhabitants of the city changed and became like the two missionaries who had for so many years been associated with Protestant mission work in this district.

"Hanging in front of the speakers were two large five-barred flags, with their message of unity and hope for all the races forming the great Republic. . . . The Dragon-flag meant despotism and idolatry. The five-barred flag means liberty and fair play for all. Hung all about these gracefully curved roofs are small bells, with wide, light tags hanging down from the tongue. As the wind blew the tags about, the tongues struck the sides of the bells, and from the hill-like roofs came sounds as of cattle on the mountain slopes. . . .

"When the native brethren got up one after another and begged the audience to accept Christ, there was joy in the hearts of the missionaries. I remember well how I went once into this temple when a great crowd was watching some theatricals. In the intervals I tried to sell Gospels and tracts, but the atmosphere was so unfriendly that I was glad to move out and go elsewhere. In the school and church work led by Mr. Dymond, in the medical work of Dr. Savin, and in Miss Squire's girls' school, the Chaotong mission is seeing great success. . . .

"What was the result of it all? In the eight days thirteen thousand people came, many merely from curiosity, but the majority stayed . . . and gave the preachers a good hearing. Those who wished to become 'learners of Christ' gave their names and the names of some persons who would recommend them. . . .

"The choir . . . no longer sings in the great temple, but the bells still ring out their messages of the wind and of the hills. The white clouds still rush by the shining moon, and the Kingdom of God gets nearer and nearer to the far west of the Far East."¹

Pollard[†] joined whole-heartedly with his old friend during those eight days of Chinese evangelism, and showed himself ready to help in reaping the harvest of Dymond's long and

¹ *The Christian World*, August 7th, 1913.

faithful ministry in that city which had for so many years seemed unresponsive. Both Pollard and Dymond had won a place of considerable influence in the district of Chaotong and could address the assembled crowds as honoured leaders. There comes back to us the recollection of their first entrance into this city, footsore and weary, and scorned by rich and poor alike ; yet sitting in Sam Thorne's wretched hovel that evening a quarter of a century before, they rehearsed the high hopes of enthusiastic youth, and looked for the coming of the Kingdom of God in that drab, squalid city, little thinking of the toilsome, barren, and sometimes sad years which must pass before their hopes could begin to take shape as realities.

On Wednesday, April 23rd, 1913, two days after the mission had ended, a special messenger followed Pollard to Shih-men-k'an and handed to him the telegram of the Chinese government (which Dymond had received and sent on) announcing that April 27th had been appointed a day of prayer for the new Republic and Senate.

"When I opened the letter," writes Pollard, "and read the words 'a telegram' I felt a shock, and then as I read, my tears began to flow and I could not speak properly or tell Emmie what it was all about." The message read : "Reuter's Telegram, April 18th, 1913, Peking. Yesterday the following message was adopted by the Cabinet and telegraphed to all the provincial governments, and high officials, also to the Christian Churches. 'Your prayers are requested for the National Assembly, the newly established Government, and the President yet to be elected ; that the Government may be recognised by the Powers ; that peace may reign within the country ; that able and virtuous men may be appointed to office ; that the new Republic may be established on firm foundations.' Sunday, April 27th, is set aside for this purpose. It is expected that this national day of prayer will be observed by all Christian communities throughout China : this is the first time that an appeal of this kind has been made by a non-Christian nation, and it has given extraordinary satisfaction to all Christian communities in North China."

On the Saturday Pollard exclaims, "To-morrow will be the

great day of intercession in which the Chinese officials join. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand ! It is sunrise in the east ! The prayers of the home churches are being answered."

From the city we must once again transfer our attention to the flowing tide of evangelism among the tribesmen of the hills. The Hwa Miao were themselves sending out men to preach the Gospel to the Kop'u, whom Pollard calls a branch of the great No-Su family. Socially they rank above the Miao, but are inferior to the No-Su and Chinese. "There is," says Mr. Parsons, "some ground for believing that once . . . they were serfs of the stronger half of the No-Su tribe. . . . The Kop'u are much less trustful and less responsive to the truth than the Miao ; but they seem to be more easily persuaded than the Yunnan Chinese. . . . They are grouped in villages and hamlets containing from five to sixty families, congregating for mutual protection against wild animals and more dreaded thieves. Their village life is based upon the communistic principle. . . . The land, such of it as remains in Kop'u hands, is divided among the several families. When the subdivisions among the descendants are too small to support the families, they eke out their livelihood by working for their more wealthy neighbours. . . . There is surprisingly little intercourse between the villages. Folk in hamlets, divided only by a deep valley, are sometimes unknown to each other. The result of this isolation shows itself in distinct types of dress, and marked variations in language, and even facial differences." Though in their unregenerate state they offer sacrifices of cattle or fowls to the spirits of the woods yet, Mr. Parsons says, they acknowledge "One who is supreme, all-powerful, and uncreated."

"As a missionary society our introduction to the Kop'u was through the medium of a village of Christian Miao, on the north of Tungch'uan. The Kop'u came to the service ; they were received kindly and invited to come again. They on their part seemed pleased to associate with the Christian Miao. The movement spread rapidly. Village after village offered their doors to the Miao preachers. The trained Hwa Miao from Shih-men-k'an district gave themselves splendidly to the work. They

travelled among the people, stayed in their homes, daily teaching them to sing and pray. Week after week this itineration continued. Week-night and Sunday services were arranged, and the movement was placed on a working basis, almost entirely through the agency of the Miao. Without their aid only the barest fraction of the work could have been undertaken. Chapels sprang up—there are a score of them now, erected entirely by the people themselves without cost to the mission. True, these mud-built chapels are of little monetary worth, but their value lies in what they represent of a sacrificing and worshipping spirit. Schools have been opened, and thus far eight trained Miao teachers are engaged in teaching companies of intelligent Kop'u scholars."

These Miao evangelists had drunk deep of Pollard's spirit. They had learned of him to hunt men. They now boasted that they were hunting the hunters of Yunnan, for the Kop'u are reputed to excel all the other tribes in their success in the chase. Even their young women assist in hunting big game—"clear-eyed, supple-limbed, fleet-footed Dianas," so Pollard describes them. "The wild boar is one of the favourite animals hunted, as its flesh is much prized by all the tribes-people. The men choose a suitable spot where the boar is likely to run, and here they fix large nets, and then, armed with knives, hide to wait events." The women act as "beaters," and skilfully guide the boar into the nets.

"The Miao preacher who told the story of the Kop'u hunters . . . said that the people were now just as eagerly hunting after the truths of the Gospel and with similar success. It was amusing to find that when the Miao missionaries arrived at some of the villages the people were not anxious to help them discover other villages . . . because they were afraid that they might go away before they had learnt sufficient of the Christian doctrine."

CHAPTER IX

Gleanings from the Journal

HAD the mission field not claimed all Pollard's energies he might have won distinction as a teller of tales. As it was, he gave a couple of sheaves in "Tight Corners" and "The Story of the Miao," but, like a generous Boaz, he dropped many ears for future gleaning. He was keenly observant of his fellow-men and sympathy gave him insight into the inner lives of the people. Over the pages of his Journal are sprinkled jottings of incidents which cast odd gleams upon the people he lived among. It was a delight to be with him when he was in the vein for talking and free from the pressure of immediate duties: then one tasted the rich, red, ripe fruit of his crowded days. The story of a life by no means proceeds in a straight line, nor is a biographer "like a muleteer who drives his mule straightforward from Rome all the way to Loretto," without ever turning his head aside either to the right hand or to the left. "He will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid."¹ Let us, therefore, dip into his notebooks, more or less at random, and learn some of the peculiar customs he deemed it useful to chronicle.

Although the No-Su chiefs, or landlords, were prone to persecute their Miao tenants for professing Christianity, yet such was Pollard's influence he was sometimes called in to arbitrate between the rival claims of the Tu-muh and terminate, if he could, the long-continued feuds. A Tu-muh named Peh-ai used to inveigle women into his *yamen* on one pretext or other and sell them as wives or slaves. Yet pitiless as he was to the Miao he was afraid of Chinese officials. Having offended a powerful mandarin his life was pronounced forfeit. In craven panic Peh-ai sought to induce Pollard to use his influence as a foreigner to save him, and wrote asking for some copies of the New Testament. Pollard sent the Testaments and with them a letter

¹ "Tristram Shandy."

advising Peh-ai to travel for a time until his petition for peace had been answered by the Governor-General. Failing to act on this counsel Peh-ai shortly afterwards had to flee and take refuge in a cave. Here he was besieged and captured, but was set at liberty upon promising to pay an indemnity of three thousand taels. Having paid this money he went to make peace with the Chinese official, but was betrayed and murdered, his head being carried to Weining. The mandarin showed that even under the Republic he had not discarded China's ancient ruthless ways of treachery for getting rid of troublesome offenders.

When the Manchu dynasty was overthrown Pollard was afraid lest the No-Su should make the occasion an opportunity for a pogrom against the Miao Christians before the Republic could assume the authority of government in remote places. But the quarrels among the Tu-muh may have saved the Miao. No-Su hatred was more immediately directed against the Chinese because the soldiers who had captured Peh-ai had looted and pillaged some of the No-Su houses. This provoked a small rising among the Tu-muh. Soldiers were sent against them, but through fear or the desire of loot they joined the rebels. Then it was reported that five hundred border thieves had thrown in their lot with the No-Su rebels against the government. The Miao Christians were in a state of terror. One of them told Pollard that he dreamed night after night that Chinese soldiers were attacking the village and that he was pursued by them when he tried to run away. Becoming utterly miserable through his fear, one night he knelt and prayed that God would protect him, and from that time the dream ceased to haunt him, and he was no longer afraid.

In a letter dated September 9th, 1912, Pollard writes: "Between Shih-men-k'an and Anshuen the No-Su landlords are out on the warpath and already there is trouble. We are trying to persuade the chiefs in our district to have nothing to do with this rebellion, but to remain loyal to the government. I hope they will do so. If we keep on as we are going, in a few years the Christians in this part may be able to keep all the people about here loyal to the Republic. Already our influence through

sheer force of numbers is beginning to tell." To his relief Pollard learned later that things had taken a more peaceful turn. The No-Su landlords contented themselves with forming a guild, which all the chiefs and their clans were invited to join, so that they might act together in support of the new government, and put an end to internal strife and internecine feuds.

We have already seen that some of the most difficult cases Pollard had to deal with among the Miao sprang from marriage troubles and divorces, not a few of which resulted in tragedy and heart-break. He relates this story: "An aborigine had run away with another man's wife, and being pursued he sought concealment near one of the chapels in the district. Those who were following appealed to the native preacher in charge to give assistance in capturing the man, and he deputed some of his converts to give them aid. They succeeded in taking the run-aways and marched the man off between the father and the husband, while five others came behind. Suddenly the prisoner drew a knife, stabbed both his captors and slew himself. All three lay on the ground side by side, one dead and the other two so seriously wounded that it was thought impossible for them to recover."

At another Christian village a widow was the occasion of considerable trouble, as her father-in-law compelled her to live with his surviving son as a second wife. At the quarterly meeting the leaders of the church took up the case and sought to solve the problem by asking a man of Hmao-lie-yu to marry the widow, and though he had never seen her, he consented to do so. The widow seemed pleased to be extricated from the imbroglio; but when the bridegroom-elect was presented to her, she refused him point-blank and made known her preference for a widower at Hmao-Ch'i-Chi. The preacher who was arranging matters, finding out that the preferred man was as willing as the widow, sent for him. The evangelist of the man's village was notified and advised to hold himself in readiness to conduct the wedding, and a goat was sent as a gift for the wedding breakfast. Pollard's interest was directed to the widow's little daughter, and he hoped that she would be happy in her new home.

Another case which puzzled the church leaders not a little was as follows : A husband was very sick and his wife thought he would not get better. Grieved and perplexed as to how the dying man might be kept in comfort while he lived, the woman went and married another man, upon the understanding that they should both care and provide for the sick man till he died, and they faithfully kept their pact.

One difficult case, however, was not brought to the quarterly church meeting, as four sober Christian matrons deliberated upon it and arranged a settlement. The elders and the preacher seemed piqued that their counsel had not been asked for. Yang Yah-koh remarked caustically : " The hens are taking to crow," at which they laughed. The trouble was renewed as the parties involved refused to act upon the decision of the four matrons, and one of the preachers said to Yang Yah-koh, " The crowing of the hens has not brought daylight."

In yet another village an elopement took place which ended tragically. A young fellow named Wang grew dissatisfied with his wife and wished to put her away, but the elders of the village church objected. Soon afterwards a married girl returned to her home in the neighbourhood on a visit, and an intimacy sprang up between her and Wang. Hearing of this a lawless Chinese saw an opportunity to make profit out of their passion, and induced the youth to steal thirty taels in order to take the girl into an adjoining province where they would be secure from pursuit, promising to act as their guide. They were missed and a search-party went after them ; but too late they learned that the aboriginal girl had put on Chinese dress for disguise and that the fugitives had taken a different direction. Two days later the Chinese guide took the money, slew the youth, and sold the girl to a merchant as his slave. The girl's father sought Pollard's advice at first, but when he learned the fate of the run-aways he made no further inquiries. Pollard suspected that the father himself had connived at the elopement.

Rarer were the cases where dissatisfaction occurred before the marriage took place. One such affair, however, came to Pollard's ears. Chu-yu-yuen was betrothed to Yang-Kuang-ming. After

a time Chu became indifferent and broke off the engagement. Fearing that he might be compelled to marry the girl he adopted a strange device to make her friends anxious to be quit of him : one Sunday morning he came to the village dressed like a beggar, unkempt and filthy, and stood outside the chapel as if he were begging. This had the desired effect and the girl's friends were pleased to boast that they had no connection with him. Having thus extricated himself, his native vanity prompted him to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the people, so he came again to the village dressed gorgeously in Chinese silks, as though he would say, " See me now as I really am." The girl saw she had been deceived, but told her friends that she thought herself lucky to have escaped from a man so full of wiles.

Pollard often contended that Rudyard Kipling's oft-quoted line " Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet " is not absolutely and everywhere true, and would give instance after instance, both grave and gay, to show that human nature is fundamentally the same East and West.

In a poor Miao hut made of reeds and faggots, through which the cold winter winds pierced and stabbed like swords, lay a sick and shivering child. In the middle of the draughty room was a big fire upon which rested a large pan of boiling water. The cold blasts of a November evening had driven the small invalid dangerously close to the glowing coals. The boy's mother told him to get farther away from the heaped-up fire lest it should collapse as the under layer of fuel burned away. It happened as she feared, and the red bank of fire broke down. In an instant she sprang forward, grasped the boiling pan in her hands and prevented it from tipping over her frightened son, while with her foot she pushed him out of danger. Her hands were frightfully burnt : yet the next day when Pollard visited her she said nothing of the accident until he insisted upon dressing her burns. He confessed that he scarcely knew which touched him most—the woman's deep mother-love or her amazing stoicism.

More humorous is the following : " A few nights ago I was preaching on the text, ' Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest '—the Chinese synonym being ' Peace.' I told the people

that I was not able to promise money or land, and even if I could, these things would not purchase what the heart needs. But Jesus promised peace. 'In all the world,' I said, 'there is nothing better than peace'—Chinese, '*p'ingan*.' Then I noticed two big boys looking at each other with meaning glances. Immediately it flashed upon my mind that while I was speaking of mental and spiritual peace, these young scamps were thinking of the schoolgirl with the pretty face whose name was P'ing-an, or Peace. I was vexed at their mischief at the time, but it made me smile afterwards to think how like they were to big boys at home."

In East and West the great passions are the same. The unsophisticated aborigines of China are as subject as Western Romeos and Juliets to love's mysterious excesses. At the village of Hmao-a-nieh a young woman lost her fiancé by death. Some time afterwards her relatives betrothed her to a man she did not know and the wedding was arranged to take place a month later. In the meantime she went to stay at Hmao-Chu, where she became acquainted with a young married man named Chu-Ch'i. According to the Christian laws, which had been adopted, there could be no prospect of union between these two, but despite this knowledge they became enamoured of each other. At first they planned to escape to some place where they were not known so that they might live together. When this was found to be impossible they resolved that at least they would not live apart, preferring to put an end to their suffering by suicide. Whether it is, as Coleridge said, that "all deep passions are a sort of atheists that believe in no future," or that there is an instinctive hope in such passion-possessed souls that death may bring the union which is thwarted here—to die was the tragic solution of these young lovers. Leaving the village they came to a lonely place where, tying a rope round each other, they flung it over a branch of a tree and then leapt together from the ledge where they stood. They were missed, and after a search were found hanging together from the same branch. Yah-koh said they must have lost consciousness and died very quickly.

In rebound from this tragic tale of love which had turned to

madness we may seek relief in a more debonaire mood of our *raconteur*. One of the profoundly beautiful things in Pollard's life was his love of the Miao children. He sought them as much as they sought him and shared their games and daily tasks. He gives us glimpses of the little shepherdesses of Miao land, some of whom were quite dots. "Yang-mei-ku and a still smaller girl go off day by day to watch the sheep on the hills. The cattle of the village go out together—oxen, horses, sheep, goats, pigs—with a few dogs to help look after them. In the rainy season the small shepherdesses wore grass rain-coats and big bamboo hats. If they are unprepared and rain comes on, or if the sun is too strong, they will pick oak leaves and deftly twist them into hats. A lunch of maize or oatmeal is usually carried by them in a little bag ; for without this midday meal they could scarcely last out through the long hours. Sometimes these little folk get thoroughly drenched. The other day I saw a brave, wee lassie returning with her pigs ; she was wet through to the skin, and yet as she passed down the slope by my window she was conducting her squealing charges home with a voice full of courage. Some of them return from the hills with big loads of firewood or of bracken on their backs. Seldom do they change their wet clothes ; they just let them dry on their little bodies.

"Sometimes the mothers go off with the cattle. The other day I saw a woman going up the hill with sheep, goat, and oxen. She was a pleasant-faced woman about thirty years of age. In her right hand she held a long bamboo stick for driving the cattle. Under her left arm was a red-paper umbrella for the rain and a rope in her hand for tying the firewood. On her back was strapped her baby, with a grass-made cloak and a white cloth thrown over its head. I have seen her come back in the evening driving her cattle ; and on her back was a huge bundle of sticks twice as big as herself, whilst she carried her baby in her arms. When asked why she did not leave the child at home her answer was that her baby would not then have its milk. In rain and wind, with her burden behind and her cattle going before, she trudges up the big hill and never grumbles at her hard lot."

One of the great stumbling-blocks in the lives even of the



MIAO MOTHERS AND THEIR BABIES.

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Christian Miao is the belief in witchcraft and demoniac agency. They are a haunted people; they imagine that evil spirits surround them and wait opportunities to do them injury. It is hard for converts to overcome this innate superstition. In one of the villages a wizard came worrying the people. Pollard went from house to house cutting the neck-strings (charms) which the wizard had tied for those who believed him. People who had lost their children were especially frightened by his horrible descriptions of their state in the other world. He went to two Christians who had recently lost their children and said that a spirit had stripped them and left them naked in the cold. He pretended that he could see them sitting in the ashes of the fireplace trying to get warm. Insects were eating their flesh and fierce dogs were biting them. The terrified mother cried bitterly at this account of the suffering of her two little ones. Then the wizard counselled the parents to offer a sheep in sacrifice for their deliverance, the biggest portion of which he appropriated for himself.

In another house Pollard had great difficulty in persuading a woman to let him cut off the charm which the wizard had put around her neck. Her brave daughter had, out of loyalty to her newly found Saviour, defied alike the wizard's cajolery and threats, and refused to accept his charms. The mother, desperately angry and alarmed at her daughter's resistance, for she thought it would enrage the spirits against them, took her daughter's clean clothes and rolled them in the mud so that she should not be able to go to the chapel. It was only after a long talk and prayer in the home that they allowed Pollard to remove the charms from their necks. He committed to Chang-Yoh-han and Wang-Ki-tien the task of following up the tracks of this scoundrel that they might undo his bad work.

Yet despite the wizard's terrorism Pollard had abundant proof that Christianity worked out as a redemption from this mental thralldom. One Christian Miao had pasted on the wall of his room the following morning prayer which attested his state of enlightenment: "Merciful Heavenly Father, Thou art the maker of heaven and earth and all things. My heart praises Thy

holy name. I thank Thee because last night Thy protection was granted me until the coming of morning light. I now beseech Thee, Heavenly Father, to keep me in Thy grace, that I may not fall into sin this day. Cause me always to be at one with Thee. Help me to-day to do all that I ought to do, and to treat men with kindness and faithfulness. Help me to remember that for all my actions, words, and thoughts, I shall be called to account in Thy presence. Therefore I beseech Thee, Heavenly Father, to give me the Holy Spirit that I may follow Thy will in all things. All I ask is in the grace of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Although the idea of justice is regarded in China as essential to the well-being of the State, yet its administration has never been uniformly secure. The wisest and ablest mandarins as a rule treat even the subject aborigines with fairness. There are, however, others who seek to take advantage of the social inferiority of the tribes-people. Pollard used to speak of an unjust magistrate who vexed the Miao Christians and executed men on trumped-up charges without giving them the semblance of a trial. He confiscated the estates of a wealthy aboriginal widow and then sold the land to the tenants. Only a few years before this lady's mansion had been rebuilt at great expense, but at the mandarin's command the new building was pulled down. The No-Su lady would not acquiesce in this oppression, but went from town to town pleading her case before higher mandarins. Whether from a desire to do justice, or from fear of the agitation likely to ensue among the aborigines, the governor of the province sent a special officer from the capital to investigate the case and, if just or expedient, to reinstate the widow. Some of the local officials were found guilty and put into prison and the land reverted to its original owner. This seemed hard upon the tenants who had bought "lots," and Pollard wondered if they would be compensated. So delicate is the poise in a State from which alone justice can issue that one act of wrong may involve many in unmerited suffering. Still it was a hopeful sign that under the new Republic the very aborigines might look for even-handed justice.

Pollard's first aim had been solely evangelistic, but all un-

consciously his ministry broadened out into activities as many-sided as Christian civilisation. He accepted the rudimentary social institutions which were indigenous to the tribes, modified and moralised them, and created a higher conscience. He had at times to struggle against not only the corruption but also the heartlessness of heathen ways. A young fellow who had been brought up by his mother and stepfather, while his half-brothers and sisters were still young, married and, at the instigation of his wife, claimed the house for himself. With pitiless selfishness he turned his mother and stepfather with the children out of the house, and they were obliged to shelter in a neighbour's stable, where the woman gave birth to a child. Even in pre-Christian days it was accounted a shameful thing for a woman to suffer her confinement in another's house. Not long afterwards Pollard came to the village and learned the story of her humiliation from the woman's own lips. He discovered, too, that the man who was to have been his host had encouraged the son to evict his parents, and in his indignation he refused to sleep under the roof of one who had been party to such cruelty. Then he went to the son and flagellated him with angry upbraidings.

After the service that night Pollard called the elders from the surrounding villages together and laid the case before them. He recalled how the stepfather and the mother, in days of terrible famine, had kept the ungrateful son. He reminded them how in those days another woman had killed her sister's son so that her own children might not starve. He then asked these Christian elders to guard the good name of the church and to see that justice was done. They appointed the chief elders to take the evicted family back to their old home. Should the son object, then he must go out and leave them in possession, or they might allow him and his wife to remain till he could build another house, according to Miao custom. The elders advised them to live together till the new harvest was gathered in, and then if there were to be a division of the land they would see that it should be fairly made. Thinking that behind this cruel act there might have been a problem of domestic finance, Pollard gave two and a half dollars to them so that neither side should lack food.

Pollard loved to learn the inner thoughts of the Miao and to listen to the quaint, fantastic stories which belonged to their tribal inheritance. Here are a few examples of this folk-lore. Three women were carrying water from the stream to their village. A raven flying by croaked out that the middle woman should that day receive an egg. By and by her knee itched and as she scratched it the promised egg slipped out. She took it and set it under a hen and after a while a frog was hatched from the egg. From that time the woman looked upon the frog as her son. One day the king of Hades was killing oxen for a feast. Learning this, the frog sloughed off his brown skin and attended the feast as a piper. The woman went also, but she did not know it was her son who was playing the pipes so skilfully. On her return she jeered at the frog, saying : " Ah, Froggie, you could not attend the feast : we saw such a lovely piper there." Said the frog : " That piper was your son." Then she understood that her son was more than a frog. One day he had thrown off his frog's skin and had gone to play his pipes. The mother seeing the skin lying in the corner took it up and threw it into the fire. This caused the death of her strange son. The water-carrier took up his body and buried it in the centre of the moon, in which he can often be seen on clear nights.

Miao say that if children point at the moon a spirit will come and cut off their ears. Another belief is that when a man begins to count the stars he must go on until he has counted them all ; but as fast as he counts, fresh stars come out until he becomes dazed. One night a shepherd began to count the stars, but though he tried for many hours he could not make an end. To punish him for his folly one of the stars climbed down the sky and took the form of a headless man. The shepherd saw this grisly monster coming, and fled : to baffle his pursuer he leapt into the sheepfold. When the headless man came to the door the rams butted him and kept him at bay. Again and again they turned him back until at dawn he disappeared and the shepherd's life was saved.

Another legend Yah-koh told to Pollard was of an eagle which flew in a certain direction every day to seek food for its young.

Seeing this a man took his stand day by day near the eagle's nest and when the mother bird flew past he threw stones and shouted till the flustered eagle dropped its prey, which he would then seize and carry home. At last the eagle swept down to the house of the man who robbed it and, snatching up his little son, sailed back towards its nest. The man was waiting near and, delighted to see that the bird's prey was that day so big, thought it must be a pig or a sheep. As usual the man threw stones and shouted till the eagle dropped its burden ; then he ran to get his prize and was horrified to discover the mangled body of his boy. Great was his grief, and never again did he attempt to frustrate the eagle's care for its young.

No myth, legend, or old-world custom is meaningless, rather does it serve to show the strange imaginings and vagaries of the human mind. In some things the Miao resemble in their ways and thought big children whose follies and insights are mingled inextricably. One other fragment will give confirmation of this estimate. At the new year, or in the second moon, in the old days the people used to go out to see the fruit trees with axe in hand. When two men went together one would climb up into the tree, while the other standing below would ask : " Are you going to bear fruit this year or not ? If you are going to bear fruit, all right ; but if you are not, I shall cut you." The man in the tree would reply : " I am going to bear fruit," and the tree would receive no blow of the axe. If only one man performed the ceremony he would answer his own question. Sometimes the man in the tree would give an uncertain answer and the other would chop the tree to make it " bleed " a little, and this was imagined to stimulate it to be fruitful. The Miao pointed out an old scar on one of the trees near the chapel which bore witness of the warning it had formerly received.

This old custom recalls the parable of the barren fig-tree : the owner passes sentence : " Cut it down ; why doth it cumber the ground ? " And in answer the vine-dresser pleads : " Lord, let it alone this year till I shall dig about it and dung it ; and if it bear fruit thenceforth, well ; but, if not, thou shalt cut it down."

*CHAPTER X***The Medical Problem**

It is impossible to present a satisfactory account of Pollard's many-sided life without some allusion to the medical difficulties of his Mission. He was continually treading in the wake of disease—pneumonia, typhoid, leprosy—struggling incessantly to repel their frightful ravages. Sometimes the allusions to the maladies of the people and the grim harvests of death in which his letters abound, stab the sensitive heart. He writes : “ There are seven millions of souls in the province of Kweichow and no doctor. In Yunnan, where the population is estimated at twelve millions, there are three medical missionaries, though since Dr. Savin is on furlough we actually have only a lady, Dr. Lilian Grandin, for the extensive medical work in and around Chaotong.” He invariably did what he could, but he knew the limitations and dared not treat the bad cases which, unfortunately, always seemed to be plentiful. Arrangements were made that Dr. Savin and Dr. Lilian Grandin should pay periodical visits to Shih-men-k'an—as a rule in the week following Communion Sundays—and, saving these occasional visits the burden of ministering to the afflicted people fell upon Pollard and Parsons. The strain placed upon them may be better imagined than described. In his letters and Journals he refers to the misery and sufferings which he witnesses, but a few extracts or summaries, inevitably haphazard, will suffice for this distressing subject.

One note runs :—“ Small-pox has broken out in a village of unbelievers. A man has died and a young woman is sick. A Christian advised them to be vaccinated and they came last night to consult me. I said I was not sure of my vaccine, but I would do what I could. To-day thirteen of them came and were vaccinated. I was very interested : the children did not know me ; they said they had never seen me and yet they did not seem afraid. I hope vaccination will keep them from getting smallpox and that they will come and join us in serving Christ.”

Throughout his life in China Pollard was never satisfied with doing the work which came under his own attention ; he ever sought to multiply his ministry by training others. The Miao evangelists seemed to be in some measure reproductions of Pollard himself, and the clamant needs of multitudes of the sick led him to teach them how to dispense the remedies for simple ills. The very baldness of the following typical entry makes it eloquent of the urgent and widespread need : " Wednesday, September 3rd, 1913 : Wang-teh-iong's account for fifty-one days : three hundred and forty doses of quinine ; five hundred and eighty doses of santonine—worm medicine ; four hundred and ninety packets for diarrhœa ; one hundred and thirty doses of medicine for indigestion ; seventy doses for headache. Total—one thousand six hundred and ten. These were all sent to out-stations."

Writing of one of these dispensers he says : " One of the native preachers came for a supply of medicines. He had many bright things to report which make one very glad ; but he had one story which was quite the reverse. In a heathen village where for years the people have persistently refused to respond to all our efforts to evangelise them, typhoid has lately been very rampant. . . . Two families were stricken down by this disease and no outsider came in to nurse or help them. One by one they died until at last the members of the two families were all dead. The neighbours were too afraid even to bury them, and the only burial they had was what the scavenger dogs gave them. In their despair the other villagers, some of whom are down with this disease, have sent to see if the Christians can help them in their trouble. Of course there is no doctor to go to them. As far as I know there is still only one medical missionary in the whole province of Yunnan with its millions of people."

In another place he writes : " A woman from Hmao-ki-ch'eh came with her three-year-old baby to be named and prayed for. She had already lost three children. I gave a name and we prayed for the child. But soon after worship word came that the child was dead. Poor woman ! Pi-teh (a Miao evangelist) took hold of the case in his usual quiet nice way. The woman

and her mother-in-law wanted to go right off home and show the dead body to the husband who had not come. Pi-teh got four or five men to go back with them. I like the quiet confidence-giving way in which he deals with all the troubles of these people. If he were an Englishman he would make a fine doctor."

On September 1st, 1913, there is this entry in his Journal: "I heard yesterday that several folk at Hmao-i-shang were down with typhoid and so I went to see them to-day. I rode over with Wang-i-chien—about three-quarters of an hour's ride. I found sickness in nearly every house. There are over twenty cases in all. In one house there are eight children: three of the little girls had been ill and got better. Now the mother is down and she is suckling a baby. In another house the son was ill and two little girls had died. In that household the mother was in great distress at the loss of her children. In yet another house the mother was ill; poor thing, she had seen men carrying one of the dead past her door and had received a shock. She came into her house and then fell ill at once."

"Monday, September 23rd, 1912. At our quarterly meeting Yang Hsin said that there is a family near his chapel where the wife is a leper. They are good Christians and are always very hospitable, giving him food and bringing cakes to the chapel for him. Whenever he goes he feels a revulsion within himself, and yet he dare not refuse to eat what they give lest he should hurt their feelings." However low down in the social scale this Miao might be, he was surely a chivalrous gentleman in the school of Jesus Christ. Pollard says: "He also told us that at T'ang Fang a girl developed leprosy. Her husband sent her home, and in the end she lived in a little house by herself and died in great misery. There was a further case at Po-i where a woman at an inn showed signs of leprosy. She lived in a part of the house by herself. The guests lodged in the other part of the inn. At last she grew worse and was afraid of passing the disease to others and besought her friends to bury her alive, which they did."

"October, 1913. We found on the hills a family of Miao living alone. The mother and father had both died from typhoid.

Then the two little girls had taken the sickness, and having no one to nurse them they went into a Chinaman's house and died. The people say that the Chinaman put them into a big grain basket, but no one helped them or gave them food, and they just died as they lay in the basket."

"November 6th, 1913. I went to see Yang-in-huei who has had a most serious illness, but is now getting better. His mother described how she nursed him as if he were a baby, and how she cried and prayed. She went outside to pray but her husband said: 'Do not go outside, God is in the house; come in and shut the door.' So they shut the door and prayed to God in the house."

"In another house a small brother was the nurse for his sick sister. She was lying on the floor on a goatskin. I smoothed the uncombed head and gently touched the forehead which had not been washed for days, and tried to make the poor girl feel a little of the sympathy we felt for her. I told her how we had missed her from the services, and how Jesus loved her, and how He wanted her to get strong again soon. She was too ill to smile back. My eyes and face smiled, but in my heart there were rebellion and indignation. Why, in the twentieth century, should there be a province of seven millions left without one follower of the Great Physician going about with healing touch and life-giving sympathy?"

Pollard came into contact with lepers as early as 1900, in which year he wrote of a visit to Ko-Kuei: "We noticed a considerable number of lepers on the streets, several of them begging. We were told that leprosy is quite common, and the treatment of these unfortunates shows what a heartless, or perhaps I should say with more truth, helpless system heathenism, even in its high form of Confucianism, is. We were assured that in many cases the lepers were driven away from friends and home to drag out a miserable existence, despised and feared by those who should love them most. In some cases so great is the fear of infection that the friends will actually burn a leper alive. How comforting and how tender seemed the actions of Jesus in touching and healing those whom He met! We longed that these sufferers should

know that there is some hope for them while Jesus lives. On the street I preached on Christ's healing the lepers on His descent from the mountain, and my heart was strongly moved as I did so. On another street it was Mr. Lee's turn to preach first, and he immediately opened his Testament at Matthew VIII. After reading this original and truly wonderful story, he preached my leper sermon, with my illustrations and with many phrases just as I used them."

Whenever he met these sufferers, whether they were Chinese or aborigines, he gave them assistance in every way he could, though he felt how woefully disproportionate to the need his help must prove. His passion of pity was fanned into a flame by the report of what occurred in the province of Kwang-si on December 14th, 1912. The provincial government adopted a policy of despair in dealing with lepers. A band of soldiers went through the province "rounding up" a gang of thirty-nine lepers. Having collected these wretched victims of an incurable and terrifying disease in an open space, the soldiers shot them down and burned their dead bodies on piles of wood soaked with kerosene.

July 2nd, 1913. "About five o'clock Yah-koh and I went off to Hmao-ntu-lu to see what we could do for the lepers. . . . Just in front of the house where I slept before was now an ordinary house—the home of the leper family. I walked in and could at first hear nobody. I shouted and then the old man, Wang, answered back from an inner room and told me to come in by the wood fire. He was lying down and his daughter Wang Heo was making up a wood fire between three stones. Then the daughter lighted a stick and I could see a little. The old man looks very bad and is much worse than he was. I sent the girl upstairs for a needle and then took her to the door. She has swellings on the face by the side of the eyes. I stuck the needle into the swellings and she said she could feel the pain. I also looked at her back and chest. Her back looked clean and healthy, but there was an eruption on the skin of the right breast. The poor girl cried very bitterly. We did all we could to cheer her up and promised help, telling her we all loved her and were very sorry for her. The younger sister was out of doors sheltering

from the rain under the roof of a house. I did not see the brother, but he was lying down inside the first room in the darkness with some baskets in front of the little place where he rested. It was too dark to see more than a shadow. He answered when I spoke to him ; but the others did not wish me to see him. What an existence ! It was really a house of shadows and death. Going back to our house we talked over what we could do. Wang Chi-li, the other son, is very worried. His wife, too, is almost distracted and wants to run away from home and from her parents, leaving it all behind.

“ We agreed that the lepers should go and live apart some way off, but not too far. The girl I examined must go to the city at once and see the doctor. The little girl is to be thoroughly washed and to have new clothes, and must live with her uncle who is fairly well off and who has decided to build a house for himself at a safe distance. He has acted selfishly in leaving all the burden to his brother. Yah-koh talked very straightly to him and threatened that if he left them all alone he would take the lepers to his new house. The man agreed that the little girl should sleep over the cattle and come to us once a fortnight to be examined to see if she continued free from leprosy. The house we think of building for the lepers must have two divisions. One room must be for Wang Heo (the daughter) to sleep and live in while she cooks for her father and brother. Yah-koh was most distressed for this girl and pleaded for her all he could.” Three months later the leper home was finished and the Wang family had been removed to this retreat. Incredible as it may seem, a Chinese tried to purchase the place where the Wangs had been living, thinking, I suppose, that he might get it cheap. Pollard stepped in and bought the house for two dollars and then burned it so that no other family might take the infection.

Sometimes a veritable cry of agony escaped Pollard as he realises the magnitude and horror of the leper problem. In 1913 he stayed at a small town where the people were anxious to start a Christian school. One day a deputation of leading citizens waited upon him to ask if he could advise or assist in dealing with the lepers of the neighbourhood. “ All over the countryside

these poor sufferers wander, hardened and callous, and a terror to many. They feel that they are feared and loathed by all, and that makes them rebellious. Wherever there is a wedding or funeral, with the usual crowd of guests, these unwelcome, much-feared beggars appear in numbers and refuse to depart till they receive alms. Their usual home is in the temples, where the gods apparently are not afraid of the contagion. Now and again the disease breaks out in a fresh quarter, and sometimes drastic measures are taken to destroy it. I know of one case where opium was given to the husband in a small house, and then when he was deadened by the drug, the house was set on fire and formed the funeral pyre of the sufferer. . . .

"How can we help the people of this little town to get rid of their dreaded plague? There are many things we would like to do, and could do had we the means; but as the doors open, the cold, cold story from home becomes more insistent and chilling. No resources, no means available to enter the many openings! In some way or other, however, we must help these people to solve their leper problem, or possibly the terrible example of Kwang-si may be followed here. . . . We do not want that horrible tragedy repeated in Yunnan."

He pleaded the cause of the leper with several institutions which were exclusively concerned with these poor unhappy folk, and advocated with all the fervour at his command the erection of a leper asylum, but though he elicited plenty of sympathy, he found the apathy that had prevailed for centuries a deadweight which neither himself nor his supporters could move. He encountered, to his dismay, even a certain amount of active resistance to such a project. It may be that the tragic death of Dr. Lewis Savin, and of Pollard himself within the next nineteen months, will be thought to have justified the opposition to his scheme of building a leper asylum, and yet it is impossible to withhold our admiration of the truly self-sacrificing enthusiasm which he showed. It was useless to tell him that any task was impossible; he would have answered that his Master was always doing things that others deemed impossible. A glowing fire of humanity burned in his soul. Sometimes the abrupt and hastily scribbled

detached sentences in his Journal flash the electric currents of his intense sympathy and passionate altruism. "Buying the lepers' house. Three lepers gone to the little hill home. I wish I could tackle this problem." On May 7th, 1914, he writes: "When we reached home I heard that Chang Wu's boy, Pao-lo, had died. They brought him back on the Monday to bury him. Two other children got cold and pneumonia. In spite of all that was done the little ones died. Little To-ma made a big struggle, but failed. His last words were: 'I want to sleep.' It has been a terrific blow for the father and mother and knocked us up. After Pao-lo and the little girl had gone, Chang Wu looked so longingly at the one left saying: 'If God will only spare one to me that he may be a companion!' But it was not to be: the boy was taken ill with pneumonia. We had him up in our front room and nursed him all night. Once or twice he gave a great cry and a cough; but in the morning he died. The mother was frantic. The little fellow died in my arms. . . . There are four little graves together on the hill-top." Another hurried entry is: "Visited the Hmao-i-sheng typhoids, went all round, and felt like collapsing before I had finished." This last ominous sentence foreshadows the end. "He saved others: himself he could not save."

His heartrending experiences constrained him to write to the secretary of the United Methodist Mission from Shih-men-k'an on February 18th, 1914: "You may have heard that our last executive meeting ended in a very unsatisfactory way. We failed to agree on some important matters and the time has now come for the Committee to make a decision which shall be binding on us, and put an end to an uncertain state which is very detrimental to the work. We are here face to face with some of the greatest opportunities which have ever come to a band of missionaries, and are in danger of missing these opportunities because we cannot agree on a policy. To show you where we are, may I mention that it was with the greatest difficulty that we got a resolution passed agreeing to do a little for the lepers. There are some of us who are willing and able to help these poor people, with whom we associate some of the greatest miracles Jesus

ever did ; the Secretary at home is full of sympathy with the work ; money is on the field to be used ; one would think that there would be no unwillingness to proceed. Yet because the carrying out of a policy of relief for these most unfortunate people would apparently be another stake driven into Stone Gateway by S. Pollard, making it so much more inconvenient to remove him from the place, the leper relief is opposed very strongly. Only after Mr. Dymond had made an impassioned appeal telling how the 'gentry' of Chaotong had been moved at the news that some of the servants of Jesus were going to relieve these unfortunates, and that he would never be able to look a leper in the face again if he refused to accept the money given for their salvation, was a very mild resolution passed."

On November 22nd, 1914, he writes : " A young Chinaman near this place became a leper. His friends persuaded him to die lest they also should catch the leprosy. At last he agreed. He sold his cattle and purchased his coffin, and made arrangements for masses to be said. His grave was dug and on the day fixed he walked into it and lay in his coffin. He drank wine until he was insensible, and then was buried alive."

It is plain that a Mission of such dimensions as this Miao mass movement demanded a large hospital staffed with doctor and nurses. It was a frightful injustice that Pollard should have been at the head of this work for ten years without the assistance of a trained medical missionary. And yet it would be a further injustice to forget that the whole Miao movement had sprung up outside the original area planned for the West China Mission. Pollard sought the Committee's sanction after he had begun the enterprise. Let those blame him who choose ; most will honour him for his faith and dauntless courage. Because he was responsive to the pressure of surrounding need, he was driven to do what he could to answer the insistent appeals. It was the fulfilment of his vow made twenty-five years before : " If Jesus says ' Go,' I will go."

*CHAPTER XI**At the End of a Decade*

FROM the beginning of 1914 Pollard looked eagerly forward to the month of July when the first decade of Miao evangelism should be completed. By temperament he was bound to be profoundly affected by the retrospect of the last ten wonderful years. He often talked about the beginnings of the movement when the first four inquirers of the Hwa Miao tribe suddenly appeared at the mission house at Chaotong. He had proved the truth of the quaint Miao proverb that one grasshopper may be enough for a hundred soldiers ; in very fact, in his ministry one grasshopper had served not merely for hundreds but for thousands.

Pollard writes in his Journal : " Just ten years ago we first made acquaintance with Stone Gateway. In searching about for a centre from which to work the just-opening Miao mission, places that we should have liked we could not obtain. Then the kindness of a friendly landlord led us to Shih-men-k'an—a wild hilly place on the main road from Chaotong to the city of Chen-ksiong. . . . Anyone who had not seen the place for ten years would be very much struck with the change. The ten acres of barren hill-slope are now dotted with many white buildings, some built of stone and others of brick and earth. There are twenty-one different buildings, which on a sunshiny day stand out in striking whiteness and constitute a scene such as the traveller in the two provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow rarely sees. . . . The hill-slopes where the cattle used to graze, and where poor crops of wheat and oats were gathered, now have a busy little population of nearly three hundred during most of the year. Being right on the main road, the centre forms a splendid advertisement of Christian mission work and is known far and wide. . . . We thank God for the advance which has been made year by year, and for the fine set of premises gradually being provided. The last year's work by the mercy of God has been the best we have known for several years." To Pollard's

heart the school work was very dear. In the tenth year of the movement he boasts that they have over two hundred students in the central schools, "a proportion of whom are girls." There are also seventeen branch schools mostly staffed with Miao teachers. Pollard constantly strove to raise the standard in the village schools to the requirements in government schools of a similar grade.

It was no small triumph that Pollard was able to persuade some of the Miao parents to allow their girls to attend school; for among these poor families the girls were expected to act as shepherdesses, to become the water-carriers and to do the rough work of their households. The educational results in these girls' schools were surprisingly good, and in some subjects the girls were able to compete with boys as old as themselves or even older. Reports of this phase of the Mission work induced the magistrate from Weining to visit Shih-men-k'an, and he was so pleased at what he saw that he sent three Chinese women to learn all they could from the Miao girls. When some months later these adult pupils returned, the mandarin wrote: "I have sent the three women into our girls' industrial school here [at Weining] to teach the students all they have learned in your honourable school. We are hoping much from this. In future years whatever prosperity may come to our industrial school will be reckoned as your work and we shall never forget your kindness."

In a letter to the Missionary Secretary dated March 30th, 1914, he gives a glowing account of the continued growth of the work among the Miao: "Yesterday we opened a fine new chapel at 'Heaven-Born Bridge' with one hundred and twenty-five baptisms. A packed chapel! In some ways it is the best chapel we have among our Miao. Altogether we have had over six hundred baptisms for the year among the Miao: this means an increase of about five hundred members besides those on trial.

"Mr. Hudspeth came back a few days ago from his journey to Chentu where he evidently won the goodwill of the other missionaries. These Chentu friends have warm hearts for the Miao work. Hudspeth left three students in the Union Middle

School. . . The whole cost of the students was promised by men who listened to Hudspeth's story of the Miao as he told it in Chinese. . . . We are going to get the rest of the expenses and hope to send two or three more young men there. We may yet see a Miao graduate with a bachelor's degree which even a Western university would recognise! Our aim is to get our own men trained as leaders of this work. Hudspeth and I hope before long to get two or three in for full medical training. . . . About a hundred pounds would give one man the full training. The Lord will give us the money, I believe. . . ."

One March morning he started at five o'clock for Chaotong and in the evening of that bright spring day preached for Dymond on the disciples' doubt of the Resurrection, enforcing the lesson that only the marks of the sacrifice could convince them of love's all-conquering power. He associated the Resurrection with the renewal of Nature's life. It seemed to him that by His sacrifice Christ had stretched Himself upon the earth and breathed into it a new spirit. "Yes," he said, "it is only sacrifice—love's gift of itself—that comes again to itself in Resurrection power." And he knew: throughout ten crowded years he had given himself for the Miao, and the resurrection of a spiritual springtide had already come in scores of towns and villages.

Six weeks later Dymond returned the visit and says: "Every time one comes here [Shih-men-k'an] some new extension is completed or nearing completion." Next day the two friends started on a journey to Ko Kuei. "We passed," writes Dymond, "through wooded valleys, beautiful with varieties of azaleas in bloom and freshened by rain. . . . A place was pointed out as suitable for a leper home—being within easy reach of Stone Gateway and having a fine spring of water running near. At Siao-fah-luh a band of scholars came out to meet us with a couple of large flags, headed by their teacher, Mr. Lee. They lined up in style, giving a salute as the pastor rode by, reminding one of a review of troops by the colonel. Siao-fah-luh is beautifully situated: there are high cliffs at the back and fine hills in the foreground. The neat whitewashed chapel with its drill-ground in front was easily visible. Next morning a big descent brought

us to the river-bank, and along this we scrambled many a mile in an April shower. We passed a village half washed away and reached 'Double Star' [Ko Kuei, where Pollard's prophetic hope of having an out-station was realised in the tenth year of the Miao movement] about two o'clock.

☐ "Mr. Hudspeth is to be congratulated on the building put up—very plain, very inexpensive, and in a fine situation if not rather low-lying. No one coming to Ko Kuei can fail to observe the whereabouts of our chapel. In the front a sort of triumphal arch of evergreens was erected, from each corner of which the five-coloured Chinese flag was flying. This little town is the centre of a district with eight hundred thousand people. On market days it swarms with crowds . . . and in busy seasons it is remarkable for the great numbers who congregate for business. All around are Miao villages and it is encouraging to the tribes-people to see a chapel at such an important centre."

☐ At noon on that May day the local mandarin came to show his approval of the missionaries' work. In his address he enumerated three things in the character of Jesus which were the constitutive principles of the religion of all who believed in Him—His pity, His goodness, His universal humanity. He would be glad, he said, if all the people under his administration would embrace this religion. But he uttered a grave warning to those who were prompted by sinister motives to join the Christians.

The opening of the chapel at "Heaven-Born Bridge" was celebrated not only with baptismal services, but also with feasting and field sports. A couple of oxen were roasted to provide for all the guests, who paid for themselves. "But the greatest fun that day," wrote Pollard, "centred in the football, and without a doubt that new, strange kind of an almost alive being reigned on Saturday without a rival. It was delightful to watch the people as they began to enter into the fun. Many had never seen a football before, and when it came flying towards them they shrieked and fled as if it were some kind of uncanny messenger from the sky. . . . When Sunday morning came I do not know whether any of the boys wished it was still Saturday. If so, they never mentioned such a heresy in my hearing, and the chapel

was even more crowded than the football ground. . . . A hundred and twenty-five new members were baptized and admitted into the church, and though some of them were quite old people, others again were very young and very lovable, and the missionary lost his heart to several of them as he placed on their foreheads the simple sign that means so much both to the converts and to the Great Master they have learned to love. How different are these days from the old days when there were suspicion and coolness everywhere, and when the children fled from the missionary as if he were an incarnation of Satan himself !

"The boys with the cornets were one of the great attractions at the services. They livened up the meeting splendidly. To the people it was a great sight to see these three young aborigines peeling out on the shining instruments—'There is a fountain.' It is an old-fashioned song and in modern England has lost much of its savour and even its meaning, but it sticks close to the hearts and imaginations of these tribes-people, who have lived very low down in sin and unhappiness."¹

In June, 1914, he enters : "Last week we had a fine quarterly meeting ending the ten years' work. We talked about the early days. Thomas said that when he came to Chaotong and slept upstairs at night there was no room to lie down : he had to squat on his haunches all night. The memory of those first days lingers pleasantly in the hearts of these men. I asked them if they ever felt they would like to throw it up and go back again to heathenism. Thomas said : 'If the teacher were to drive us away now we should not go.' Silas said : 'There is not long left for me and whom could I trust in if not in Jesus ?' They all gave a good testimony for Christ."

"Sunday, June 14th. It rained in the morning, but the chapel was full. We had a fine service. In the afternoon I held a Chinese service. At night we showed the lantern. Yang Mei and Ma-ko begged me not to show their pictures again, though I believe the little rascals are proud to be shown to the audience. The pictures of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' went well : but those that stirred most interest were of Apollyon and Giant

¹ *The Christian World*, August 13th, 1914.

Despair. The following day some of the Miao came to request that the Devil's photograph might be shown again. It quite took their fancy. To them it seemed so strange and yet so real. They enjoyed the idea of Christian standing up to the enemy and not running away."

In his wanderings Pollard came across other tribes and writes of the Chong Chia-tsi, a branch of the widely scattered Shans whom the Chinese call Pai-yi. He says that non-Chinese people formed about half the population of Kweichow, the Chong Chia being probably as numerous as the Miao and I-chia together. "The Chong Chia women wear white jackets, short like our Miao, and plain blue pleated skirts also like the Miao. I saw three of this tribe walking along one after another. If the main body in Kweichow believed, these would probably believe too." He also refers to the Keh-lao, a tribe supposed to date beyond the time when the Hwa Miao settled here. They are almost extinct or have been absorbed by the Chong Chia and the Chinese. They may have been derived originally from the same Shan stock as the Laos of northern Siam. Some of the Hwa Miao converts were infected with his missionary ardour and, after visiting their own villages, went in quest of a tribe of Hung Keh-lao, or Red Backs. He stimulated them in their search for new tribes.

In his Journal on October 21st, 1913, there is this entry : "Last night I had a great disappointment : in the midst of my algebra class for the Miao, Chu T'ang came in to say that they had found no success in seeking the Peh Miao. Those who were friendly at Feng-ma-pa had been turned aside by a Mr. Wang who lives near Hmao-ntchang-tsi'ntee. He is a very important man with them and manages any troubles which arise among the Peh Miao. He went to Feng-ma-pa and told the clan that if there had been anything worth having in the Church he would have joined the Christians long ago. He advised them to keep out of it. At other places the folk had heard of the unrest in Szechuen and were too nervous to do anything. They treated our men very well, but were unwilling to learn our books. No one bought anything of them. *I must try to get hold of that man Wang—the leader.*"

Pollard's persistence in trying to reach this new tribe was rewarded, and on December 3rd, 1914, he records: "This afternoon six or seven Peh Miao 'kiddies' came over to see us. They were bright little youngsters who drank up all our kettle of tea and made a lot of fun with us. . . . The next day after breakfast we came on to Siao-wan-ti, where there are five families of Peh Miao. Mr. Hsiong welcomed us into his house which was a fair building until the Mantsi looted and broke the place down. Hsiong's opium habit is his great drawback. How will he break it off? Our host has two wives; both dress in Peh Miao garb although one of them is a Hwa Miao. He has two lively little boys about seven years old who were born within nine days of one another. The women do not wear 'the poke,' as the Miao do, but they wrap a light blue cloth around the head which looks like a small bucket. . . . We went through twenty hymns (in Peh Miao) together at night which Chu T'ang had given me. I will try to get these out soon and see what we can do for these people."

Pollard says that they prefer the name "River Miao." "We were fortunate enough to see a Peh Miao wedding carried out with all the old ceremonies. . . . The bride and her party had walked a journey of four days before reaching the bridegroom's home. . . . Had it been fine weather the party would have waited about a quarter of a mile from the new home and lighted a fire. The bride would then have put on all her wedding attire and waited for some of the bridegroom's people to bring her food. There would then have been an open-air meal and much drinking of wine. The state of the weather made it impossible to carry out that part of the programme. To our great pleasure the bridal party came into the house where we were staying and went through the ceremony of robing in the room next to mine. . . . In addition to her elaborate head-dress, the bride wore three short skirts, six jackets, and three girdles—one dark red, another blue, and a third yellow. Over all she wore a dark red breast-piece and a small white apron. Grass sandals were on the unstockinged feet and four or five sets of white putties were wrapped around the legs. . . . The wine drinking was shocking. They

drank wine as freely as our Christian Miao drink water. We went up to the bridegroom's home, where the feast was prepared for hundreds of people, and we had a good reception. The musicians blew their pipes until it seemed as if a second mouth must surely open in their cheeks. What a rowdy, drinking, shouting crowd it was! No trace of Christianity here! How long will it be before we have all these people on the side of Christ? . . . Home again just before Christmas, and at once we set to work to prepare a 'River Miao' hymn-book. Our men have learned the new dialect fairly well, and we sent off the manuscript to Chentu with the hope that by the time this account is read, two thousand of the hymn-books for the new people will be here." ¹

But the glowing hopes of further extensions among the Hwa Miao and other tribes were overshadowed by the fear in Pollard's mind that the Committee might divide the aboriginal work into two sections. To the Missionary Secretary he wrote: "We are face to face with some of the greatest opportunities which have ever come to a band of missionaries and are in danger of missing these opportunities because we cannot agree on a policy. . . . You are right up against the difficulty now and the Committee must make its decision. I beg you to make the decision in such a final way that we can go on with our work without a cloud of uncertainty hanging over us. If the Committee decide that after I have organized this great work and brought it up to its present promising and successful condition I should be removed, I will leave it and give you no more trouble in the matter. But before you make such a serious change there are a few facts I am bound in the interests of the Miao to place before you. The welfare of these thousands of Miao Christians and thousands of Miao heathens should be put first. They have trusted us in a way no other people have ever done. In the days when the Chinese feared, or hated, or despised us, these Miao flung themselves at us and put their whole lives in the hands of the messengers of Christ, trusting us in a way that was both pathetic and embarrassing. They must not be made to suffer because of disagreement

¹ *The Missionary Echo*, June, 1915.

among foreigners. I would gladly leave altogether rather than betray those who have trusted us. Whatever else you do you must stand by these—the poorest and most downtrodden of your brethren.

“ Here are the facts as I see them. For nearly ten years I have been in charge of the Miao work, having taken it up at the start when no one else was keen on it, and when it broke up my home and work, and sent me out as a wanderer all up and down the country. During most of these years the Arthington Trustees have made you a most generous grant towards my expenses, laying down, as you remember, the condition that part of my work should be the translation of the Scriptures into Miao and that my place among the Chinese should be filled by your sending out another worker. In addition, after my visit to Leeds, and in response to our subsequent appeal, they granted a further five hundred pounds towards a Miao school. During these years I have tried to be faithful to the agreement made by you with the Trustees and with the Conference, who have trusted me in charge of this work. . . .

“ The whole field is divided into circuits under the pastorate of Miao preachers who are directed from Stone Gateway. Quarterly meetings are held and the whole policy is discussed and decided on. With this small staff at Stone Gateway we can direct the whole and could also in the same way direct a work five times as great. Mr. Hudspeth and I are in thorough accord as to the methods of work, and it is a great boon to have such a colleague working with one. The great secret of all mission work is to win the confidence of the native workers and so direct them that they will gladly carry out the policy decided on at headquarters. By using the Miao as a lever we are spreading farther afield and reaching a number of Chinese. Let us alone and give us your sympathy and Mr. Hudspeth and I will lead multitudes of Chinese also to Christ.

“ As to translation work, we are hoping this year to get to the last verse of the Book of the Revelation, and even if you decide to remove me from the Miao work I should ask to be allowed to finish the revision of the New Testament and see it through the press,

"If the Miao field is to be divided it will mean another two hundred and fifty pounds a year for the same amount of work, and the funds do not allow that. The friction that would probably ensue would mean less work and more money. . . . Your decision has to be made. Make it and do it so decisively that we shall be able to go on with our work of saving people—lepers and all."

In a subsequent letter he writes : "We are trying to reduce expense here and to scheme so as to get more work done on a reduced grant. . . . I have an idea that Stone Gateway should be made the centre for the No-Su work as well. In fact all this aboriginal work should be one—and worked from one centre. We could manage at very little cost to accommodate three or four, or even five hundred scholars here, male and female—and with a united school work we could afford a better native staff. And we could get rid of the friction which has been such a terrible trial to some of us. The friction has destroyed our power of working more than once, and has even spread in an alarming way to the natives. By making the work one, that could be got rid of for ever. . . .

"If necessary the Miao and No-Su work could be carried on sectionally with one united meeting at least every quarter of the year. I am sure that if such a plan were carried out there would be better and larger results and the aboriginal work would never be left stranded during furloughs, and there would be the continuity of work which is so necessary. Expenses would be lessened, schools more efficiently worked, a better state of feeling would prevail among the native Christians, and the fine school buildings we now have at Stone Gateway could help a large number of people. Many of the No-Su and Miao would rejoice at such an arrangement and every worker now in the aborigine field would find himself strengthened and able to do a larger work. . . .

"From the 6th to the 20th of the tenth moon, about the time this letter reaches you, we shall be having a fortnight of special prayer in nearly three hundred Miao villages. The one prayer is that God will send His spirit down on us all. . . . Things are

still going well with us ; but we badly need more money. The 33 per cent. reduction (on the estimates) is a cruel affair after the raising of £25,000 extra. After that great victory we are cruelly cut down ! It is horrible ! Must we dismiss the men we have been training and so let them see that as a Mission we tear up our treaties with them ? It is cruel ! ”

Meanwhile a yet darker and more dangerous storm cloud crept over the horizon—there was a resurgence of Boxerism in the district around Shih-men-k'an. Pollard informed the consul of a rumour that an attack was to be made upon the Miao Mission, and then set watchers on the heights to prevent surprise by sounding the cornets. At this signal the Christians were to escape and take refuge in other villages. On Tuesday, June 30th, they were aroused by the cornets and by the blowing of the school whistle which warned them to flee.

“ The cornet alarm was a false one, but we did not know that it was so. . . . As fast as I could I went up to our house shouting to Mr. Hudspeth as I passed his study. . . . Ernest was in bed asleep. It was the work of a few moments to snatch him up, and in two minutes we were all off, fleeing from the supposed attack of men who, had they really come, would have made short work of us all. It was half-past eight when we started, about an hour after dark. We kept on till two o'clock in the morning, when we reached a small Miao village right up among the hills. We judged that we should be safe there for a day, and that by that time assistance would reach us from the officials in the city.” After a day or two among the hills they returned to find that all the Miao had got back to their homes.

Mr. Hudspeth brought news, however, that a rising was to take place all over the district within a few hours. Two hours after their return they were forced to set off again. “ By four o'clock,” writes Pollard, “ we came to a river ferry on the way to Mi-ri-keo where we encountered a storm of rain which soaked us to the skin. We just got across before the waters rose and made the passage impossible. We were like drowned rats ; but we were glad to think that the rain would put off any attack upon Shih-men-k'an. Two days later we reached Mi-ri-keo.

Three days later a letter came from the mandarin of Ko Kuei urging us to come to his city, as a thousand Boxers were due to rise that day not far from where we were staying. Again we travelled all night; just before dawn we all lay down by the road-side and tried to sleep a little. . . . An hour after dawn we reached Ko Kuei where the mandarin made us welcome. . . .

"The Boxers in the district really made their expected attack, but the soldiers and militia defeated them with great slaughter. The leader—so-called Emperor—was executed on the spot, and the enchantresses who were supposed to be able to stop the bullets with their magic fans had a terrible awakening that day. . . . There were attempted risings in four or five different places. Two proved abortive, another was put down with considerable loss of life, and at a fourth centre many who took part in the rising were killed. Yesterday the officials here executed two of the leaders. One was a girl of eighteen who was evidently a tool. She claimed occult powers; but these could not save her. She was dragged through the streets and shot as she lay in a swoon on the execution ground. Mr. Dymond and I begged that her life should be spared, but orders had come from headquarters and they were carried out."

From Ko Kuei the Pollards, as soon as they were able, made their way to Choatong, and on July 11th the entry in the Journal is: "Ten years since the Miao first came to us at Chaotong and here we are away from our stations. What an end to the ten years!"

Soon afterwards, however, Pollard was back again at his post and engaged in all the various toils of evangelism and translation. His influence for good may be gauged from the fact that, at his instigation, the Christian Miao started a new market at Ho-pa on October 31st, when six hundred people came to do business. The novel feature of this market was that whenever according to the fixed dates it would fall on a Sunday the previous Saturday should be substituted so that the "great worship day" might be reverently observed. Three days after the opening of the market he instituted a children's service at the same place and

rejoiced that thirteen girls, thirty-eight boys, and four men attended.

At one of the services a Miao preacher was enforcing the lesson that much prayer was necessary, and used their acquaintance with their pastor to illustrate his point. "There are Chinese who are not acquainted with K'an Teh Glao [Mr. Pollard] and are therefore afraid of him because he is a foreigner. But we who are constantly near him know that he is our good friend and we have no fear of him at all. In a similar way prayer removes our fear of God. If we know Him only a little then we are nervous and full of dread; but if we are constantly praying we become intimately acquainted with our Heavenly Father and lose all fear, for we find out that He is our best Friend."

At a meeting for prayer conducted by Yah-koh Pollard was so impressed by the petitions and sayings of those who took part that he recorded some of them. "Sin and the Holy Ghost cannot dwell together." "Did you ever," asked Yah-koh, "see people kindle a fire on uncovered water?" "If this chapel were full of filth and rubbish would you ask your cleanly-clad guests to come and live here?" "Lord, come to our hearts like the big waters in a deep gorge and sweep all that is wrong away!"

On November 15th, 1914, Pollard writes: "At 'Dragon's Well,' right in the country where our great landlord enemy lives . . . Mr. Hudspeth baptized over two hundred people in one day. . . . The next night at another village he baptized eighty. The night after, forty-five, and a little later thirty-two. About four hundred in all. He came to another district where in the last few days over two hundred Chinese families have burnt their idols. . . . We are sending six bundles of large Scripture texts to-morrow to put in these houses."

Tidings of the outbreak of the World War reached Pollard on August 21st, 1914. He was appalled and in his letters denounced the statesmen who were responsible for the great moral tragedy. He could not understand how Christian people could sanction such a crime. He felt humiliated when he listened to the Miao praying that the war might stop and that the peoples of Europe should practise the law of Christ. In a letter to Dymond

he writes : " I dread the days that are coming. Like you I feel that England is after all the best Christian country in the world, and has a lot of good men and women in it. But I remember also that Judea just before it was destroyed produced some of the finest men and women the world has ever seen. . . . Yet the place was wiped out and by a people who were at times as ruthless as the Germans. I pray God to be merciful and in some way to bring peace soon that mothers' sons may no longer be cruelly murdered or maimed for life."

Thus the great year which completed the first decade of the Miao movement was at once full of the splendour of promise and darkened with perplexities and sorrow. The spiritual forces of good and evil were joined in dread conflict, but Pollard knew that God's love embraces all—East and West. To his friends in the home land he writes : " May God give you all light and comfort in your days of intense darkness ! "

CHAPTER XII

The Last Months

At the beginning of the year 1915 Pollard was physically unequal to the strain of his work, and was at times apprehensive that the end might not be far off. It was as though danger signals were transmitted subconsciously ; yet his forebodings were often followed by expressions of hope that he might live many more years to carry on his work. " Oh, I do hope that my life will be spared for me to finish my translation of the New Testament," he cries.

" What shall you do," he anxiously queries of his wife, " if anything happens to me ? " It was a strange question because the doctor had just said that Mrs. Pollard's state of health made it imperative that he should take her to England as soon as possible.

Mrs. Pollard laughingly replied, " What will you do if Ernest and I get torpedoed ? " " Ah," he said, " I shall return and finish out here."

At times the great European war was almost an obsession—a haunting, devilish, unrelieved horror. To his friend Dymond he writes : “ I’m afraid this war will come closer to us than we yet think. May the Lord guide your boys and mine ! ” “ Do you notice that it looks as if conscription is coming very soon ? Fancy England being a nation of conscripts at last ! . . . It is a most sorry business and the end is not yet. And no churches at home seem to think there is need for repentance. I worry sometimes about the future . . . whether as churches we have a right to exist. Oh that Jesus might come again to straighten out affairs ! And yet, if He did come, we should, it is likely enough, put Him on trial and crucify Him once more.”

In a letter to his oldest son he wrote : “ The Christians here are very anxious about the European war and ask us very puzzling questions. I get out of it by frankly saying I detest the whole affair, and I attribute it to the Devil’s influence. Then I say to them that if Christians in England and Germany can be led astray so terribly by the great enemy of all good, how careful we must be out here. I find no means of justifying the war to our people and own up that it is wrong. The diplomacy of our own and of other countries is based on heathen principles and Christ does not rule among rulers. Would to God that England would frame her foreign policy on Christian principles ! It might mean crucifixion for a nation, but as surely as the Cross of Christ is the ground of the world’s hope, so the crucifixion of a nation might be followed by a resurrection which would transform everything.”

Pollard never for a moment lost his faith in God’s overruling power. There was deep gratitude in his heart for the way his boys were cared for in England, and for the brilliant career of his oldest son. From the Birmingham Grammar School he was moved to the High School with the headmaster’s prediction : “ I am sending you a senior wrangler.” In 1912 the youth won a scholarship for Cambridge. The missionary was proud of his boy’s successes, and anticipated a useful career for him. The undergraduate’s descriptions of university life were as meat and drink to his parents away in the remote regions of West China.

Pollard replies with accounts of his experiences "on the road," and tales of fresh churches and baptisms, but never loses sight of his son's more personal interests. Here are a few extracts from letters picked at random.

"We prize Dr. Barnes's few words to you about your senior scholarship. . . . Be careful, however, not to overwork yourself during these few years. Plan for a whole lifetime and not just for the immediate."

In a letter written a month before the end he says: "Plan for the future! The wave of heathen madness which is now ruining Europe will pass and then will be wanted the men who in the time of madness saw straight and kept true to the Prince of Peace and Saviour of Love. Plan for the future!"

A fortnight later he wrote: "Your letter telling of your coming out number one in the inter-coll. exam. reached us yesterday, and very glad indeed we were to get it. I should indeed like to come up next year when you take your degree and see how you carry on, but I am afraid no such luck awaits me. Perhaps if one of the other boys goes to Cambridge I may have such an opportunity."

"Mother is busy making preparation for her coming home. Possibly someone else will come to live in our house . . . and I shall be a lodger again—in 'digs' once more."

That appears to be the last letter he wrote to his son, and from it we learn that once again the heroic man had made up his mind to remain behind when his wife and youngest boy returned to England. He could not tear himself away from the people who loved him and depended upon him for guidance and upholding in their new manner of life.

Although urged by his wife to rest Pollard could not resist the appeals which poured in from every side that he should visit the churches. In the month of March he writes to the Secretary of the Mission: "Yesterday I took the Chinese service here in the 'Philip Grandin' school, which is used this year for the 'primary' with over a hundred boys. We were packed with over two hundred people—Chinese, Kop'u, No-Su, Miao—men, women, and children. My service lasted an hour and twenty

minutes ; afterwards I walked two minutes to the big chapel and stood in the doorway while the Miao preacher, Thomas, was giving the sacrament to about five hundred people. He was doing it as reverently as I could. I watched the crowd bowed in silent prayer, heard the preacher pray quietly, listened to the multitude singing softly about Jesus, and, realising it was all being done without a foreigner touching it, I rejoiced, thanked God, and took courage. It was a thrilling experience. Three miles away another Chinese service was being held at ' River Bed,' where there were seventy present. In spite of the apostasy of Christianity in Europe and the universal denial of the law of Christ as applicable to present conditions, He will reign and put all His enemies to confusion."

About a week later (March 25th) he writes : " Yesterday after long waiting a beautiful shower of rain fell. . . . At the midday service we had about eight hundred people, of whom two hundred were not Miao. It was the yearly baptisms and when the tickets were counted at the end of the service we found that two hundred and forty-six had been admitted into the Church. That was also a welcome shower of blessing. You might note that while we report for the year two hundred and seventy-six children baptized, all these are admitted on confession of faith and examination. None are infants. To-day I have been making up the figures for the Secretary and to me they seem very striking indeed. We report thirty-five chapels and seven preaching-places. Adult members 4861 ; juveniles 900 ; on trial 5000—a total of 10,761. We are gradually getting to the numbers reached by the Bible Christian Connexion when it started a mission in China. We report also schools 23 ; scholars 1000, a large part of whom are in residence keeping themselves. This is a great increase on last year. The columns in the educational statistics do not coincide with our divisions here and one hardly knows how to make them do so. For instance, at Shih-men-k'an we have nearly a hundred scholars over seventeen years of age, and you can hardly class them as elementary. Some of the scholars are over twenty years of age and they have studied for eight years or even more."

" The statistics for Shih-men-k'an schools are now three

hundred and twenty-three students. Of these eighty are not Miao. If all the Miao were away we should still have a large school. There are really five schools here working as one—upper and lower boys' schools, a girls' school, a training school for workers, and a weaving school. On the staff are three missionaries, three Chinese—one a bachelor of arts—seven Miao—two of whom are young women; total on the staff, thirteen. I have three arithmetic classes. Mr. Hudspeth has a science class. . . . We are proving that we can unite the different races in a school which will give a good training and at a small cost. There are over thirty No-Su here and were it not for opposition"—he refers to the division on policy and methods—"we should have many more—a hundred in no time. We have also thirty Chinese, two Mohammedans, over a dozen Kop'u, one or two Chong-kia-tsi and I hear of yet another tribe sending boys here."

Mrs. Pollard assigns as the chief cause of the spiritual revolution among the aborigines the translation and distribution of the Gospels. The gift to the Miao of the books of the New Testament was followed by consequences which beggar description. It brought spiritual emancipation and gave a new vision of tribal life. The stirring of the light in their minds opened the gates of imagination. Fathers would undertake all the work on their farms or allotments so that the boys might be free to attend school. Many a woman would trudge weary miles over the great hills carrying supplies of food on her back so that her boy who was a boarder at Shih-men-k'an might give all his time to his studies.

From his letters and his Journal an excerpt or two will show his unabated zeal and keenness of observation.

"Wednesday, June 2nd. About five li from Tseh Chioh a lot of scholars headed by Wang-teh-lin came to meet me with school flags. . . . After service I had a long talk with Mr. An. He says it was the Miao influence that made him wish to join the Church. He saw Mr. Sin and Mr. Han and asked them to explain in the village temple what Christianity is. He saw his own tenants changed in their lives and determined to accept this new religion. He had to wait quite a time before any teacher came. When he heard that Mr. Mylne was appointed to preach to

the I-pien he said : ' I do not care what he is for, if he is for Jesus Christ.' He does not want any division into sections. He seems a great man. He has cleared the temple of idols and now uses it as the chapel. Six of his own children attend school."

" The chapel was full at night. I showed pictures of Gulliver's Travels. Chu-yin-fuh explained them, describing Gulliver as an English missionary who in his travels came to Lilliput ! The pictures were much enjoyed."

To the Missionary Secretary he wrote on June 29th : " Since last I wrote you I have been on a journey in the ' Long Sea ' district and was pleased with much that I saw. At Chang-hai-tsi I baptized ninety people. The native preachers there are doing well and deserve full sympathy. I had the pleasure of visiting one or two No-Su centres as well and was interested in the great opportunities for work which await us in many directions. . . . Coming home I had news that Mrs. Pollard was unwell again, and on arrival I found Dr. Savin and family here. The doctor was able to give Mrs. Pollard just the help she needed, though he says she will not get quite well till a sea voyage has been taken and England is reached. . . . Really I ought to go with her, but I cannot leave the work, though if necessary I shall go with her and Ernest as far as Hong Kong."

Mrs. Pollard writes of this period : " I got ill as I could not get sufficient fats, and in consequence I grew thin and weak. . . . The doctor advised a new milk diet. This cured me, but it pulled my husband down as he was now deprived of his usual milk and butter. . . . When I got up I urged Sam to face England and not to wait. But he was visionary and would not consent to leave then. . . . He felt I was used up for China. If the Committee had proffered some useful work at home, I used to feel that he would have taken it, for at times he was so tired that he would fain have hidden from the natives."

In a letter to the Rev. C. Stedeford he mentioned that they had had very fine reports about the students at Chentu. It appeared that " one of our Miao boys, in subjects taken in common, had beaten a Chinese boy who was head of the Chao-tong school before he went to Chentu." This led Mr. Dymond

to inquire of the tutors at Chentu about the case and he received the following answer from an authoritative source : " I have recently talked with Mr. Yang about the Miao boys and I asked him if they were really able to keep up with the Chinese in their studies. He assures me that they do and that absolutely no favour is shown them because they are Miao. He says they are more diligent even than the Chinese boys, and that accounts for their splendid standings. He showed me their recent averages. I remember that two have over 85 per cent. in the last report. It is a wonderful thing to find boys from such humble beginnings coming on so well. What a joy it must be to you who have helped them ! "

During the later months Pollard seems to have felt a deepening tenderness for his two friends Dymond and Hudspeth. The latter is referred to affectionately in many of the letters as " Uncle Will," the name given him by Pollard's little son. Throughout their twenty-eight years of missionary work Dymond and Pollard had maintained a loyal friendship and had taken counsel one of the other in many a crisis. Though Pollard loved the Miao, he was really a very lonely man, and in hours of weakness when he would " fain have hidden from the natives " it was natural that he should turn to Dymond.

" I am returning," he writes, " ' The Golden Chain ' ;¹ it is a great thing to be a link in that chain, to be part of that multitude of loyal, self-sacrificing men and women. I hope their spirit will brood over our special meeting, for we have some problems to solve which will need their spirit in us if they are to be solved aright. If we can only do a big thing which will stop once for all the trouble and frictions [in the Mission] and, at a time when war is tearing out the heart of our loved ones at home, do something to assure them that we are seeking to lessen their burdens, and to be brave and true as they are, it will be a great thing. You and I are the only ones of the Old Guard left out here, and how much longer we shall be here one does not know. I should like both of us to do our level best to lift our Mission right up and so commend it to the folk at home that in the hour of great strain which is

¹ By Rev. R. Pyke.

coming very soon, when there will be the darkest of dark days at home, they will never be tempted to ease their burden by throwing over the West China Mission. . . .

"The No-Su school policy needs radical alteration, or we shall be in for trouble, and we shall deserve to get it. You are the man to put this right if you will. The prejudice against me has been so great that I cannot do in this matter what you can. Strike out for a policy which is best for the whole and make all parts fit in with it.

"Let us do our 'bit' and be true to the highest spirit of our fathers that we may keep our part of Christendom clean and pure, that we may win souls as fast as possible. . . . Let not your heart be troubled. . . ."

In another letter he says: "Mr. Hudspeth is away off on a long journey to the north and west of this centre. It is a great pleasure to see how willingly he faces all that has to be done—the pleasant things and the bitter things. It has been a great joy to have him as a colleague, and we have been able to work together with one heart and aim, and God has blessed our work. To this he would subscribe as heartily as I do, and I sincerely hope we shall be spared to work together for many years yet and see even greater things in this magnificent, needy field."

Pollard had set his heart upon uniting the No-Su and Miao sections of the Mission work. The division had taken place some years before because of a misunderstanding of one of the conditions made by the Arthington Trustees—that he should devote himself wholly to the Miao. But upon inquiry it was found that they had no objection to their Miao agent helping other tribes. Although nominally two districts, Miao land and No-Su land were geographically one. Instead of building chapels for the respective tribes and allowing missionaries to cross and re-cross each other's paths without co-operation, Pollard pleaded for mixed communions so that the same men might minister to the needs of both tribes. "Someone can always be out and he can help all the chapels as he goes along, whether Miao, No-Su, or Chinese. He need pass none by. With his native brethren accompanying him he can hold services in all three languages if he

cannot speak them himself. With the same amount of travelling he can do double the amount of work. A little more time would be spent because the places visited would be more, but the labour saved would be great. . . . Pool the school grants . . . and you can get far better results, higher efficiency in the teaching, more competition, and always one foreign missionary at least on the spot to exercise some oversight and render some help."

But the Committee in England insisted that the question must be settled by the missionaries on the spot, and a special District Meeting was arranged to deal with this and other important matters. It was very unpleasant to be involved in an acrimonious dispute, but the tired missionary threw himself into his pleading for union with all the intensity of his fiery heart and won a majority of votes for his proposals. Great as was his satisfaction it had cost him far too much vital force for one already suffering from exhaustion.

About this time he writes in his Journal: "I am reading Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Man and the Universe.' Lodge seems to think that spiritualism will supply scientific evidence of the permanence of the soul—that it exists after death. Would such evidence be accepted by future generations? Had scientists at the time Jesus lived and died and rose again thoroughly examined the evidence for the Resurrection and examined even the risen Jesus Himself, and passed the evidence accepted by them on to these after generations, would the scientists of this age have accepted their evidence? I would rather trust my personal knowledge of Jesus than rely on any experiments made by Lodge, Wallace, and Crookes."

"Away in the distance I saw 'Long Sea' new school—white in the sunshine, fifty li away. These distant chapels are a delight to contemplate. We had a good little meeting to-night in the baby chapel here. About seventy folk were present. I had Sir Oliver Lodge's book on the table, but I went on the old way in spite of new theories. I still think Jesus is the secret of this universe." "When a Miao woman saw a lantern picture of Jesus in the Temple she exclaimed: 'Oh, if I only had a son like that!' I find that the picture of Jesus on the Cross still seems

to touch them, and it brings a silence and an awe over the people. I am more and more sure that *there* lies the centre of all, and if we give that away we give all away."

As Pollard drew near the end of his task of translating the Scriptures into Miao he was weighed down by the feeling of increasing weakness, although he did not know that it was a race with death. It recalls the story of Bede's struggle to finish his English translation of St. John's Gospel. "Most dear master," the pupil says, "there is still one chapter wanting." As the dying scholar dictated, the brethren gathered around to say farewell. The youthful scribe interposes: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." Then in a tone which betrayed a sense of satisfaction, he said: "The sentence is now written." "It is well," answered Bede, "you have said the truth: it is indeed," and on the pavement of his cell the saint expired as he sang the "Gloria." Again and again Pollard longed to be spared to complete his translation of the New Testament into the Miao script. The native teachers sat with him counting the chapters and then the verses yet remaining to be dictated. They little knew that he was struggling against unutterable exhaustion. With joy at last they remarked that it was finished. With Bede he, too, might have answered: "It is well. . . . It is ended." The revision and task of seeing the last part through the press in Japan was undertaken by Pollard's young friend, Hudspeth.

Pollard had foreseen the dangers associated with a great settlement of schools at Shih-men-k'an and had done all that he could to guard the health of the three hundred scholars. It was a rule that no boy was allowed to go home in term time without special leave lest he should bring back infection. He had tried in vain to get proper medical attendance for the school. Dr. Savin at his request sent a nurse, but the youth who took up the duties soon showed himself unfit for the post. Then came the order from England that expenses must be cut down. Mrs. Pollard says: "Sam wrote pleading that a foreign missionary should be withdrawn rather than that the native organization should be disturbed." When this appeal was unheeded he

dismissed the Chinese servants who had been cooks at the hostels and looked to the Miao to find others. One of the women who came to do the cooking for the boys is supposed to have brought typhoid into the settlement and an epidemic broke out in the school. Mr. Hudspeth had been recently inoculated and undertook to nurse the patients. They closed the school at once, but the trouble was already upon them. Mrs. Evans came to Shih-men-k'an for rest, but seeing the situation she immediately took her turn in caring for the boys. The next to take the infection was Hudspeth; and Pollard at once took up duty in the sick-room. The following are notes scribbled by him to Dymond: "Uncle Will is in the thick of it and feels very tired. I think, however, he is going on all right and in due time will get well again. He feels it very much and thinks he is having an awful time." "Mr. Hudspeth is still unwell with 101° this morning, after a bad day and night. If he is not better by to-morrow none of us will be able to come in as I must stay and nurse him. . . . If he does not get better soon I will ask Dr. Savin to come and look at him." "Mr. Hudspeth is still ill, highest temperature to-day $104^{\circ}50'$, lowest 104° . He is, however, fairly easy and bright and has slept a little. He ought soon to be getting the change, ninth or tenth day to-day. I hope he will be well soon. . . . This sick-nursing makes me very tired."

In the midst of this crisis at Shih-men-k'an two messengers came with the tragic news that Mr. Adam had been killed by lightning. "I have sent two teachers across to-day to be at their services at Kop'u to tell them how sorry we are and to offer such encouragement as they can. The poor folk will feel very lonely and mystified."

No sooner was the patient's temperature normal than the nurse fell ill. At once Mrs. Pollard turned the schoolroom downstairs into a bedroom for Ernest and placed a Miao girl in charge of him, and installed herself in her husband's sick-room. The following day he fainted twice and was very languid. He said: "If it is typhoid I am afraid I shall not pull through, but I hope, please God, I shall get well for your sake." He slept heavily but showed signs of great prostration. Dr. Savin paid a visit from

Chaotong, though at that time Mrs. Pollard was hopeful of the issue.

But what a most pathetic condition the Mission was in ! The doctor himself was tired out with excessive labours and was soon to pay the penalty with his life ; his wife was in the city on the eve of confinement ; Mr. Mylne was used up and had to get ready to go to England ; Mr. Hudspeth was convalescent after typhoid ; Pollard was laid low with the same dreaded sickness, while his wife who was nursing him was under the doctor's orders to " hurry up and return to England."

A week dragged by and the sick man lay for the most part in silence. Once he spoke of a cheque which he wished to sign, but Mrs. Pollard would not let him do any business. On the Sunday he remarked : " It is not time for service yet." On Tuesday he said nothing but on two occasions looked into his wife's face and smiled. " Months afterwards it dawned upon me," says Mrs. Pollard, " that they were smiles of farewell." His old friend Dymond came and the dying man greeted him, " Well, old man ! " and smiled. Then fell a great silence ; his eyes fixed in an intense gaze in one direction. On Wednesday he lapsed into a state of coma, never moving, the once observant eyes wide open but sightless. On Thursday afternoon, September 15th, at four o'clock, his breathing changed, an ashen hue spread over his face, and the shadows fell—one of the bravest and noblest of missionaries had ceased to breathe. " As he lived," says Mr. Hudspeth, " so he died. It was this unselfishness, this love of others, that cost him his life. . . . Mr. Pollard nursed me ; but after fourteen days he became ill, and alas ! was unable to endure the strain. It came as a great shock to me, for he was in one room and I in the next. Though I knew he was ill I had no idea of what was coming. He passed into eternal rest just as I was beginning to recover."

For three days the people mourned as the body lay in the coffin at the " Five-pound house." He had given them his whole-hearted affection. For twenty-eight years he had lived day and night at their call. Stephen Lee, who had known him most of the time he had been in West China, says : " The teacher was always

busy ; for him there was no assurance of rest or sleep. . . . He gave his support to anything that would bring advantage to our country. . . . Whatever men entrusted to him, whether great or small, he strove to discharge the trust faithfully. . . . Even the Roman Catholics looked upon him with great respect ; the sisters of the Orphanage thought of him as though he were one of their own priests. . . . He loved little children and was always 'at home' with them. . . . With young men he showed his admiration of manly sports and would join them in swimming, sliding, and in games of chess. Among the serried hills of Yunnan and Kweichow the people became familiar with his 'coo-ee' call and answered it by rushing out to welcome him. . . . As a preacher he was clear as the day. . . . He could make men laugh or cry ; and sometimes as he spoke men stood revealed to themselves in the presence of Christ, and he would woo them to penitence. He was like a skilful artist who paints every stroke so that it contributes to the truth of a portrait which all could understand. . . . I discovered his great knowledge of mathematics and then men sought after his instruction. As a result of his teaching many secured high positions and places of influence. He often said to us that if men would study higher things the Truth would emerge and erroneous customs would fall away. On fine nights he loved to watch the stars and would teach us to praise their Maker. He sometimes said that he hoped at death his spirit might be transferred to one of those distant worlds where he might learn still more of the greatness of the universe."

Feeling that they owed their very souls to Samuel Pollard, the aborigines said : "He is ours, let us bury him ; we will arrange for coffin, bearers, grave, and tombstone ; for we loved him more than our fathers, and he was ever kind to us." They chose his grave on a far-seen hill-slope. Away up through the maize fields, wailing a dirge, they carried all that was mortal of him, followed by twelve hundred mourners, four hundred of whom were scholars from the school he had founded and maintained. His lifelong friend, Frank Dymond, conducted the interment and has described the scene : "Singing and prayer were followed by short testimonies. . . . Presently a tall old Miao stands upon



THE HILL ON WHICH MR. POLLARD WAS BURIED.



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a form—one of the very first to strike the trail to the Cross, a leader among his fellows. He said a few words, then stepping down he crouched upon the ground near my feet, sobbing as if his heart would break. . . . Blessed the man who has the gift so to win the affection of these hillmen !

“ As the service proceeds, a man, weather-stained, his bare sandalled feet showing that he had come from a journey, reaches the open grave. He looks in and bursts into a paroxysm of grief until I go and lead him across to the centre of the crowd. Poor Stephen Lee ! I know, and you know, that there lies your best friend. . . . He cried as if his heart would break, then rose and gave one of the finest tributes to his dead master and friend that could possibly be given. . . .

“ That night men stayed upon yon hillside watching near the open grave, and so for a few successive nights, lest the tomb should be rifled. Among the sapling oaks, surrounded by Miao graves, he lies. Mr. Evans erected a cross and beneath its shadow the body of Sam Pollard rests.”

At last the tired pioneer sleeps. At the comparatively early age of fifty-one this servant of God passed to his reward. Let those who would honour his memory ensure the continuance of the great work he began, by efficient maintenance of the schools, by erecting a hospital for the aborigines and supporting an adequate staff, and by equipping both the Chinese and aboriginal mission stations for successful work without placing the missionaries in constant jeopardy of breaking down through overstrain. Though Pollard was only fifty-one when he died, there is an amazing sense of completeness in his experience. The promise which was given him of winning thousands of souls for Christ's kingdom was abundantly fulfilled—though the converts were Miao and not Chinese. His intense desire to organize churches and schools among the tribes so that the gates of life and knowledge should be thrown wide open for them, had received splendid accomplishment. His oft-repeated aspiration that the translation of the New Testament should be completed before the summons came had been realised, and the Word of God in the script which

he invented has become a household possession among many tribes.

There are thousands of tribesmen whose most precious memory in this world will be of the little missionary who travelled up and down their mountains to bring light, love, and healing to them in their darkness and oppression. Always when they recall the fragile figure of the indomitable pioneer, their hearts will grow strangely tender and their dark eyes become moist and shine with the light of love. In Samuel Pollard a rare winsomeness was joined with moral daring, little children were drawn to him, men and women derived new strength and hope from intercourse with him. He preached, not in words alone but in deeds worthy of his faith, the gospel of Divine Compassion. He was one of God's troubadours, and to-day the hills of Western China resound with the joyous songs he taught. The silence which sealed his lips when his soul put off the worn, tired body is now eloquent with appeal for our remembrance of Western China and its various peoples. There should be no tinge of sadness in our thought of Samuel Pollard. He lived joyously; he wrought mightily; his life was burnt right out in the service of his fellows; and now with his old charm he attracts imagination to himself—a high-hearted gallant follower of One Who triumphed over death and opened the gates of eternal life for all who love and serve.

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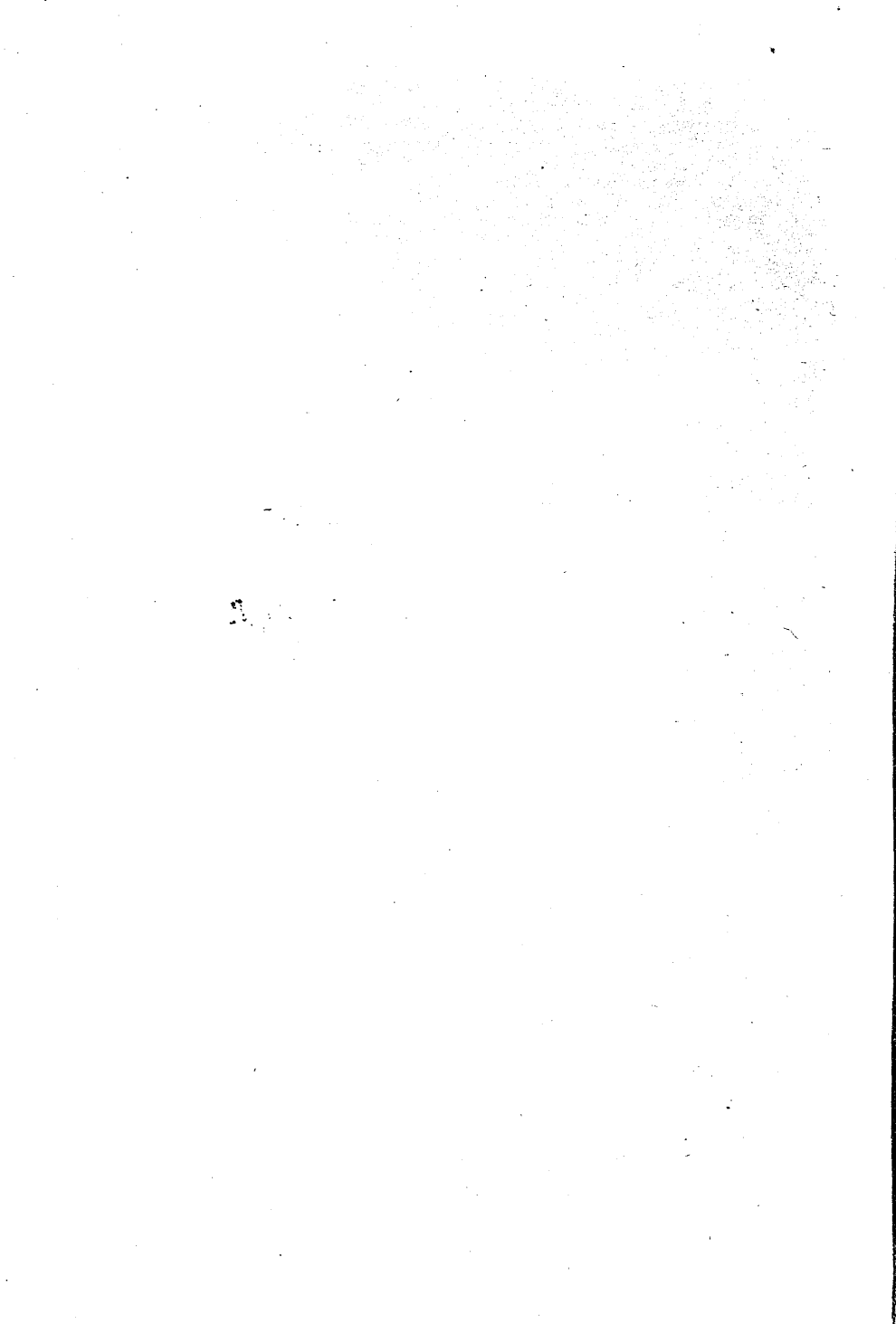
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